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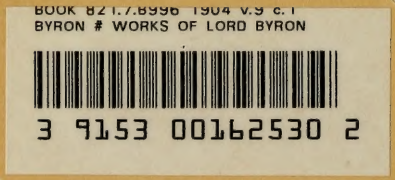

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The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

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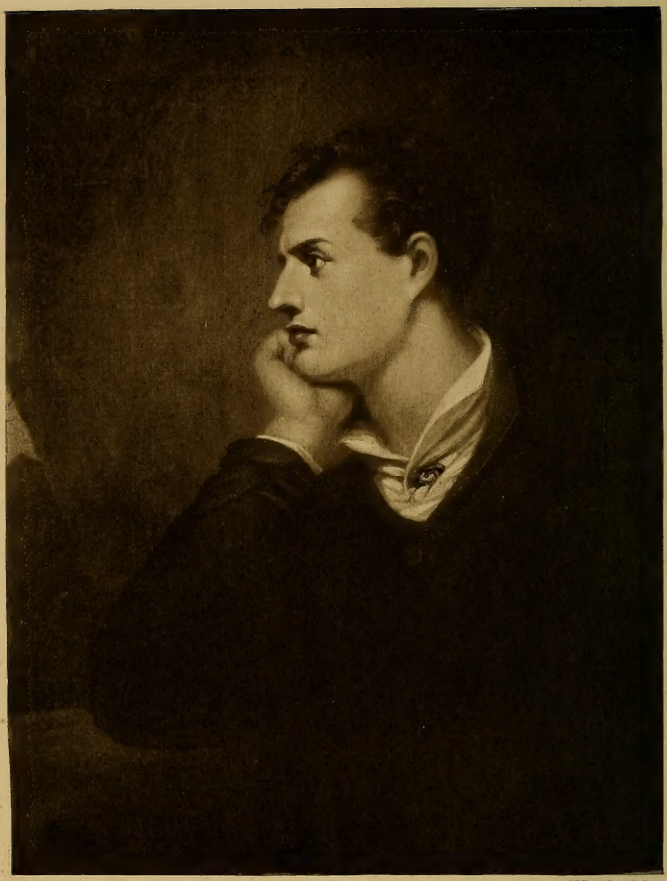

R. Westall R.A. pinx. Walker & Boutall ph. sc.

Lord Byron

from a picture in the possession of the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Letters and Journals. Vol. II.

EDITED BY

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A., M.V.O.,
FORMERLY FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

THE second volume of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron's *Letters and Journals* carries the autobiographical record of the poet's life from August, 1811, to April, 1814. Between these dates were published *Childe Harold* (Cantos I., II.), *The Waltz*, *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*. At the beginning of this period Byron had suddenly become the idol of society; towards its close his personal popularity almost as rapidly declined before a storm of political vituperation.

Three great collections of Byron's letters, as was noted in the Preface to the previous volume, are in existence. The first is contained in Moore's *Life* (1830); the second was published in America, in FitzGreene Halleck's edition of Byron's *Works* (1847); of the third, edited by Mr. W. E. Henley, only the first volume has yet appeared. A comparison between the letters contained in these three collections and in that of Mr. Murray, down to December, 1813, shows the following results: Moore prints 152 letters; Halleck, 192; Mr. Henley, 231. Mr. Murray's edition adds 236 letters to

Moore, 196 to Halleck, and to Mr. Henley 157. It should also be noticed that the material added to Moore's *Life* in the second and third collections consists almost entirely of letters which were already in print, and had been, for the most part, seen and rejected by the biographer. The material added in Mr. Murray's edition, on the contrary, consists mainly of letters which have never before been published, and were inaccessible to Moore when he wrote his *Life* of Byron.

These necessary comparisons suggest some further remarks. It would have been easy, not only to indicate what letters or portions of letters are new, but also to state the sources whence they are derived. But, in the circumstances, such a course, at all events for the present, is so impolitic as to be impossible. On the other hand, anxiety has been expressed as to the authority for the text which is adopted in these volumes. To satisfy this anxiety, so far as circumstances allow, the following details are given.

The material contained in these two volumes consists partly of letters now for the first time printed; partly of letters already published by Moore, Dallas, and Leigh Hunt, or in such books as Galt's *Life of Lord Byron*, and the *Memoirs of Francis Hodgson*. Speaking generally, it may be said that the text of the new matter, with the few exceptions noted below, has been prepared from the original letters, and that it has proved impossible to authenticate the text of most of the old material by any such process.

The point may be treated in greater detail. Out of the 388 letters contained in these two volumes, 220 have

been printed from the original letters. In these 220 are included practically the whole of the new material. Among the letters thus collated with the originals are those to Mrs. Byron (with four exceptions), all those to the Hon. Augusta Byron, to the Hanson family, to James Wedderburn Webster, and to John Murray, twelve of those to Francis Hodgson, those to the younger Rushton, William Gifford, John Cam Hobhouse, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs. Parker, Bernard Barton, and others. The two letters to Charles Gordon (30, 33), the three to Captain Leacroft (62, 63, 64), and the one to Ensign Long (vol. ii. p. 19, *note*), are printed from copies only.

The old material stands in a different position. Efforts have been made to discover the original letters, and sometimes with success. But it still remains true that, speaking generally, the printed text of the letters published by Moore, Dallas, Leigh Hunt, and others, has not been collated with the originals. The fact is important. Moore, who, it is believed, destroyed not only his own letters from Byron, but also many of those entrusted to him for the preparation of the *Life*, allowed himself unusual liberties as an editor. The examples of this licence given in Mr. Clayden's *Rogers and his Contemporaries* throw suspicion on his text, even where no apparent motive exists for his suppressions. But, as Byron's letters became more bitter in tone, and his criticisms of his contemporaries more outspoken, Moore felt himself more justified in omitting passages which referred to persons who were still living in 1830. From 1816 onwards, it will be found that he has transferred passages from one letter to another, or printed two letters as one, and *vice versâ*, or made such

large omissions as to shorten letters, in some instances, by a third or even a half. No collation with the originals has ever been attempted, and the garbled text which Moore printed is the only text at present available for an edition of the most important of Byron's letters. But the originals of the majority of the letters published in the *Life*, from 1816 to 1824, are in the possession or control of Mr. Murray, and in his edition they will be for the first time printed as they were written. If any passages are omitted, the omissions will be indicated.

Besides the new letters contained in this volume, passages have been restored from Byron's manuscript notes (*Detached Thoughts*, 1821). To these have been added Sir Walter Scott's comments, collated with the originals, and, in several instances, now for the first time published.

Appendix VII. contains a collection of the attacks made upon him in the Tory press for February and March, 1814, which led him, for the moment, to resolve on abandoning his literary work.

In conclusion, I wish to repeat my acknowledgment of the invaluable aid of the *National Dictionary of Biography*, both in the facts which it supplies and the sources of information which it suggests.

R. E. PROTHERO.

September, 1898.

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THE

LETTERS OF LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER V.

AUGUST, 1811—MARCH, 1812.

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTOS I., II.

169.—To John Murray.[1]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., August 23, 1811.

SIR,—A domestic calamity in the death of a near relation[2] has hitherto prevented my addressing you on the subject of this letter.—My friend, Mr. Dallas,[3] has placed in your hands a manuscript poem written by me in Greece, which he tells me you do not object to publishing. But he also informed me in London that you wished to send the MS. to Mr. Gifford.[4] Now, though no one would feel more gratified by the chance of obtaining his observations on a work than myself, there is in such a proceeding a kind of petition for praise, that neither my pride—or whatever you please to call it—will admit.

1. For John Murray, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 334, *note* 1.
2. Mrs. Byron died August 1, 1811.
3. For R. C. Dallas, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 168, *note* 1.
4. For Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 198, *note* 2.

Mr. G. is not only the first satirist of the day, but editor of one of the principal reviews. As such, he is the last man whose censure (however eager to avoid it) I would deprecate by clandestine means. You will therefore retain the manuscript in your own care, or, if it must needs be shown, send it to another. Though not very patient of censure, I would fain obtain fairly any little praise my rhymes might deserve, at all events not by extortion, and the humble solicitations of a bandied-about MS. I am sure a little consideration will convince you it would be wrong.

If you determine on publication, I have some smaller poems (never published), a few notes, and a short dissertation on the literature of the modern Greeks (written at Athens), which will come in at the end of the volume.—And, if the present poem should succeed, it is my intention, at some subsequent period, to publish some selections from my first work,—my Satire,—another nearly the same length, and a few other things, with the MS. now in your hands, in two volumes.—But of these hereafter. You will apprize me of your determination.

I am, Sir, your very obedient, humble servant,

BYRON.

170.—To James Wedderburn Webster.[1]

Newstead Abbey, August 24th, 1811.

MY DEAR W.,—Conceiving your wrath to be somewhat evaporated, and your Dignity recovered from the *Hysterics*

1. James Wedderburn Webster (1789–1840), grandson of Sir A. Wedderburn, Bart., whose third son, David, assumed the additional name of Webster, was the author of *Waterloo, and other Poems* (1816), and *A Genealogical Account of the Wedderburn Family* (privately printed, 1819). He was with Byron, possibly at Cambridge, certainly at Athens in 1810. He married, in 1810,

into which my innocent note from London had thrown it, I should feel happy to be informed how you have determined on the disposal of this accursed Coach,[1]

Lady Frances Caroline Annesley, daughter of Arthur, first Earl of Mountnorris and eighth Viscount Valentia. He was knighted in 1822. Byron, in 1813, lent him £1000. Lady Frances died in 1837, and her husband in 1840.

Moore (*Memoirs, Journals, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 112) mentions dining with Webster at Paris in 1820. "He told me," writes Moore, "that, one day, travelling from Newstead to town with Lord Byron "in his *vis-à-vis*, the latter kept his pistols beside him, and con- "tinued silent for hours, with the most ferocious expression possible "on his countenance. 'For God's sake, my dear B.,' said W—— "at last, 'what are you thinking of? Are you about to commit "murder? or what other dreadful thing are you meditating?' To "which Byron answered that he always had a sort of presentiment "that his own life would be attacked some time or other; and that "this was the reason of his always going armed, as it was also the "subject of his thoughts at that moment." Moore also adds (*ibid.*, p. 292), "W. W. owes Lord Byron, he says, £1000, and does not "seem to have the slightest intention of paying him."

Lady Frances was the lady to whom Byron seriously devoted himself in 1813-4. Subsequently she was practically separated from her husband, and Byron, in 1823, endeavoured to reconcile them. Moore (*Memoirs, Journals, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 249) writes, "To the "Devizes ball in the evening; Lady Frances W. there; introduced "to her, and had much conversation, chiefly about our friend Lord B. "Several of those beautiful things, published (if I remember right) "with the *Bride*, were addressed to her. She must have been very "pretty when she had more of the freshness of youth, though she is "still but five or six and twenty; but she looks faded already" (1819).

In the Court of Common Pleas, February 16, 1816, the libel action of *Webster* v. *Baldwin* was heard. The plaintiff obtained £2000 in damages for a libel charging Lady Frances and the Duke of Wellington with adultery.

1. On his return to London in July, 1811, Byron ordered a *vis-à-vis* to be built by Goodall. This he exchanged for a carriage belonging to Webster, who, within a few weeks, resold the *vis-à-vis* to Byron. The two following letters from Byron to Webster explain the transaction :—

"Reddish's Hotel, 29th July, 1811.

"MY DEAR WEBSTER,—As this eternal *vis-à-vis* seems to sit "heavy on your soul, I beg leave to apprize you that I have arranged "with Goodall: you are to give me the promised Wheels, and the "lining, with 'the Box at Brighton,' and I am to pay the stipulated "sum.

"I am obliged to you for your favourable opinion, and trust

which has driven us out of our Good humour and Good manners to a complete Standstill, from which I begin to apprehend that I am to lose altogether your valuable correspondence. Your angry letter arrived at a *moment*, to which I shall not allude further, as my happiness is best consulted in forgetting it.[1]

You have perhaps heard also of the death of poor

"that the happiness you talk so much of will be stationary, and not "take those freaks to which the felicity of common mortals is "subject. I do very sincerely wish you well, and am so convinced "of the justice of your matrimonial arguments, that I shall follow "your example as soon as I can get a sufficient price for my coronet. "In the mean time I should be happy to drill for my new situation "under your auspices; but business, inexorable business, keeps me "here. Your letters are forwarded. If I can serve you in any "way, command me. I will endeavour to fulfil your requests as "awkwardly as another. I shall pay you a visit, perhaps, in the "autumn. Believe me, dear W.,

"Yours unintelligibly,
"B."

"Reddish's Hotel, July 31st, 1811.

"My dear W. W.,—I always understood that the *lining* was to "accompany the *carriage;* if not, the *carriage* may accompany the "*lining*, for I will have neither the one nor the other. In short, "to prevent squabbling, this is my determination, so decide;—if you "leave it to my *feelings* (as you say) they are very strongly in favour "of the said lining. Two hundred guineas for a carriage with "ancient lining!!! Rags and rubbish! You must write another "pamphlet, my dear W., before; but pray do not waste your time "and eloquence in expostulation, because it will do neither of us "any good, but decide—content or *not* content. The best thing "you can do for the Tutor you speak of will be to send him in "your Vis (with the lining) to 'the U—Niversity of Göttingen.' "How can you suppose (now that my own Bear is dead) that "I have any situation for a German genius of this kind, till I get "another, or some children? I am infinitely obliged by your "invitations, but I can't pay so high for a second-hand chaise to "make my friends a visit. The coronet will not *grace* the 'pretty "Vis,' till your tattered lining ceases to *dis*grace it. Pray favour "me with an answer, as we must finish the affair one way or another "immediately,—before next week.

"Believe me, yours truly,
"Byron."

"Byron," says Webster, in a note, "was more than strict about "trifles."

1. The death of Mrs. Byron, August 1, 1811.

Matthews, whom you recollect to have met at Newstead. He was one whom his friends will find it difficult to replace, nor will Cambridge ever see his equal.

I trust you are on the point of adding to your relatives instead of losing them, and of *friends* a man of fortune will always have a plentiful stock—at his Table.

I dare say now you are gay, and connubial, and popular, so that in the next parliament we shall be having you a County Member. But beware your Tutor, for I am sure he Germanized that sanguinary letter; you must not write such another to your Constituents; for myself (as the mildest of men) I shall say no more about it.

Seriously, *mio Caro* W., if you can spare a moment from Matrimony, I shall be glad to hear that you have recovered from the pucker into which this *Vis* (one would think it had been a *Sulky*) has thrown you; you know I wish you well, and if I have not inflicted my society upon you according to your own Invitation, it is only because I am not a social animal, and should feel sadly at a loss amongst Countesses and Maids of Honour, particularly being just come from a far Country, where Ladies are neither carved for, or fought for, or danced after, or mixed at all (publicly) with the Men-folks, so that you must make allowances for my natural *diffidence* and two years travel.

But (God and yourself willing) I shall certes pay my promised visit, as I shall be in town, if Parliament meets, in October.

In the mean time let me hear from you (without a privy Council), and believe me in sober sadness,

Yours very sincerely,

Byron.

171.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, August 25, 1811.

Being fortunately enabled to frank, I do not spare scribbling, having sent you packets within the last ten days. I am passing solitary, and do not expect my agent to accompany me to Rochdale [1] before the second week in September; a delay which perplexes me, as I wish the business over, and should at present welcome employment. I sent you exordiums, annotations, etc., for the forthcoming quarto, if quarto it is to be: and I also have written to Mr. Murray my objection to sending the MS. to Juvenal,[2] but allowing him to show it to any others of the calling. Hobhouse [3] is amongst the types already: so, between his prose and my verse, the world will be decently drawn upon for its paper-money and patience. Besides all this, my *Imitation of Horace* [4] is gasping for the press at Cawthorn's, but I am hesitating as to the *how* and the *when*, the single or the double, the present or the future. You must excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else.

What are you about to do? Do you think of perching in Cumberland, as you opined when I was in the metropolis? If you mean to retire, why not occupy Miss Milbanke's "Cottage of Friendship," late the seat of Cobbler Joe,[5] for whose death you and others are

1. For Byron's Rochdale property, which was supposed to contain a quantity of coal, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 78, *note* 2.

2. Gifford.

3. For John Cam Hobhouse, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 163, *note* 1.

4. The poem remained unpublished till after Byron's death. (See *note* 1, p. 23, and *Poems*, ed. 1898, vol. i. pp. 385-450.)

5. "In Seaham churchyard, without any memorial," says Mr. Surtees, "rest the remains of Joseph Blacket, an unfortunate "child of genius, whose last days were soothed by the generous

answerable? His "Orphan Daughter" (pathetic Pratt!) will, certes, turn out a shoemaking Sappho. Have you no remorse? I think that elegant address to Miss Dallas should be inscribed on the cenotaph which Miss Milbanke means to stitch to his memory.

The newspapers seem much disappointed at his Majesty's not dying, or doing something better.[1] I presume it is almost over. If parliament meets in October, I shall be in town to attend. I am also invited to Cambridge for the beginning of that month, but am first to jaunt to Rochdale. Now Matthews[2] is gone, and Hobhouse in Ireland, I have hardly one left there to bid me welcome, except my inviter. At three-and-twenty I am left alone, and what more can we be at seventy? It is true I am young enough to begin again, but with whom can I retrace the laughing part of life? It is odd how few of my friends have died a quiet death,—I mean, in their beds. But a quiet life is of more consequence. Yet one loves squabbling and jostling better than yawning. This *last word* admonishes me to relieve you from

Yours very truly, etc.

"attention of the family of Milbanke."—*Hist. of Durham*, vol. i. p. 272. (See also *Letters*, vol. i. p. 314, *note* 2. For Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron, see p. 118, *note* 4.)

1. On July 28, 1811, Lord Grenville wrote to Lord Auckland, "It is, I believe, certainly true that the King has taken for the "last three days scarcely any food at all, and that, unless a change "takes place very shortly in that respect, he cannot survive many "days" (*Auckland Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 366). It was, however, the mind, and not the physical strength that failed. "The "King, I should suppose," wrote Lord Buckinghamshire, on August 13, "is not likely to die soon, but I fear his mental recovery is hardly "to be expected" (*ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 367). George III. never, except for brief intervals, recovered his reason.

2. For C. S. Matthews, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 150, *note* 3.

172.—To R. C. Dallas.[1]

Newstead Abbey, Aug. 27, 1811.

I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it. To him all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield[2] better; he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but in ability—ah! you did not know Matthews!

Childe Harold may wait and welcome—books are never the worse for delay in the publication. So you have got our heir, George Anson Byron,[3] and his sister, with you.

You may say what you please, but you are one of the *murderers* of Blackett, and yet you won't allow Harry White's genius.[4] Setting aside his bigotry, he surely ranks next Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such

1. Dallas, writing to Byron, August 18, 1811, had said, "I have "been reading the *Remains* of Kirke White, and find that you "have to answer for misleading me. He does not, in my opinion, "merit the high praise you have bestowed upon him." Writing again, August 26, he objected to the *note* on Matthews in *Childe Harold:* "In your note, as it stands, it strikes me that the eulogy "on Matthews is a *little* at the expense of Wingfield and others "whom you *have* commemorated. I should think it quite enough "to say that his Powers and Attainments were above all praise, "without expressly admitting them to be above that of a Muse who "soars high in the praise of others."

2. For Wingfield, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 180, *note* 1.

3. For George Anson Byron, afterwards Lord Byron, and his sister Julia, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 188, *note* 1.

4. For H. K. White, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 336, *note* 2.

an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable. There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr. Townsend,[1] *protégé* of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his *Armageddon?* I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime: though, perhaps, the anticipation of the "Last Day" (according to you Nazarenes) is a little too daring: at least, it looks like telling the Lord what he is to do, and might remind an ill-natured person of the line,

"And fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

But I don't mean to cavil, only other folks will, and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way.

Write to me—I dote on gossip—and make a bow to Ju—, and shake George by the hand for me; but, take care, for he has a sad sea paw.

P.S.—I would ask George here, but I don't know how to amuse him—all my horses were sold when I left England, and I have not had time to replace them. Nevertheless, if he will come down and shoot in September, he will be very welcome: but he must bring a gun, for I gave away all mine to Ali Pacha, and other Turks. Dogs, a keeper, and plenty of game, with a very large manor, I have—a lake, a boat, houseroom, and *neat wines*.

1. The Rev. George Townsend (1788–1857) of Trinity College, Cambridge, published *Poems* in 1810, and eight books of his *Armageddon* in 1815. The remaining four books were never published. Townsend became a Canon of Durham in 1825, and held the stall till his death in 1857. Richard Cumberland, dramatist, novelist, and essayist (1732–1811), the "Sir Fretful "Plagiary" of *The Critic*, announced the forthcoming poem in the *London Review;* but, as Townsend says, in the Preface to *Armageddon*, praised him "too abundantly and prematurely." "My "talents," he adds, "were neither equal to my own ambition, nor "his zeal to serve me." (See *Hints from Horace*, lines 191–212, and Byron's *note* to line 191, *Poems*, ed. 1898, vol. i. p. 403.)

173.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.[1]

Newstead Abbey, August 30th, 1811.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—The embarrassments you mention in your last letter I never heard of before, but

1. For the Hon. Augusta Leigh, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 18, *not* 1. Byron's letter is in answer to the following from his half sister :—

"6 Mile Bottom, Aug. 27th.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—Your letter was stupidly sent to "Town to me on Sunday, from whence I arrived at home yester- "day; consequently I have not received it so soon as I ought to "have done. I feel so *very* happy to have the pleasure of hearing "from you that I will not delay a moment answering it, altho' I am "in all the delights of *unpacking*, and afraid of being too late for "the Post.

"I have been a fortnight in Town, and went up on my *eldest* "little girl's account. She had been very unwell for some time, and "I could not feel happy till I had better advice than this neigh- "bourhood affords. She is, thank Heaven! much better, and I "hope in a fair way to be quite *herself* again. Mr. Davies flattered "me by saying she was exactly the sort of child *you* would delight "in. I am determined not to say another word in her praise for "fear you should accuse me of partiality and expect too much. "The youngest (*little* Augusta) is just 6 months old, and has no "particular merit at present but a very sweet placid temper.

"Oh! that I could immediately set out to Newstead and shew "them to you. I can't tell you *half* the happiness it would give "me to see it and *you*; but, my dearest B., it is a long journey and "serious undertaking all things considered. Mr. Davies writes me "word you promise to make him a visit bye and bye; *pray do*, you "can then so easily come here. I have set my heart upon it. "Consider how very long it is since I've seen you.

"I have indeed *much* to tell you; but it is more easily *said* than "*written*. Probably you have heard of many *changes* in our situa- "tion since you left England; in a *pecuniary* point of view it is "materially altered for ye worse; perhaps in other respects better. "Col. Leigh has been in Dorsetshire and Sussex during my stay in "Town. I expect him at home towards the end of this week, and "hope to make him acquainted with you ere long.

"I have not time to write half I have to say, for my letter must "go; but I prefer writing in a hurry to not writing at all. You "can't think how much I feel for your griefs and losses, or how "much and constantly I have thought of you lately. I began a "letter to you in Town, but destroyed it, from the fear of appearing "troublesome. There are times, I know, when one cannot write

that disease is epidemic in our family. Neither have I been apprised of any of the changes at which you hint, indeed how should I? On the borders of the Black Sea, we heard only of the Russians. So you have much to tell, and all will be novelty.

I don't know what Scrope Davies[1] meant by telling you I liked Children, I abominate the sight of them so much that I have always had the greatest respect for the character of Herod. But, as my house here is large enough for us all, we should go on very well, and I need not tell you that I long to see *you*. I really do not perceive any thing so formidable in a Journey hither of two days, but all this comes of Matrimony, you have a

"with any degree of comfort or satisfaction. I intend to do so "again shortly, so I hope you won't think me a bore.

"Remember me most kindly to Old Joe. I rejoice to hear of his "health and prosperity. Your letter (some parts of it at least) made "me laugh. I am so very glad to hear you have sufficiently over- "come your prejudices against the *fair sex* to have determined upon "marrying; but I shall be most anxious that my future *Belle Sœur* "should have more attractions than merely money, though to be "sure *that* is somewhat necessary. I have not another moment, "dearest B., so forgive me if I write again very soon, and believe "me,

"Your most affec^te^ Sister,
"A. L.

"Do write if you can."

1. For Scrope Berdmore Davies, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 165, *note* 2. The following story is told of him by Byron, in a passage of his *Detached Thoughts* (Ravenna, 1821):—"One night Scrope Davies "at a Gaming house (before I was of age), being tipsy as he usually "was at the Midnight hour, and having lost monies, was in vain "intreated by his friends, one degree less intoxicated than himself, "to come or go home. In despair, he was left to himself and to "the demons of the dice-box.

"Next day, being visited about two of the Clock, by some friends "just risen with a severe headache and empty pockets (who had "left him losing at four or five in the morning), he was found in a "sound sleep, without a night-cap, and not particularly encumbered "with bed-cloathes: a Chamber-pot stood by his bed-side, brim-full "of—— *Bank Notes!* all won, God knows how, and crammed, "Scrope knew not where; but THERE they were, all good legitimate "notes, and to the amount of some thousand pounds."

Nurse and all the etcæteras of a family. Well, I must marry to repair the ravages of myself and prodigal ancestry, but if I am ever so unfortunate as to be presented with an Heir, instead of a *Rattle* he shall be provided with a *Gag*.

I shall perhaps be able to accept D's invitation to Cambridge, but I fear my stay in Lancashire will be prolonged, I proceed there in the 2[d] week in Sep[tr] to arrange my coal concerns, & then if I can't persuade some wealthy dowdy to ennoble the dirty puddle of her mercantile Blood,—why—I shall leave England and all it's clouds for the East again; I am very sick of it already. Joe[1] has been getting well of a disease that would have killed a troop of horse; he promises to bear away the palm of longevity from old Parr. As you won't come, you will write; I long to hear all those unutterable things, being utterly unable to guess at any of them, unless they concern *your* relative the Thane of Carlisle,[2]—though I had great hopes we had done with him.

I have little to add that you do not already know, and being quite alone, have no great variety of incident to gossip with; I am but rarely pestered with visiters, and the few I have I get rid of as soon as possible. I will now take leave of you in the Jargon of 1794. "Health "& *Fraternity!*"

Yours alway,

B.

1. For Joe Murray, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 21, *note* 3.
2. For the Earl of Carlisle, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 36, *note* 2.

174.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

Newstead Abbey, Aug^st^ 30th, 1811.

My dear Augusta,—I wrote to you yesterday, and as you will not be very sorry to hear from me again, considering our long separation, I shall fill up this sheet before I go to bed. I have heard something of a quarrel between your spouse and the Prince, I don't wish to pry into family secrets or to hear anything more of the matter, but I can't help regretting on your account that so long an intimacy should be dissolved at the very moment when your husband might have derived some advantage from his R. H.'s friendship. However, at all events, and in all Situations, you have a brother in me, and a home here.

I am led into this train of thinking by a part of your letter which hints at pecuniary losses. I know how delicate one ought to be on such subjects, but you are probably the only being on Earth *now* interested in my welfare, certainly the only relative, and I should be very ungrateful if I did not feel the obligation. You must excuse my being a little cynical, knowing how my *temper* was tried in my Non-age; the manner in which I was brought up must necessarily have broken a meek Spirit, or rendered a fiery one ungovernable; the effect it has had on mine I need not state.

However, buffeting with the World has brought me a little to reason, and two years travel in distant and barbarous countries has accustomed me to bear privations, and consequently to laugh at many things which would have made me angry before. But I am wandering —in short I only want to assure you that I love you, and that you must not think I am indifferent, because I don't shew my affection in the usual way.

Pray can't you contrive to pay me a visit between this and Xmas? or shall I carry you down with me from Cambridge, supposing it practicable for me to come? You will do what you please, without our interfering with each other; the premises are so delightfully extensive, that two people might live together without ever seeing, hearing or meeting,—but I can't feel the comfort of this till I marry. In short it would be the most amiable matrimonial mansion, and *that* is another great inducement to my plan,—my wife and I shall be so happy,—one in each Wing. If this description won't make you come, I can't tell what will, you must please yourself. Good night, I have to walk half a mile to my Bed chamber.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

175.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Augst 31st, 1811.

MY DEAR W.,—I send you back your friend's letter, and, though I don't agree with his Canons of Criticism, they are not the worse for that. My friend Hodgson[1] is not much honoured by the comparison to the *Pursuits of L.*, which is notoriously, as far as the *poetry* goes, the worst written of its kind; the World has been long but of one opinion, viz. that it's sole merit lies in the Notes, which are indisputably excellent.

1. Webster had sent Byron a letter from Naylor Hare, in which the latter criticized Hodgson's poems, *Lady Jane Grey, a Tale; and other Poems* (1809) (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 195, *note* 1). In the volume (pp. 56–77) was printed his "Gentle Alterative prepared "for the Reviewers," which Hare apparently compared to *The Pursuits of Literature* (1794–97), by T. J. Mathias. To this criticism Byron objected, saying that the "Alterative" might be more fairly compared to Gifford's *Baviad* (1794).

Had Hodgson's "Alterative" been placed with the *Baviad* the compliment had been higher to both; for, surely, the *Baviad* is as much superior to H.'s poem, as I do firmly believe H.'s poem to be to the *Pursuits of Literature*.

Your correspondent talks for talking's sake when he says "Lady J. Grey" is neither "Epic, dramatic, or "legendary." Who ever said it was "*epic*" or "*dra-*"*matic*"? he might as well say his letter was neither "epic or dramatic;" the poem makes no pretensions to either character. "Legendary" it certainly is, but what has that to do with its merits? All stories of that kind founded on facts are in a certain degree legendary, but they may be well or ill written without the smallest alteration in that respect. When Mr. Hare prattles about the "Economy," etc., he sinks sadly;—all such expressions are the mere cant of a schoolboy hovering round the Skirts of Criticism.

Hodgson's tale is one of the best efforts of his Muse, and Mr. H.'s approbation must be of more consequence, before any body will reduce it to a "Scale," or be much affected by "the place" he "assigns" to the productions of a man like Hodgson.

But I have said more than I intended and only beg you never to allow yourself to be imposed upon by such "common place" as the 6th form letter you sent me. Judge for yourself.

I know the Mr. Bankes[1] you mention though not to that "*extreme*" you seem to think, but I am flattered by his "boasting" on such a subject (as you say), for I never thought him likely to "boast" of any thing which was not his own. I am not "*melancholish*"—pray

1. For William John Bankes, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 120, *note* 1.

what "*folk*" dare to say any such thing? I must contradict them by being *merry* at their expence.

I shall invade you in the course of the winter, out of envy, as Lucifer looked at Adam and Eve.

Pray be as *happy* as you can, and write to me that I may catch the infection.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

176.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.[1]

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 2d, 1811.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—I wrote you a vastly dutiful letter since my answer to your second epistle, and I now

1. The following is Mrs. Leigh's letter, to which the above is an answer :—

"6 Mile Bottom, Saturday, 31 Aug.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—I hope you don't dislike receiving "letters so much as writing them, for you would in that case pronounce "me a great torment. But as I prepared you in my last for its being "followed very soon by another, I hope you will have reconciled your "mind to the impending toil. I really wrote in such a hurry that I "did not say half I wished ; but I did not like to delay telling you "how happy you made me by writing. I have been dwelling con- "stantly upon the idea of going to Newstead ever since I had your "wish to see me there. At last a *bright thought* struck me.

"We intend, I believe, to go to Yorkshire in the autumn. Now, "if I could contrive to pay you a visit *en passant*, it would be "delightful, and give me the greatest pleasure. But I fear you "would be obliged to make up your mind to receive my *Brats* too. "As for my husband, he prefers the *outside of the Mail* to *the inside* "*of a Post-Chaise*, particularly when partly occupied by Nurse and "Children, so that we always travel *independent* of each other.

"So much for this, my dear B. I can only say I should *much* like "to see you at Newstead. The former I hope I shall at all events, "as you must not be shabby, but come to Cambridge as you "promised. Are you staying at Newstead now for any time? I "saw George Byron in Town for one day, and he promised to call "or write again, but has not done either, so I begin to think he has "gone back to Lisbon. I think it is impossible not to like him ; "he is so good-natured and natural. We talked much of you ; he "told me you were grown very thin ; as you don't complain, I hope "you are not the worse for being so, and I remember you used to

write you a third, for which you have to thank Silence and Solitude. Mr. Hanson[1] comes hither on the 14th, and I am going to Rochdale on business, but that need not prevent you from coming here, you will find Joe, and the house and the cellar and all therein very much at your Service.

As to Lady B., when I discover one rich enough to suit me and foolish enough to have me, I will give her leave to make me miserable if she can. Money is the magnet; as to Women, one is as well as another, the older the better, we have then a chance of getting her to Heaven. So, your Spouse does not like brats better than myself; now those who beget them have no right to find fault, but *I* may rail with great propriety.

"wish it. Don't you think *it a great shame* that George B. is not "promoted? I wish there was any possibility of assisting him "about it; but all I know who *could* do any good with y^e^ *prcsent* "Ministers, I don't for many reasons like to ask. Perhaps there "may be a change bye and bye.

"Fred Howard is married to Miss *Lambton*. I saw them in "town in their way to Castle Howard. I hope he will be happy "with all my heart; his kindness and friendship to us last year, "when Col. Leigh was placed in one of the most perplexing situa- "tions that I think anybody could be in, is never to be forgotten. "I think he used to be a greater favourite with you than some "others of his family. *Mrs. F. H.* is very pretty, *very* young (not "quite 17), and appears gentle and pleasing, which is all one can "expect [to discover from] a very slight acquaintance.

"Now, my dearest Byron, pray let me hear from you. I shall "be daily expecting to hear of a *Lady Byron*, since you have con- "fided to me your determination of marrying, in which I really hope "you are serious, being convinced such an event would contribute "greatly to your happiness, PROVIDED *her Ladyship* was the sort of "person that would suit you; and you won't be angry with me for "saying that it is not EVERY *one* who would; therefore don't be too "*precipitate*. You will *wish me hanged*, I fear, for boring you so "unmercifully, so God bless you, my dearest Bro.; and, when you "have time, do write. Are you going to amuse us with any more "*Satires?* Oh, *English Bards!* I shall make you laugh (when we "meet) about it.

"Ever your most affec^te^ Sis. and Friend,
"A. L."

1. For John Hanson, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 8, *note* 2.

My "Satire!"—I am glad it made you laugh for Somebody told me in Greece that you was angry, and I was sorry, as you were perhaps the only person whom I did *not* want to *make angry*.

But how you will make *me laugh* I don't know, for it is a vastly *serious* subject to me I assure you; therefore take care, or I shall hitch *you* into the next Edition to make up our family party. Nothing so fretful, so despicable as a Scribbler, see what *I* am, and what a parcel of Scoundrels I have brought about my ears, and what language I have been obliged to treat them with to deal with them in their own way;—all this comes of Authorship, but now I am in for it, and shall be at war with Grubstreet, till I find some better amusement.

You will write to me your Intentions and may almost depend on my being at Cambridge in October. You say you mean to be etc. in the *Autumn;* I should be glad to know what you call this present Season, it would be Winter in every other Country which I have seen. If we meet in October we will travel in my *Vis.* and can have a cage for the children and a cart for the Nurse. Or perhaps we can forward them by the Canal. Do let us know all about it, your "*bright thought*" is a little clouded, like the Moon in this preposterous climate. Good even, Child.

Yours ever,

B.

177.—To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 3, 1811.

My dear Hodgson,—I will have nothing to do with your immortality;[1] we are miserable enough in this life,

1. The religious discussion arose out of the opening stanzas of

without the absurdity of speculating upon another. If men are to live, why die at all? and if they die, why

Childe Harold, Canto II., which Hodgson was helping to correct for the press.

Byron's opinions were not newly formed, as is shown by the following letter to Ensign Long (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 73, *note* 2), which reached the Editor too late for insertion in its proper place :—

"Southwell, Ap: 16th, 1807.

"Your Epistle, my dear *Standard Bearer*, augurs not much in "favour of your new life, particularly the latter part, where you say "your happiest Days are over. I most sincerely hope not. The "past has certainly in some parts been pleasant, but I trust will be "equalled, if not exceeded by the future. 'You hope it is not so "with me.'

"To be plain with Regard to myself. Nature stampt me in the "Die of Indifference. I consider myself as destined never to be "happy, although in some instances fortunate. I am an isolated "Being on the Earth, without a Tie to attach me to life, except a "few School-fellows, and a *score of females*. Let me but 'hear my "fame on the winds' and the song of the Bards in my Norman "house, I ask no more and don't expect so much. Of Religion I "know nothing, at least in its *favour*. We have *fools* in all sects "and Impostors in most; why should I believe mysteries no one "understands, because written by men who chose to mistake madness "for Inspiration, and style themselves *Evangelicals*? However "enough on this subject. Your *piety* will be *aghast*, and I wish for "no proselytes. This much I will venture to affirm, that all the "virtues and pious *Deeds* performed on Earth can never entitle a "man to Everlasting happiness in a future State; nor on the other "hand can such a Scene as a Seat of eternal punishment exist, it is "incompatible with the benign attributes of a Deity to suppose so.

"I am surrounded here by parsons and methodists, but, as you "will see, not infected with the mania. I have lived a *Deist*, what "I shall die I know not; however, come what may, *ridens moriar*.

"Nothing detains me here but the publication, which will not be "complete till June. About 20 of the present pieces will be cut "out, and a number of new things added. Amongst them a com- "plete Episode of Nisus and Euryalus from Virgil, some Odes from "Anacreon, and several original Odes, the whole will cover 170 "pages. My last production has been a poem in imitation of "Ossian, which I shall not publish, having enough without it. "Many of the present poems are enlarged and altered, in short you "will behold an 'Old friend with a new face.' Were I to publish "all I have written in Rhyme, I should fill a decent Quarto; how- "ever, half is quite enough at present. You shall have *all* when "we meet.

"I grow thin daily; since the commencement of my System I "have lost 23 lbs. in my weight (*i.e.*) 1 st. and 9 lbs. When I

disturb the sweet and sound sleep that "knows no "waking"? "Post Mortem nihil est, ipsaque Mors nihil

"began I weighed 14 st. 6 lbs., and on Tuesday I found myself "reduced to 12 st. 11 lb. What sayest thou, Ned? do you not "envy? I shall still proceed till I arrive at 12 st. and then stop, "at least if I am not too fat, but shall always live temperately and "take much exercise.

"If there is a possibility we shall meet in June. I shall be in "Town, before I proceed to Granta, and if the 'mountain will not "come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain.' I don't "mean, by comparing you to the mountain, to insinuate anything on "the Subject of your Size. Xerxes, it is said, formed Mount Athos "into the Shape of a Woman; had he lived now, and taken a peep "at Chatham, he would have spared himself the trouble and made "it unnecessary by finding a *Hill* ready cut to his wishes.

"Adieu, dear Mont Blanc, or rather *Mont Rouge;* don't, for "Heaven's sake, turn Volcanic, at least roll the Lava of your indig- "nation in any other Channel, and not consume

"Your's ever,
"BYRON.

"*Write Immediately.*"

Byron lived to modify these opinions, as is shown by the following passages from his *Detached Thoughts:*—

"If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change "in my life, unless it were *for—not to have lived at all.* All history "and experience, and the rest, teaches us that the good and evil are "pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is most to "be desired is an easy passage out of it. What can it give us but "years? and those have little of good but their ending."

"Of the immortality of the soul it appears to me that there can "be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind; "it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has "taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body—in "dreams, for instance;—incoherently and *madly*, I grant you, but "still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. "Now that this should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who "can pronounce? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call "the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass,'—a heavy chain, "to be sure; but all chains being material may be shaken off. "How far our future life will be *individual*, or, rather, how far it "will at all resemble our *present* existence, is another question; but "that the mind is eternal seems as probable as that the body is not "so. Of course I here venture upon the question without recurring "to Revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a solution of "it as any other. A *material* resurrection seems strange, and even "absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment "which is to *revenge* rather than *correct* must be *morally wrong;* "and *when the world is at an end*, what moral or warning purpose

". . . quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco? Quo *non* "Nata jacent."[1]

As to revealed religion, Christ came to save men; but a good Pagan will go to heaven, and a bad Nazarene to hell; "Argal" (I argue like the gravedigger) why are not all men Christians? or why are any? If mankind may be saved who never heard or dreamt, at Timbuctoo, Otaheite, Terra Incognita, etc., of Galilee and its Prophet, Christianity is of no avail: if they cannot be saved without, why are not all orthodox? It is a little hard to send a man preaching to Judæa, and leave the rest of the world—Negers and what not—*dark* as their complexions, without a ray of light for so many years to lead them on high; and who will believe that God will damn men for not knowing what they were never taught? I hope I am sincere; I was so at least on a bed of sickness in a far-distant country, when I had neither friend, nor comforter, nor hope, to sustain me. I looked to death as a relief from pain, without a wish for an after-life, but a confidence that the God who punishes in this existence had left that last asylum for the weary.

"*can* eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably "disfigured the divine doctrines here;—but the whole thing is "inscrutable."

"It is useless to tell me *not* to *reason*, but to *believe*. You might "as well tell a man not to wake, but *sleep*. And then to *bully* with "torments, and all that! I cannot help thinking that the *menace* "of hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman "humanity make villains."

"Man is born *passionate* of body, but with an innate though "secret tendency to the love of good in his main-spring of mind. "But, God help us all! it is at present a sad jar of atoms."

1. The lines are quoted from Seneca's *Troades* (act ii. line 397, *et seqq.*)—

"Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.
. . . . .
. . . . .
Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent."

Ὃν ὁ θεὸς ἀγαπάει ἀποθνήσκει νέος.[1]

I am no Platonist, I am nothing at all; but I would sooner be a Paulician, Manichean, Spinozist, Gentile, Pyrrhonian, Zoroastrian, than one of the seventy-two villainous sects who are tearing each other to pieces for the love of the Lord and hatred of each other. Talk of Galileeism? Show me the effects—are you better, wiser, kinder by your precepts? I will bring you ten Mussulmans shall shame you in all goodwill towards men, prayer to God, and duty to their neighbours. And is there a Talapoin,[2] or a Bonze, who is not superior to a fox-hunting curate? But I will say no more on this endless theme; let me live, well if possible, and die without pain. The rest is with God, who assuredly, had

1. The sentiment is found in one of the *μονόστιχοι* of Menander (*Menandri et Philemonis reliquiæ*, edidit Augustus Meineke, p. 48). It is thus quoted by Stobæus (*Florilegium*, cxx. 8) as an iambic—

Ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

In the *Comicorum Græcorum Sententiæ, id est γνώμαι* (p. 219, ed. Henricus Stephanus, MDLXIX.) it is quoted as a leonine verse—

Ὃν γὰρ φιλεῖ θεὸς ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

Plautus gives it thus (*Bacchides*, iv. 7)—

"Quem di diligunt adolescens moritur."

2. The word is said to be illegible, and the conclusion of the letter to be lost (*Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson*, vol. i. p. 196). Only the latter statement is correct. The word is perfectly legible. Talapoin (Yule's *Glossary of Anglo-Indian Words, sub voce*) is the name used by the Portuguese, and after them by the French writers, and by English travellers of the seventeenth century (Hakluyt, ed. 1807, vol. ii. p. 93; and Purchas, ed. 1645, vol. ii. p. 1747), to designate the Buddhist monks of Ceylon and the Indo-Chinese countries. Pallegoix (*Description du Royaume Thai ou Siam*, vol. ii. p. 23) says, "Les Européens les ont appelés *talapoins*, probablement du "nom de l'éventail qu'ils tiennent à la main, lequel s'appelle *talapat*, "qui signifie *feuille de palmier*." Possibly Byron knew the word through Voltaire (*Dial.* xxii., *André des Couches à Siam*); "*A. des C.* "Combien avez-vous de soldats? *Croutef.* Quatre-vingt mille, fort "médiocrement payés. *A. des C.* Et de talapoins? *Cr.* Cent vingt-"mille, tous fainéans et trés riches," etc.

He *come* or *sent*, would have made Himself manifest to nations, and intelligible to all.

I shall rejoice to see you. My present intention is to accept Scrope Davies's invitation; and then, if you accept mine, we shall meet *here* and *there*. Did you know poor Matthews? I shall miss him much at Cambridge.

178.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, September 4th, 1811.

My dear Sir,—I am at present anxious, as Cawthorn seems to wish it, to have a small edition of the *Hints from Horace*[1] published immediately: but the Latin

1. *Hints from Horace*, written during Byron's second stay at Athens, March 11–14, 1811, and subsequently added to, had been placed in the hands of Cawthorn, the publisher of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, for publication. Byron afterwards changed his mind, and the poem remained unpublished till after his death.

The following letter from Cawthorn shows that considerable progress had been made with the printing of the poem, and that Byron also contemplated another edition of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*. The advice of his friends led him to abandon both plans; but his letter to Cawthorn, printed below, is evidence that in September he was still at work on *Hints from Horace*:—

"24, Cockspur Street, Aug. 22d, 1811.

"My Lord,—Mr. Green the Amanuensis has finished the Latin "of the *Horace*, and I shall be happy to do with it as your Lordship "may direct, either to forward it to Newstead, or keep it in Town. "Would it not be better to print a small edition seperate (*sic*), and "afterwards print the two satires together? This I leave to your "Lordship's consideration. Four Sheets of the *Travels* are already "printed, and one of the plates (Albanian Solain) is executed. I "sent it Capt. H[obhouse] yesterday to Cork, to see if it meets his "approbation. The work is printed in quarto, for which I may be "in some measure indebted to your Lordship, as I urged it so "strongly. I shall be extremely sorry if Capt. H. is not pleased "with it, but I think he will. Your Lordship's goodness will excuse "me for saying how much the very sudden and melancholy events "that have lately transpired—I regret—Capt. Hobhouse has written "me since the decease of Mr. Mathews. I am told Capt. H. is "very much affected at it. I have received some drawings of

(the most difficult poem in the language) renders it necessary to be very particular not only in correcting the proofs with Horace open, but in adapting the parallel passages of the imitation in such places to the original as may enable the reader not to lose sight of the allusion. I don't know whether I ought to ask you to do this, but I am too far off to do it for myself; and if you condescend to my school-boy erudition, you will oblige me by setting this thing going, though you will smile at the importance I attach to it.

Believe me, ever yours,

BYRON.

179.—To John Murray.[1]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 5, 1811.

SIR,—The time seems to be past when (as Dr. Johnson said) a man was certain to "hear the truth from his

"costumes from him, which I am to deliver to your Lordship. Is "it likely we shall see your Lordship in Town soon?

"I have the honour to be your Lordship's

"Most respectful and greatly obliged Servt.,

"JAMES CAWTHORN.

"If a small edition is printed of '*Horace*' for the first" [words erased] "that, and I think in all probability the '*E. Bards*' "will want reprinting about March next, when both could be done "together. Do not think me too sanguine."

A few days later, Byron writes to Cawthorn as follows:—

"Newstead Abbey, September 4th, 1811.

"More notes for the 'Hints'! You mistake me much by thinking "me inattentive to this publication. If I had a friend willing and "able to correct the press, it should be out with my good will "immediately. Pray attend to annexing additional notes in their "proper places, and let them be added immediately.

"Yours, etc.,

"BYRON."

1. The following is Murray's letter, to which Byron replies:—

"London, Sept. 4, 1811, Wednesday.

"MY LORD,—An absence of some days, passed in the country, "has prevented me from writing earlier in answer to your obliging "letter. I have now, however, the pleasure of sending under a

"bookseller," for you have paid me so many compliments, that, if I was not the veriest scribbler on earth, I should feel affronted. As I accept your compliments, it is but fair I should give equal or greater credit to your objections, the more so as I believe them to be well founded. With regard to the political and metaphysical parts, I am afraid I can alter nothing; but I have high authority for

"separate cover, the first proof sheet of your Lordship's *Poem*, "which is so good as to be entitled to all your care to render per- "fect. Besides its general merit, there are parts, which, I am "tempted to believe, far excel anything that your Lordship has "hitherto published, and it were therefore grievous indeed, if you "do not condescend to bestow upon it all the improvement of "which your Lordship's mind is so capable; every correction "already made is valuable, and this circumstance renders me more "confident in soliciting for it your further attention.

"There are some expressions, too, concerning Spain and Portugal, "which, however just, and particularly so at the time they were "conceived, yet as they do not harmonize with the general feeling, "would so greatly interfere with the popularity which the poem is, "in other respects, so certainly calculated to excite, that, in com- "passion to your publisher, who does not presume to reason upon "the subject, otherwise than as a mere matter of business, I hope "your Lordship's goodness will induce you to obviate them, and, "with them, perhaps, some religious feelings which may deprive "me of some customers amongst the *Orthodox*.

"Could I flatter myself that these suggestions were not obtrusive, "I would hazard another, in an earnest solicitation that your Lord- "ship would add the two promised Cantos, and complete the "*Poem*. It were cruel indeed not to perfect a work which contains "so much that is excellent; your Fame, my Lord, demands it; "you are raising a Monument that will outlive your present feelings, "and it should therefore be so constructed as to excite no other "associations than those of respect and admiration for your Lord- "ship's Character and Genius.

"I trust that you will pardon the warmth of this address when I "assure your Lordship that it arises, in the greatest degree, in a "sincere regard for your lasting reputation, with, however, some "view to that portion of it, which must attend the Publisher of so "beautiful a Poem, as your Lordship is capable of rendering

"*The Romaunt of Childe Harold.*

"I have the honour to be, My Lord,
"Your Lordship's
"Obedient and faithful servant,
"JOHN MURRAY."

my Errors in that point, for even the *Æneid* was a *political* poem, and written for a *political* purpose; and as to my unlucky opinions on Subjects of more importance, I am too sincere in them for recantation. On Spanish affairs I have said what I saw, and every day confirms me in that notion of the result formed on the Spot; and I rather think honest John Bull is beginning to come round again to that Sobriety which Massena's retreat[1] had begun to reel from its centre—the usual consequence of *un*usual success. So you perceive I cannot alter the Sentiments; but if there are any alterations in the structure of the versification you would wish to be made, I will tag rhymes and turn stanzas as much as you please. As for the "*Orthodox*," let us hope they will buy, on purpose to abuse—you will forgive the one, if they will do the other. You are aware that any thing from my pen must expect no quarter, on many accounts; and as the present publication is of a nature very different from the former, we must not be sanguine.

You have given me no answer to my question—tell me fairly, did you show the MS. to some of your corps?[2] —I sent an introductory stanza to Mr. Dallas, that it might be forwarded to you; the poem else will open too abruptly. The Stanzas had better be numbered in Roman characters, there is a disquisition on the literature of the modern Greeks, and some smaller poems to come in at the close. These are now at Newstead, but will be sent in time. If Mr. D. has lost the Stanza and note annexed to it, write, and I will send it myself.—You tell

1. On the night of March 5, 1811, Massena retreated from his camp at Santarem, whence he had watched Wellington at Torres Vedras, and on April 4 he crossed the Coa into Spain.

2. Murray had shown the MS. to Gifford for advice as to its publication. Byron seems to have resented this on the ground that it might look like an attempt to propitiate the *Quarterly Review*.

me to add two cantos, but I am about to visit my *Collieries* in Lancashire on the 15th instant, which is so *unpoetical* an employment that I need say no more.

I am, sir, your most obedient, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

180.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, September 7, 1811.

As Gifford has been ever my "Magnus Apollo," any approbation, such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than "all Bocara's vaunted gold, than all "the gems of Samarcand."[1] But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

Your objection to the expression "central line" I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

The other errors you mention, I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun, a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional

1. The lines, which are parodied in Byron's unpublished *Barmaid*, are from Sir W. Jones's translation of a song by Hafiz (*Works*, vol. x. p. 251)—

"Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight,
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand."

canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on; but under existing circumstances and *sensations*, I have neither harp, "heart, "nor voice" to proceed. I feel that *you are all right* as to the metaphysical part; but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write "*ad captandum vulgus*," I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.[1]

My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a *poem*, it will surmount these obstacles, and if *not*, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode[2] I have read—it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to Smythe's on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of "*Horæ Ionicæ*."[3] I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

1. Vauxhall Gardens (1661 to July 25, 1859) were still not only a popular but a fashionable resort, though fireworks and masquerades threatened to expel musicians and vocalists. At this time the principal singers were Charles Dignum (1765–1827); Maria Theresa Bland (1769–1838), a famous ballad-singer; Rosoman Mountain, *née* Wilkinson (1768–1841), whose husband was a violinist and leader at Vauxhall.—(*The London Pleasure Gardens*, pp. 286–326.)

2. On June 29, 1811, the Duke of Gloucester was installed as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The Installation Ode, written by W. Smyth, of Peterhouse (1765–1849), Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and author of *English Lyrics* (1797) and other works, was set to music by Hague, and performed in the Senate House, Braham and Ashe, it is said, particularly distinguishing themselves among the performers. The Ode is given in the *Annual Register* for 1811, pp. 593–596. The rival Ode, which Byron preferred, was by Walter Rodwell Wright.

3. For Walter Rodwell Wright, author of *Horæ Ionicæ* (1809), see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 336, *note* 1.

I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In Matthews I have lost my "guide, philosopher, and friend;" in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

Matthews was indeed an extraordinary man; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man: there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did;—and now what is he? When we see such men pass away and be no more—men, who seem created to display what the Creator *could make* his creatures, gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude? For my own part, I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing. My poor Hobhouse doted on Matthews. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, Davies, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. Davies is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. Davies, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. Hobhouse and myself always had the worst of it with the other two; and even Matthews yielded to the dashing vivacity of Scrope Davies. But I am talking to you of men, or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where I hear from all quarters that I have a

very valuable property in coals, etc. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations—to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long letters sadly testify. I perceive, by referring to your letter, that the Ode is from the author; make my thanks acceptable to him. His muse is worthy a nobler theme. You will write as usual, I hope. I wish you good evening, and am, etc.

181.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket.]

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 9th, 1811.

My dear Augusta,—My Rochdale affairs are understood to be settled as far as the Law can settle them, and indeed I am told that the most valuable part is that which was never disputed; but I have never reaped any advantage from them, and God knows if I ever shall. Mr. H., my agent, is a good man and able, but the most dilatory in the world. I expect him down on the 14th to accompany me to Rochdale, where something will be decided as to selling or working the Collieries. I am Lord of the Manor (a most extensive one), and they want to enclose, which cannot be done without me; but I go there in the worst humour possible and am afraid I shall do or say something not very conciliatory. In short all my affairs are going on as badly as possible, and I have no hopes or plans to better them as I long ago pledged myself never to sell Newstead, which I mean to hold in defiance of the Devil and Man.

I am quite alone and never see strangers without being sick, but I am nevertheless on good terms with my

neighbours, for I neither ride or shoot or move over my Garden walls, but I fence and box and swim and run a good deal to keep me in exercise and get me to sleep. Poor Murray is ill again, and one of my Greek servants is ill too, and my valet has got a pestilent cough, so that we are in a peck of troubles; my family Surgeon sent an Emetic this morning for *one* of them, I did not very well know *which*, but I swore *Somebody* should take it, so after a deal of discussion the Greek swallowed it with tears in his eyes, and by the blessing of it, and the *Virgin* whom he invoked to assist *it* and *him*, I suppose he'll be well tomorrow, if not, *another* shall have the *next*. So your Spouse likes children, *that* is lucky as he will have to bring them up; for my part (since I lost my Newfoundland dog,) I like nobody except his successor a Dutch Mastiff and three land Tortoises brought with me from Greece.

I thank you for your letters and am always glad to hear from you, but if you won't come here before Xmas, I very much fear we shall not meet *here* at all, for I shall be off somewhere or other very soon out of this land of Paper credit (or rather no credit at all, for every body seems on the high road to Bankruptcy), and if I quit it again I shall not be back in a hurry.

However, I shall endeavour to see you somewhere, and make my bow with decorum before I return to the Ottomans, I believe I shall turn Mussulman in the end.

You ask after my health; I am in tolerable leanness, which I promote by exercise and abstinence. I don't know that I have acquired any thing by my travels but a smattering of two languages and a habit of chewing Tobacco.[1]

Yours ever,

B.

1. To appease the pangs of hunger, and keep down his fat, Byron

182.—To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 9, 1811.

DEAR HODGSON,—I have been a good deal in your company lately, for I have been reading *Juvenal* and *Lady Jane*,[1] etc., for the first time since my return. The Tenth Sat^e^ has always been my favourite, as I suppose indeed of everybody's. It is the finest recipe for making one miserable with his life, and content to walk out of it, in any language. I should think it might be redde with great effect to a man dying without much pain, in preference to all the stuff that ever was said or sung in churches. But you are a deacon, and I say no more. Ah! you will marry and become lethargic, like poor Hal of Harrow,[2] who yawns at 10 o' nights, and orders caudle annually.

I wrote an answer to yours fully some days ago, and, being quite alone and able to frank, you must excuse this subsequent epistle, which will cost nothing but the trouble of deciphering. I am expectant of agents to accompany me to Rochdale, a journey not to be anticipated with pleasure; though I feel very restless where I am, and shall probably ship off for Greece again; what nonsense it is to talk of Soul, when a cloud makes it *melancholy* and wine makes it *mad*.

Collet of Staines, your "most kind host," has lost that girl you saw of his. She grew to five feet eleven, and might have been God knows how high if it had pleased

was in the habit of chewing gum-mastic and tobacco. For the same reason, at a later date, he took opium. The mistake which he makes in his letter to Hodgson (December 8, 1811), "I do nothing but eschew "tobacco," is repeated in *Don Juan* (Canto XII. stanza xliii.)—

> "In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve,
> As that abominable tittle-tattle,
> Which is the cud eschewed by human cattle."

1. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 195, *note* 1.
2. For Henry Drury, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 41, *note* 2.

Him to renew the race of Anak; but she fell by a ptisick, a fresh proof of the folly of begetting children. You knew Matthews. Was he not an intellectual giant? I knew few better or more intimately, and none who deserved more admiration in point of ability.

Scrope Davies has been here on his way to Harrowgate; I am his guest in October at King's, where we will "drink deep ere we depart." "Won't you, won't you, "won't you, won't you come, Mr. Mug?"[1] We did not amalgamate properly at Harrow; it was somehow rainy, and then a wife makes such a damp; but in a seat of celibacy I will have revenge. Don't you hate helping first, and losing the wings of chicken? And then, conversation is always flabby. Oh! in the East women are in their proper sphere, and one has—no conversation at all. My house here is a delightful matrimonial mansion. When I wed, my spouse and I will be so happy!—one in each wing.

I presume you are in motion from your Herefordshire station,[2] and Drury must be gone back to Gerund Grinding. I have not been at Cambridge since I took my M.A. degree in 1808. *Eheu fugaces!* I look forward to meeting you and Scrope there with the feelings of other times. Capt. Hobhouse is at Enniscorthy in Juverna. I wish he was in England.

Yours ever,

B.

1. Byron may possibly allude to "Matthew Mug," a character in Foote's *Mayor of Garratt*, said to be intended for the Duke of Newcastle. In act ii. sc. 2 of the comedy occurs this passage—

"*Heel-Tap.* Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this "Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow."

But there is no passage in the play which exactly corresponds with Byron's quotation.

2. Hodgson was staying with his uncle, the Rev. Richard Coke, of Lower Moor, Herefordshire.

183.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 10, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I rather think in one of the opening stanzas of *Childe Harold* there is this line—

'Tis said at times the sullen tear would start.

Now, a line or two after, I have a repetition of the epithet "*sullen* reverie;" so (if it be so) let us have "speechless "reverie," or "silent reverie;" but, at all events, do away the recurrence.

Yours ever,

B.

184.—To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, September 13, 1811.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—I thank you for your song, or, rather, your two songs,—your new song on love, and your *old song* on *religion*.[1] I admire the *first* sincerely, and in turn call upon you to *admire* the following on Anacreon Moore's new operatic farce,[2] or farcical opera —call it which you will:—

Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes *Farce;*
Is Fame like his so brittle?
We knew before
That "*Little's*" *Moore,*
But now *'tis Moore* that's *Little.*

1. The lines in which Hodgson answered Byron's letter on his religious opinions are quoted in the *Memoir of the Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. i. pp. 199, 200.

2. Moore's *M.P., or The Bluestocking*, was played at the Lyceum, September 9, 1811, but was soon withdrawn.

I won't dispute with you on the Arcana of your new calling; they are Bagatelles like the King of Poland's rosary. One remark, and I have done; the basis of your religion is *injustice;* the *Son* of *God*, the *pure*, the *immaculate*, the *innocent*, is sacrificed for the *Guilty*. This proves *His* heroism; but no more does away *man's* guilt than a schoolboy's volunteering to be flogged for another would exculpate the dunce from negligence, or preserve him from the Rod. You degrade the Creator, in the first place, by making Him a begetter of children; and in the next you convert Him into a Tyrant over an immaculate and injured Being, who is sent into existence to suffer death for the benefit of some millions of Scoundrels, who, after all, seem as likely to be damned as ever. As to miracles, I agree with Hume that it is more probable men should *lie* or be *deceived*, than that things out of the course of Nature should so happen. Mahomet wrought miracles, Brothers[1] the prophet had *proselytes*, and so would Breslaw[2] the conjuror, had he lived in the time of Tiberius.

Besides I trust that God is not a *Jew*, but the God of all Mankind; and as you allow that a virtuous Gentile may be saved, you do away the necessity of being a Jew or a Christian.

I do not believe in any revealed religion, because no religion is revealed: and if it pleases the Church to damn

1. Richard Brothers (1757–1824) believed that, in 1795, he was to be revealed as Prince of the Hebrews and ruler of the world. In that year he was arrested, and confined first as a criminal lunatic, afterwards in a private asylum, where he remained till 1806. A portrait of "Richard Brothers, Prince of the Hebrews," was engraved, April, 1795, by William Sharp, with the following inscription: "*Fully believing this to be the Man whom God has* "*appointed, I engrave this likeness. William Sharp.*"

2. See *Breslaw's Last Legacy; or, the Magical Companion. Including the various exhibitions of those wonderful Artists, Breslaw, Sieur Comus, Jonas, etc.* (1784).

me for not allowing a *nonentity*, I throw myself on the mercy of the "*Great First Cause, least understood*," who must do what is most proper; though I conceive He never made anything to be tortured in another life, whatever it may in this. I will neither read *pro* nor *con*. God would have made His will known without books, considering how very few could read them when Jesus of Nazareth lived, had it been His pleasure to ratify any peculiar mode of worship. As to your immortality, if people are to live, why die? And our carcases, which are to rise again, are they worth raising? I hope, if mine is, that I shall have a better *pair of legs* than I have moved on these two-and-twenty years, or I shall be sadly behind in the squeeze into Paradise. Did you ever read "Malthus on Population"? If he be right, war and pestilence are our best friends, to save us from being eaten alive, in this "best of all possible Worlds."[1]

I will write, read, and think no more; indeed, I do not wish to shock your prejudices by saying all I do think. Let us make the most of life, and leave dreams to Emanuel Swedenborg.

1. *Candide, ou l'Optimisme* (chapitre xxx.); "et Pangloss disait "quelquefois à Candide; Tous les événements sont enchainés "dans le meilleur des mondes possibles," etc. Hodgson replies (September 18, 1811): "Your last letter has unfeignedly grieved "me. Believing, as I do from my heart, that you would be better "and happier by thoroughly examining the evidences for Christianity, "how can I hear you say you *will not* read any book on the subject, "without being pained? But God bless you under all circumstances. "I will say no more. Only do not talk of 'shocking my prejudices,' "or of 'rushing to see me *before* I am a Deacon.' I wish to see you "at all times; and as to our different opinions, we can easily keep "them to ourselves." The next day he writes again: "Let me "make one other effort. You mentioned an opinion of Hume's "about miracles. For God's sake,—hear me, Byron, for God's "sake—examine Paley's answer to that opinion; examine the whole "of Paley's *Evidences*. The two volumes may be read carefully "in less than a week. Let me for the last time by our friendship, "implore you to read them."

Now to dreams of another genus—Poesies. I like your song much; but I will say no more, for fear you should think I wanted to scratch you into approbation of my past, present, or future acrostics. I shall not be at Cambridge before the middle of October; but, when I go, I should certes like to see you there before you are dubbed a deacon. Write to me, and I will rejoin.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

185.—To John Murray.[1]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 14, 1811.

SIR,—Since your former letter, Mr. Dallas informs me that the MS. has been submitted to the perusal of Mr. Gifford, most contrary to my wishes, as Mr. D. could have explained, and as my own letter to you did, in fact, explain, with my motives for objecting to such a proceeding. Some late domestic events, of which you are probably aware, prevented my letter from being sent before; indeed, I hardly conceived you would have so hastily thrust my productions into the hands of a Stranger, who could be as little pleased by receiving them, as their author is at their being offered, in such a manner, and to such a Man.

1. As soon as Byron came to town, he was a frequent visitor at 32, Fleet Street, while the sheets of *Childe Harold* were passing through the press. "Fresh from the fencing rooms of Angelo and "Jackson, he used to amuse himself by renewing his practice of "*Carte et Tierce*, with his walking-cane directed against the book-"shelves, while Murray was reading passages from the poem with "occasional ejaculations of admiration, on which Byron would say, "'You think that a good idea, do you, Murray?' Then he would "fence and lunge with his walking-stick at some special book which "he had picked out on the shelves before him. As Murray after-"wards said, 'I was often very glad to get rid of him!'" (Smiles's *Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 207).

My address, when I leave Newstead, will be to "Rochdale, Lancashire;" but I have not yet fixed the day of departure, and I will apprise you when ready to set off.

You have placed me in a very ridiculous situation, but it is past, and nothing more is to be said on the subject. You hinted to me that you wished some alterations to be made; if they have nothing to do with politics or religion, I will make them with great readiness.

I am, Sir, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

186.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 15, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,—My agent will not be here for at least a week, and even afterwards my letters will be forwarded to Rochdale. I am sorry that Murray should *groan* on my account, tho' *that* is better than the anticipation of applause, of which men and books are generally disappointed.

The notes I sent are *merely matter* to be divided, arranged, and published for *notes* hereafter, in proper places; at present I am too much occupied with earthly cares to waste time or trouble upon rhyme, or its modern indispensables, annotations.

Pray let me hear from you, when at leisure. I have written to abuse Murray for showing the MS. to Mr. G., who must certainly think it was done by my wish, though you know the contrary.—Believe me,

Yours ever,

B——

187.—To John Murray.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 16, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I return the proof, which I should wish to be shown to Mr. Dallas, who understands typographical arrangements much better than I can pretend to do. The printer may place the notes in his *own way*, or any *way*, so that they are out of *my way;* I care nothing about types or margins.

If you have any communication to make, I shall be here at least a week or ten days longer.

I am, Sir, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

188.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 16, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a *motto*—

"L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que "la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai "feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également "mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. "Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des "peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié "avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de "mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais, "ni les fatigues."

"Le Cosmopolite." [1]

1. Fougeret de Monbron, born at Péronne, served in the *Gardes du Corps*, but abandoned the sword for the pen, and published *Henriade Travestie* (1745); *Préservatif Contre l'Anglomanie* (1787); and *Le Cosmopolite* (1750). His novels, *Margot la Ravaudeuse*, *Thérèse Philosophe*, and others, appeared under the name of Fougeret. He died in 1761. In that year was published in London an edition of *Le Cosmopolite, ou le Citoyen du Monde*, par Mr. de Monbron,

If not too long, I think it will suit the book. The passage is from a little French volume, a great favourite with me, which I picked up in the Archipelago. I don't think it is well known in England; Monbron is the author; but it is a work sixty years old.

Good morning! I won't take up your time.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

189.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17, 1811.

I can easily excuse your not writing, as you have, I hope, something better to do, and you must pardon my frequent invasions on your attention, because I have at this moment nothing to interpose between you and my epistles.

I cannot settle to any thing, and my days pass, with the exception of bodily exercise to some extent, with uniform indolence, and idle insipidity. I have been expecting, and still expect, my agent, when I shall have enough to occupy my reflections in business of no very pleasant aspect. Before my journey to Rochdale, you shall have due notice where to address me—I believe at the post-office of that township. From Murray I received a second proof of the same pages, which I requested him

with the motto, "Patria est ubicunque est bene" (Cic. 5, Tusc. 37). Byron's quotation is the opening paragraph of the book. The author, who had travelled in England, returns to France a complete "Jacques Rôt-de-Bif." He then visits Holland, the Low Countries, Constantinople, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and England a second time. He finds that the charm has vanished, and that the English are no better than their neighbours. It is a cynical little book, abounding in such sayings as, "Make acquaintances, not friends; intimacy "breeds disgust;" "The best fruit of travelling is the justification of "instinctive dislikes." Monbron, like Byron, ridicules the traveller's passion for collecting broken statues and antiques.

to show you, that any thing which may have escaped my observation may be detected before the printer lays the corner-stone of an *errata* column.

I am now not quite alone, having an old acquaintance and school-fellow[1] with me, so *old*, indeed, that we have nothing *new* to say on any subject, and yawn at each other in a sort of *quiet inquietude*. I hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain Hobhouse; and *their quarto* —Lord have mercy on mankind! We come on like Cerberus with our triple publications.[2] As for *myself*, by *myself*, I must be satisfied with a comparison to *Janus*.

I am not at all pleased with Murray for showing the MS.; and I am certain Gifford must see it in the same light that I do. His praise is nothing to the purpose: what could he say? He could not spit in the face of one who had praised him in every possible way. I must own that I wish to have the impression removed from his mind, that I had any concern in such a paltry transaction. The more I think, the more it disquiets me; so I will say no more about it. It is bad enough to be a scribbler, without having recourse to such shifts to extort praise, or deprecate censure. It is anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, adulating,—the devil! the devil! the devil! and all without my wish, and contrary to my express desire. I wish Murray had been tied to *Payne*'s neck when he jumped into the Paddington Canal,[3] and so tell him,—

1. John Claridge. (See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 267, *note* 2.)

2. *I.e. Childe Harold*, *Hints from Horace*, and *Travels in Albania*.

3. Mr. Payne, of the firm of Payne and Mackinlay, the publishers of Hodgson's *Juvenal*, committed suicide by drowning himself in the Paddington Canal. Byron, in a note to *Hints from Horace*, line 657, thus applies the incident :—

"A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last "summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was "alarmed by the cry of 'one in jeopardy:' he rushed along,

that is the proper receptacle for publishers. You have thought of settling in the country, why not try Notts.? I think there are places which would suit you in all points, and then you are nearer the metropolis. But of this anon.

I am, yours, etc.,

BYRON.

190.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I have just discovered some pages of observations on the modern Greeks, written at Athens by me, under the title of *Noctes Atticæ*. They will do to *cut up* into notes, and to be *cut up* afterwards, which is all that notes are generally good for. They were written at Athens, as you will see by the date.

Yours ever,

B.

"collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on buttermilk in an "adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one eel spear and a "landing-net, and at last (*horresco referens*) pulled out—his own "publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a "large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on "inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its 'alacrity of "sinking' was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though "some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman "Birch's pastry-premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's "inquest brought in a verdict of '*Felo de Bibliopolâ*' against a "'quarto unknown,' and circumstantial evidence being since strong "against the *Curse of Kehama* (of which the above words are "an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in "Grub Street—Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de Lion, "Exodus, Exodiad, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of "Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names "of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the "bell-man of St. Sepulchre's."

191.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept, 21, 1811.

I have shown my respect for your suggestions by adopting them; but I have made many alterations in the first proof, over and above; as, for example:

> Oh Thou, in *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth,
> etc., etc.
> Since *shamed full oft* by *later lyres* on earth,
> Mine, etc.
> Yet there *I've wander'd* by the vaunted rill;

and so on. So I have got rid of Dr. Lowth and "drunk" to boot, and very glad I am to say so. I have also sullenised the line as heretofore, and in short have been quite conformable.

Pray write; you shall hear when I remove to Lancashire. I have brought you and my friend Juvenal Hodgson upon my back, on the score of revelation. You are fervent, but he is quite *glowing;* and if he take half the pains to save his own soul, which he volunteers to redeem mine, great will be his reward hereafter. I honour and thank you both, but am convinced by neither. Now for notes. Besides those I have sent, I shall send the observations on the Edinburgh Reviewer's remarks on the modern Greek, an Albanian song in the Albanian (*not Greek*) language, specimens of modern Greek from their New Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, *one scene*, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a song or two, *all* in Romaic, besides their Pater Noster; so there will be enough, if not too much, with what I have already sent. Have you received the "Noctes Atticæ"?

I sent also an annotation on Portugal. Hobhouse is also forthcoming.[1]

192.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 23, 1811.

Lisboa[2] is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best. Ulissipont is pedantic; and as I have *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid, since I shall have a perilous quantity of *modern* Greek in my notes, as specimens of the tongue; therefore Lisboa may keep its place. You are right about the *Hints;* they must not precede the *Romaunt;* but Cawthorn will be savage if they don't; however, keep *them* back, and *him* in *good humour*, if we can, but do not let him publish.

I have adopted, I believe, most of your suggestions, but "Lisboa" will be an exception to prove the rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall continue; but pray let them be copied; no devil can read my hand. By the by, I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the "Good Night."[3] I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and *Argus* we know to be a fable. The *Cosmopolite* was an acquisition

1. That is, with his *Travels in Albania*, in part of which Byron and his Greek servant, Demetrius, were assisting him with notes and other material.

2. See *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza xvi., and Byron's *note*.

3. See *Childe Harold*, Canto I. The "Good Night" is placed between stanzas xiii. and xiv.

> "And now I'm in the world alone,
> Upon the wide, wide sea;
> But why should I for others groan,
> When none will sigh for me?
> Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
> Till fed by stranger hands;
> But long ere I come back again
> He'd tear me where he stands."

abroad. I do not believe it is to be found in England. It is an amusing little volume, and full of French flippancy. I read, though I do not speak the language.

I *will* be angry with Murray. It was a bookselling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, paltry proceeding; and if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet Street, and borrowed the giant's staff from St. Dunstan's church,[1] to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he never was written to before by an author, I'll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath, till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always you have much to write about. Write it, but let us drop metaphysics;—on that point we shall never agree. I am dull and drowsy, as usual. I do nothing, and even that nothing fatigues me. Adieu.

193.—To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 25, 1811.

My dear Hodgson,—I fear that before the latest of October or the first of November, I shall hardly be able to make Cambridge. My everlasting agent puts off his coming like the accomplishment of a prophecy. However, finding me growing serious he hath promised to be here on Thursday, and about Monday we shall remove

1. St. Dunstan's in the West, before its rebuilding by Shaw (1831–33), was one of the oldest churches in London. The clock, which projected over the street, and had two wooden figures of wild men who struck the hours with their clubs, was set up in 1671. Unless there was a similar clock before this date, as is not improbable, Scott is wrong in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, where he makes Moniplies stand "astonished as old Adam and Eve ply their ding-"dong." The figures, the removal of which, it is said, brought tears to the eyes of Charles Lamb, were bought by the Marquis of Hertford to adorn his villa in Regent's Park, still called St. Dunstan's. Murray's shop at 32, Fleet Street, stood opposite the church, the yard of which was surrounded with stationers' shops, where many famous books of the seventeenth century were published.

to Rochdale. I have only to give discharges to the tenantry here (it seems the poor creatures must be raised, though I wish it was not necessary), and arrange the receipt of sums, and the liquidation of some debts, and I shall be ready to enter upon new subjects of vexation. I intend to visit you in Granta, and hope to prevail on you to accompany me here or there or anywhere.

I am plucking up my spirits, and have begun to gather my little sensual comforts together. Lucy is extracted from Warwickshire; some very bad faces have been warned off the premises, and more promising substituted in their stead; the partridges are plentiful, hares fairish, pheasants not quite so good, and the Girls on the Manor * * * * Just as I had formed a tolerable establishment my travels commenced, and on my return I find all to do over again; my former flock were all scattered; some married, not before it was needful. As I am a great disciplinarian, I have just issued an edict for the abolition of caps; no hair to be cut on any pretext; stays permitted, but not too low before; full uniform always in the evening; Lucinda to be commander—*vice* the present, about to be wedded (*mem.* she is 35 with a flat face and a squeaking voice), of all the makers and unmakers of beds in the household.

My tortoises (all Athenians), my hedgehog, my mastiff and the other live Greek, are all purely. The tortoises lay eggs, and I have hired a hen to hatch them. I am writing notes for *my* quarto (Murray would have it a *quarto*), and Hobhouse is writing text for *his* quarto; if you call on Murray or Cawthorn you will hear news of either. I have attacked De Pauw,[1] Thornton,[1] Lord Elgin,[2] Spain, Portugal, the *Edinburgh Review*,[3] travellers,

1. *Childe Harold*, Canto II. note D, part ii.
2. *Ibid.*, note A. 3. *Ibid.*, note D, part iii.

Painters, Antiquarians, and others, so you see what a dish of Sour Crout Controversy I shall prepare for myself. It would not answer for me to give way, now; as I was forced into bitterness at the beginning, I will go through to the last. *Væ Victis!* If I fall, I shall fall gloriously, fighting against a host.

Felicissima Notte a Voss. Signoria,

B.

194.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 26, 1811.

My dear Sir,—In a stanza towards the end of canto 1st, there is in the concluding line,

Some bitter bubbles up, and e'en on roses stings.

I have altered it as follows:—

Full from the heart of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

If you will point out the stanzas on Cintra [1] which you wish recast, I will send you mine answer. Be good enough to address your letters here, and they will either be forwarded or saved till my return. My agent comes tomorrow, and we shall set out immediately.

The press must not proceed of course without my seeing the proofs, as I have much to do. Pray, do you think any alterations should be made in the stanzas on Vathek? [2] I should be sorry to make any improper allusion, as I merely wish to adduce an example of wasted wealth, and the reflection which arose in surveying

1. *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza xviii.
2. *I.e.* on Beckford (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 228, *note* 1; and *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza xxii.).

the most desolate mansion in the most beautiful spot I ever beheld.

Pray keep Cawthorn back; he was not to begin till November, and even that will be two months too soon. I am so sorry my hand is unintelligible; but I can neither deny your accusation, nor remove the cause of it.—It is a sad scrawl, certes.—A perilous quantity of annotation hath been sent; I think almost *enough*, with the specimens of Romaic I mean to annex.

I will have nothing to say to your metaphysics, and allegories of rocks and beaches; we shall all go to the bottom together, so "let us eat and drink, for tomorrow, "etc." I am as comfortable in my creed as others, inasmuch as it is better to sleep than to be awake.

I have heard nothing of Murray; I hope he is ashamed of himself. He sent me a vastly complimentary epistle, with a request to alter the two, and finish another canto. I sent him as civil an answer as if I had been engaged to translate by the sheet, declining altering anything in sentiment, but offered to tag rhymes, and mend them as long as he liked.

I will write from Rochdale when I arrive, if my affairs allow me; but I shall be so busy and savage all the time with the whole set, that my letters will, perhaps, be as pettish as myself. If so, lay the blame on coal and coal-heavers. Very probably I may proceed to town by way of Newstead on my return from Lancs. I mean to be at Cambridge in November, so that, at all events, we shall be nearer. I will not apologise for the trouble I have given and do give you, though I ought to do so; but I have worn out my politest periods, and can only say that I am much obliged to you.

Believe me, yours always,

BYRON.

195.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

Newstead Abbey, Octr. 10th, 1811.

DEAR WEBSTER,—I can hardly invite a gentleman to my house a second time who walked out of it the first in so singular a mood, but if you had thought proper to pay me a visit, you would have had a "Highland "Welcome."

I am only just returned to it out of Lancashire, where I have been on business to a Coal manor of mine near Rochdale, and shall leave it very shortly for Cambridge and London. My companions, or rather companion, (for Claridge alone has been with me) have not been very amusing, and, as to their "*Sincerity*," they are doubtless sincere enough for a man who will never put them to the trial. Besides you talked so much of your conjugal happiness, that an invitation from home would have seemed like Sacrilege, and my rough Bachelor's Hall would have appeared to little advantage after the "Bower of Armida" [1] where you have been reposing.

I cannot boast of my social powers at any time, and just at present they are more stagnant than ever. Your Brother-in-law [2] means to stand for Wexford, but I have reasons for thinking the Portsmouth interest will be

1. Armida is the Sorceress, the niece of Prince Idreotes, in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, in whose palace Rinaldo forgets his vow as a crusader. Byron, in *Don Juan* (Canto I. stanza lxxi.), says—

"But ne'er magician's wand
Wrought change, with all Armida's fairy art,
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart."

In the Catalogue of Byron's books, sold April 5, 1816, appear four editions of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, being those of 1776, 1785, 1813, and one undated.

2. For George Annesley, Lord Valentia, afterwards Earl of Mountnorris (1769–1844), see *Poems*, ed. 1898, vol. i. p. 378, and *note* 5.

against him; however I wish him success. Do *you* mean to stand for any place next election? What are your politics? I hope Valentia's Lord is for the Catholics. You will find Hobhouse at Enniscorthy in the contested County.

Pray what has seized you? your last letter is the only one in which you do not rave upon matrimony. Are there no symptoms of a young W. W.? and shall I never be a Godfather? I believe I must be married myself soon, but it shall be a secret and a Surprise. However, knowing your exceeding discretion I shall probably entrust the secret to your silence at a proper period. You have, it is true, invited me repeatedly to Dean's Court,[1] and now, when it is probable I might adventure there, you wish to be off. Be it so.

If you address your letters to this place they will be forwarded wherever I sojourn. I am about to meet some friends at Cambridge and on to town in November.

The papers are full of Dalrymple's Bigamy[2] (I know the man). What the Devil will he do with his *Spare-rib?* He is no beauty, but as lame as myself. He has more ladies than legs, what comfort to a cripple! *Sto sempre umilissimo servitore.*

BYRON.

1. Near Wimborne, Dorset.

2. The suit of *Dalrymple* v. *Dalrymple* was tried before Sir William Scott, in the Consistory Court, Doctors' Commons, July 16, 1811. The suit was brought by Mrs. Dalrymple (*née* Joanna Gordon) against Captain John William Henry Dalrymple. By Scottish law he was held to have been married to Miss Gordon, and his subsequent marriage with Miss Manners, sister of the Duchess of St. Albans, was held to be illegal.

196.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, October 10th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—Stanzas 24, 26, 29,[1] though *crossed* must *stand*, with their *alterations*. The other three[2] are cut out to meet your wishes. We must, however, have a repetition of the proof, which is the first. I will write soon.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—Yesterday I returned from Lancs.

1. The stanzas are xxiv., xxv., xxvi. of Canto I.
2. The following are the three deleted stanzas :—

XXV.

"In golden characters, right well designed,
First on the list appeareth one 'Junot;'
Then certain other glorious names we find;
(Which rhyme compelleth me to place below—)
Dull victors! baffled by a vanquished foe,
Wheedled by conynge tongues of laurels due,
Stand, worthy of each other, in a row
Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of 'tother tew.

XXVII.

"But when Convention sent his handy work,
Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar;
Mayor, Alderman, laid down th' uplifted fork;
The bench of Bishops half forgot to snore;
Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
And bit his dev'lish quill agen, and swore
With foe such treaty never should be kept,
Then burst the blatant beast, and roared and raged and—slept!!!

XXVIII.

"Thus unto heaven appealed the people; heaven,
Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,
Decreed that ere our generals were forgiven,
Inquiry should be held about the thing.

197.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811.

I have returned from Lancashire, and ascertained that my property there may be made very valuable, but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month; but of my movements you shall be regularly apprised. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both "*Fyttes*." I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times;[1] but "I have almost forgot the taste of grief," and "supped full of horrors"[2] till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families; I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very

> But mercy cloaked the babes beneath her wing;
> And as they spared our foes so spared we them.
> (Where was the pity of our sires for Byng?)
> Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn.
> Then live ye, triumph gallants! and bless your judges' phlegm."

1. The reference is to Edleston (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 130, *note* 3), of whose death Miss Edleston had recently sent Byron an account.

2. "I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

. . . . . .

I have supp'd full with horrors."

Macbeth, act v. sc. 5.

wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility.

Instead of tiring yourself with *my* concerns, I should be glad to hear *your* plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society? Now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, etc., etc., which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to *you*, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses, too, would be such as best suit your inclinations, more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be *picturesque*.

Pray, is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction. You mention having consulted some friend on the MSS. Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr. Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work *Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage* !!!!![1] as he has done to some of my astonished

1. Francis Hodgson, writing to Byron, October 8, 1811, says, "Murray's shopman, taught, I presume, by himself, calls *Psyche*

friends, who wrote to inquire after my *sanity* on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily. Must I write more notes? Are there not enough? Cawthorn must be kept back with the *Hints*. I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse's quarto. Good evening.

Yours ever, etc.

198.—To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 13, 1811.

You will begin to deem me a most liberal correspondent; but as my letters are free, you will overlook their frequency. I have sent you answers in prose and verse to all your late communications; and though I am invading your ease again, I don't know why, or what to put down that you are not acquainted with already. I am growing *nervous* (how you will laugh!)—but it is true, —really, wretchedly, ridiculously, fine-ladically *nervous*. Your climate kills me; I can neither read, write, nor amuse myself, or any one else. My days are listless, and my nights restless; I have very seldom any society, and when I have, I run out of it. At "this present writing," there are in the next room three *ladies*, and I have stolen away to write this grumbling letter.—I don't know that I sha'n't end with insanity, for I find a want of method in arranging my thoughts that perplexes me strangely; but this looks more like silliness than madness, as Scrope Davies would facetiously remark in his consoling manner. I must try the hartshorn of your company; and a session

"'Pishy;' *The Four Slaves of Cythera* 'The Four do. of Cythĕra,' "and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* 'Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage.' "This misnomering Vendor of Books must have been misbegotten "in some portentous union of the Malaprops and the Slipslops."

of Parliament would suit me well,—any thing to cure me of conjugating the accursed verb "*ennuyer*."

When shall you be at Cambridge? You have hinted, I think, that your friend Bland[1] is returned from Holland. I have always had a great respect for his talents, and for all that I have heard of his character; but of me, I believe he knows nothing, except that he heard my sixth form repetitions ten months together at the average of two lines a morning, and those never perfect. I remembered him and his *Slaves* as I passed between Capes Matapan, St. Angelo, and his Isle of Ceriga, and I always bewailed the absence of the *Anthology*. I suppose he will now translate Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare, and *Gysbert van Amstel*[2] will easily be accommodated to our stage in its present state; and I presume he saw the Dutch poem, where the love of Pyramus and Thisbe is compared to the *passion* of *Christ;* also the love of *Lucifer* for Eve, and other varieties of Low Country literature.

1. For Robert Bland, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 271, *note* 1. In his *Four Slaves of Cythera* (1809), Canto I., occur the following lines:—

> "Now full in sight the Paphian gardens smile,
> And thence by many a green and summer isle,
> Whose ancient walls and temples seem to sleep,
> Enshadowed on the mirror of the deep,
> They coast along Cythera's happy ground,
> Gem of the sea, for love's delight renown'd."

2. Bland had been acting as English Chaplain in Holland. Joost Van Vondel (1587–1679), born at Cologne of Anabaptist parents, became a Roman Catholic in 1641. Most of his thirty-two tragedies are on classical or religious subjects, and in the latter may be traced his gradual change of faith. *Gysbrecht van Amstel* (1637) is a play, the action of which takes place on Christmas Day in the thirteenth century. The scene is laid at Amsterdam, which is captured by a ruse like that of the Greeks at Troy. The play appealed strongly to the patriotic instincts of the Dutch by its prophecy of the future greatness of Amsterdam. Vondel's *Lucifer* (1654) has been often compared to *Paradise Lost*. It also bears some affinities to *Cain*. In it the Archangel Lucifer rebels against God on learning the Divine intention to take on Himself the nature, not of Angels, but of Man.

No doubt you will think me crazed to talk of such things, but they are all in black and white and good repute on the banks of every canal from Amsterdam to Alkmaar.

Yours ever,

B.

My poesy is in the hands of its various publishers; but the *Hints from Horace* (to which I have subjoined some savage lines on Methodism,[1] and ferocious notes on the vanity of the triple Editory of the *Edin. Annual Register*[2]), my *Hints*, I say, stand still, and why?—I have not a friend in the world (but you and Drury) who can construe Horace's Latin or my English well enough to adjust them for the press, or to correct the proofs in a grammatical way. So that, unless you have bowels when you return to town (I am too far off to do it for myself), this ineffable work will be lost to the world for—I don't know how many *weeks*.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage must wait till *Murray's* is finished. He is making a tour in Middlesex, and is to return soon, when high matter may be expected. He wants to have it in quarto, which is a cursed unsaleable size; but it is pestilent long, and one must obey one's bookseller. I trust Murray will pass the Paddington

1. *Hints from Horace*, lines 371–382.

2. The *Edinburgh Annual Register* (1808–26) was published by John Ballantyne and Co. The prospectus promised a general history of Europe; a collection of State papers; a chronicle of events; original essays on morality, literature, and science; and articles on biography, the useful arts, and meteorology. The Editor was Scott, and Southey was responsible for the historical department. The first two parts, giving the history of 1808, did not appear till July, 1810, and then with an editorial apology for the omission of the articles on biography, the useful arts, and meteorology; also with an explanation that the idea of original essays on morality, literature, and science had been abandoned. The venture, thus unfortunately launched, never succeeded. For Byron's attack, see *Hints from Horace*, line 657, and his *note*.

Canal without being seduced by Payne and Mackinlay's example,—I say Payne and Mackinlay, supposing that the partnership held good. Drury, the villain, has not written to me; "I am never (as Mrs. Lumpkin[1] says to "Tony) to be gratified with the monster's dear wild "notes."

So you are going (going indeed!) into orders. You must make your peace with the Eclectic Reviewers—they accuse you of impiety, I fear, with injustice. Demetrius, the "Sieger of Cities," is here, with "Gilpin Horner."[2] The painter[3] is not necessary, as the portraits he already painted are (by anticipation) very like the new animals.—Write, and send me your "Love Song"—but I want *paulo majora* from you. Make a dash before you are a deacon, and try a *dry* publisher.

Yours always,

B.

199.—To R. C. Dallas.

Oct. 14, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—Stanza 9th, for Canto 2nd, somewhat altered, to avoid recurrence in a former stanza.

STANZA 9.

There, thou! whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain:—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,
When busy Memory flashes o'er my brain?

1. This is an obvious slip for "Mrs. Hardcastle," who, in *She Stoops to Conquer* (act ii.), says, "I'm never to be delighted with "your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!"

2. Probably Demetrius, his Greek servant, whom he nicknames after Demetrius Poliorcetes, and Claridge, who had bored Byron during a long stay of three weeks.

3. Barber, whom he had brought down to Newstead to paint his wolf and his bear.

Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast;
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may
Whate'er beside Futurity's behest;

or,—

Howe'er may be
For me 'twere bliss enough to see thy spirit blest!

I think it proper to state to you, that this stanza alludes to an event which has taken place since my arrival here, and not to the death of any *male* friend.

Yours,
B.

200.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 16, 1811.

I am on the wing for Cambridge. Thence, after a short stay, to London. Will you be good enough to keep an account of all the MSS. you receive, for fear of omission? Have you adopted the three altered stanzas of the latest proof? I can do nothing more with them. I am glad you like the new ones. Of the last, and of the *two*, I sent for a new edition, to-day a *fresh note*. The lines of the second sheet I fear must stand; I will give you reasons when we meet.

Believe me, yours ever,
BYRON.

201.—To R. C. Dallas.

Cambridge, Oct. 25, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a conclusion to the *whole*. In a stanza towards the end of Canto I. in the line,

Oh, known the earliest and *beloved* the most,

I shall alter the epithet to "*esteemed* the most." The present stanzas are for the end of Canto II. For the beginning of the week I shall be at No. 8, my old lodgings, in St. James' Street, where I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours ever,

B.

202.—To Thomas Moore.[1]

Cambridge, October 27, 1811.

Sir,—Your letter followed me from Notts. to this place, which will account for the delay of my reply.

1. Thomas Moore (1779–1852), by his literary and social gifts, had made his name several years before 1811, when he first became personally acquainted with Byron. His precocity was as remarkable as his versatility. The son of a Dublin grocer, for whom his political interest secured the post of barrack-master, he went, like Sheridan, to Samuel Whyte's school, and was afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin. Before he was fifteen he had written verses, including lines to Whyte, himself a poet, the publication of which, in the *Anthologia Hibernica* (October, 1793; February, March, and June, 1794), gained him a local reputation. Coming to London in 1799, he read law at the Middle Temple. His *Odes* translated from Anacreon (1800), dedicated to the Prince of Wales, opened to him the houses of the Whig aristocracy; and his powers as a singer, an actor, a talker, and, later, as a satirist, made him a favourite in society. In 1801 appeared his *Poems: by the late Thomas Little*, amatory verses which Byron read, and imitated in some of the silliest of his youthful lines.

The review of Moore's *Odes, Epistles, and Other Poems* (1806), which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1806, provoked Moore to challenge Jeffrey. Their duel with "leadless pistols" led, not only to Moore's friendship with Jeffrey, but, indirectly, as is seen from the following letters, to Moore's acquaintance with Byron. Moore himself contributed to the *Edinburgh*, between the years 1814 and 1834, essays on multifarious subjects, from poetry to German Rationalism, from the Fathers to French official life. In 1807 the first of the *Irish Melodies* was published; they continued to appear at irregular intervals till 1834, when 122 had been printed. A master of the art of versification, Moore sings, with graceful fancy, in a tone of mingled mirth and melancholy, his love of his country, of the wine of other countries, and the women of all countries. But, except in his patriotism, he shows little depth of

Your former letter I never had the honour to receive;—be assured in whatever part of the world it had found

feeling. The *Melodies* are the work of a brilliantly clever man, endowed with an exquisite musical ear, and a temperament that is rather susceptible than intense. With them may be classed his *National Airs* (1815) and *Sacred Song* (1816).

Moore had already found one field in which he excelled; it was not long before he discovered another. His serious satires, *Corruption* (1808), *Intolerance* (1808), and *The Sceptic* (1809), failed. His nature was neither deep enough nor strong enough for success in such themes. In the ephemeral strife of party politics he found his real province. Nothing can be better of their kind than the metrical lampoons collected in *Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag, by Thomas Brown the Younger* (1813). In his hands the bow and arrows of Cupid become formidable weapons of party warfare; nor do their ornaments impede the movements of the archer. The shaft is gaily winged and brightly polished; the barb sharp and dipped in venom; and the missile hums music as it flies to its mark. Moore's satire is the satire of the Clubs at its best; but it is scarcely the satire of literature. *The Twopenny Post-bag* was the parent of many similar productions, beginning with *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), and ending with *Fables for the Holy Alliance* (1823), which he dedicated to Byron.

As a serious poet, and the author of *Lalla Rookh* (1817), *The Loves of the Angels* (1823), and *Alciphron* (1839), Moore was perhaps overrated by his contemporaries. In spite of their brightness of fancy, metrical skill, and brilliant cleverness, they lack the greater elements of the highest poetry.

Moore's prose work begins, apart from his contributions to periodical literature, with the *Memoirs of Captain Rock* (1824), *The Epicurean* (1827), *The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion* (1834), *The History of Ireland* (1846); and a succession of biographies—the life of *Sheridan* (1825), of *Byron* (1830), and *Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (1831)—complete the list. In the midst of his biographical work, Moore was advised by Lord Lansdowne to write nine lives at once, and print them together under the title of *The Cat.*

In 1811 Moore married Miss Elizabeth Dyke (born 1793), an actress who fascinated him at the Kilkenny private theatricals in 1809. To the outer world, Mrs. Moore's bird, as she called him, was a sprightly little songster, who lived in a whirl of dinners, suppers, concerts, and theatricals. These, as well as his private anxieties and misfortunes, are recorded in the eight volumes of his *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence*, which were edited by Lord John Russell, in 1853. Moore was an excellent son, a good husband, an affectionate father, and to Byron a loyal friend, neither envious nor subservient. Clare, Hobhouse, and Moore were (Lady Blessington's *Conversations*, 2nd edition, 1850, pp. 393, 394) the only persons whose friendship Byron never disclaimed. He spoke of

me, I should have deemed it my duty to return and answer it in person.

Moore (*ibid.*, pp. 322, 323) as "a delightful companion, gay without "being boisterous, witty without effort, comic without coarseness, "and sentimental without being lachrymose. He reminds one of the "fairy who, whenever she spoke, let diamonds fall from her lips. "My *tête-à-tête* suppers with Moore are among the most agreeable "impressions I retain of the hours passed in London."

In July, 1806, in consequence of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* on his recent volume of *Poems*, Moore sent, through his friend Hume, a challenge to Jeffrey, who was seconded by Francis Horner, and a meeting was arranged. Moore, who had only once in his life discharged a firearm of any kind, and then nearly blew his thumb off, borrowed a case of pistols from William Spencer, and bought in Bond Street enough powder and bullets for a score of duels. The parties met at Chalk Farm; the seconds loaded the pistols, placed the men at their posts, and were about to give the signal to fire, when the police officers, rushing upon them from behind a hedge, knocked Jeffrey's weapon from his hand, disarmed Moore, and conveyed the whole party to Bow Street. They were released on bail; but, on Moore returning to claim the borrowed pistols, the officer refused to give them up, because only Moore's pistol was loaded with ball. Horner, however, gave evidence that he had seen both pistols loaded; and there, but for the reports circulated in the newspapers, the affair would have ended. But the joke was too good to be allowed to drop, and, in spite of Moore's published letter, he was for months a target for the wits (*Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence*, vol. i. pp. 199–208).

In *English Bards, etc.*, lines 466, 467, and his *note*, Byron made merry over "Little's leadless pistol," with the result that, when the second edition of the satire was published, with his name attached, Moore sent him the following letter:—

"Dublin, January 1, 1810.

"My Lord,—Having just seen the name of 'Lord Byron' pre-"fixed to a work entitled *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, in "which, as it appears to me, *the lie is given* to a public statement "of mine, respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffrey some years since, I "beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may con-"sider your Lordship as the author of this publication.

"I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or "two; but, in the mean time, I trust your Lordship will not deny "me the satisfaction of knowing whether you avow the insult con-"tained in the passages alluded to.

"It is needless to suggest to your Lordship the propriety of keep-"ing our correspondence secret.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Lordship's very humble servant,

"Thomas Moore.

"22, Molesworth Street."

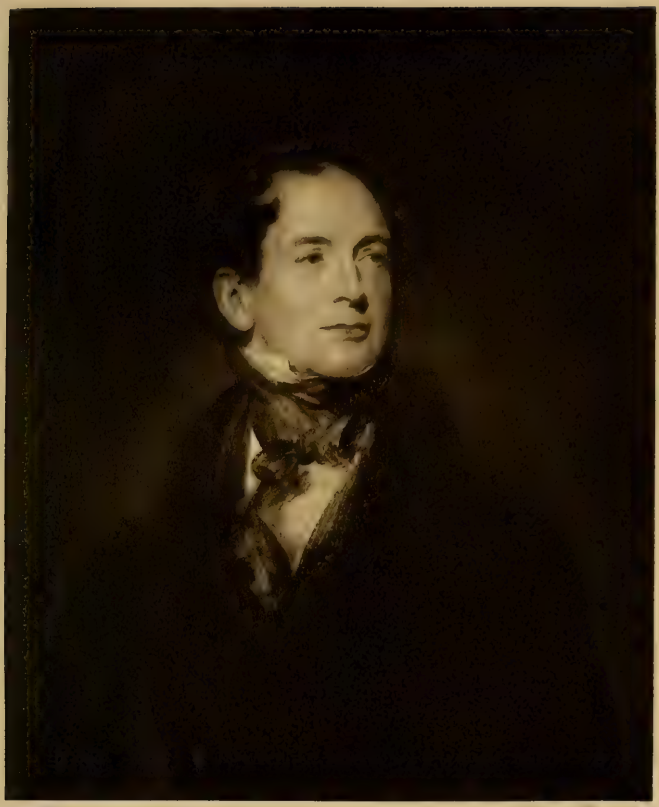
The advertisement you mention, I know nothing of. —At the time of your meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, I had recently entered College, and remember to have heard and read a number of squibs on the occasion; and from the recollection of these I derived all my knowledge on the subject, without the slightest idea of "giving the lie" to an address which I never beheld. When I put my name to the production, which has occasioned this correspondence, I became responsible to all whom it might concern,—to explain where it requires explanation, and, where insufficiently or too sufficiently explicit, at all events to satisfy. My situation leaves me no choice; it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way.

With regard to the passage in question, *you* were certainly *not* the person towards whom I felt personally

Owing to Byron's absence abroad, the letter never reached him; it was, in fact, kept back by Hodgson. On his return to England, Moore, who in the interval had married, sent him a second letter, restating the nature of the insult he had received in *English Bards*.

"'It is now useless,' I continued (*Life*, p. 143), 'to speak of the "steps with which it was my intention to follow up that letter. "The time which has elapsed since then, though it has done away "neither the injury nor the feeling of it, has, in many respects, "materially altered my situation; and the only object which I have "now in writing to your Lordship is to preserve some consistency "with that former letter, and to prove to you that the injured feel- "ing still exists, however circumstances may compel me to be deaf "to its dictates, at present. When I say "injured feeling," let me "assure your Lordship that there is not a single vindictive senti- "ment in my mind towards you. I mean but to express that un- "easiness, under (what I consider to be) a charge of falsehood, "which must haunt a man of any feeling to his grave, unless the "insult be retracted or atoned for; and which, if I did *not* feel, I "should, indeed, deserve far worse than your Lordship's satire could "inflict upon me.' In conclusion I added, that so far from being "influenced by any angry or resentful feeling towards him, it would "give me sincere pleasure if, by any satisfactory explanation, he "would enable me to seek the honour of being henceforward ranked "among his acquaintance."

Byron's letter of October 27, 1811, was written in reply to this second letter from Moore.



Thomas Moore

from the picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A.
in the possession of Wm. John Murray.

hostile. On the contrary, my whole thoughts were engrossed by one, whom I had reason to consider as my worst literary enemy, nor could I foresee that his former antagonist was about to become his champion. You do not specify what you would wish to have done: I can neither retract nor apologise for a charge of falsehood which I never advanced.

In the beginning of the week, I shall be at No. 8, St. James's Street.—Neither the letter nor the friend to whom you stated your intention ever made their appearance.

Your friend, Mr. Rogers,[1] or any other gentleman delegated by you, will find me most ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which shall not compromise my own honour,—or, failing in that, to make the atonement you deem it necessary to require.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
BYRON.

203.—To R. C. Dallas.

8, St. James's-Street, 29th October, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I arrived in town last night, and shall be very glad to see you when convenient.

Yours very truly,
BYRON.

204.—To Thomas Moore.[2]

8, St. James's Street, October 29, 1811.

SIR,—Soon after my return to England, my friend, Mr. Hodgson, apprised me that a letter for me was

1. For Samuel Rogers, see p. 67, *note* 1.
2. Moore had replied, accepting Byron's explanation, and adding,

in his possession; but a domestic event hurrying me from London immediately after, the letter (which may most probably be your own) is still *unopened in his keeping*. If, on examination of the address, the similarity of the handwriting should lead to such a conclusion, it shall be opened in your presence, for the satisfaction of all parties. Mr. H. is at present out of town;—on Friday I shall see him, and request him to forward it to my address.

With regard to the latter part of both your letters, until the principal point was discussed between us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one, who conceived me to have charged him with falsehood? Were not *advances*, under such circumstances, to be misconstrued,—not, perhaps, by the person to whom they were addressed, but by others? In *my* case such a step was impracticable. If you, who conceived yourself to be the offended person, are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situation, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice. I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had it commenced under other circumstances; but it must rest with you to determine how far it may proceed after so *auspicious* a beginning.

I have the honour to be, etc.

"As your Lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the "rigid formulary of explanation, it is not for me to make any "further advances. We Irishmen, in businesses of this kind, seldom "know any medium between decided hostility and decided friend-"ship; but, as any approaches towards the latter alternative must "now depend entirely on your Lordship, I have only to repeat that "I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," etc., etc.

205.—To Thomas Moore.[1]

8, St. James's Street, October 30, 1811.

SIR,—You must excuse my troubling you once more upon this very unpleasant subject. It would be a satisfaction to me, and I should think to yourself, that the unopened letter in Mr. Hodgson's possession (supposing it to prove your own) should be returned *in statu quo* to the writer; particularly as you expressed yourself "not "quite easy under the manner in which I had dwelt on its "miscarriage."

A few words more, and I shall not trouble you further. I felt, and still feel, very much flattered by those parts of your correspondence, which held out the prospect of our becoming acquainted. If I did not meet them in the first instance as perhaps I ought, let the situation I was placed in be my defence. You have *now* declared yourself *satisfied*, and on that point we are no longer at issue. If, therefore, you still retain any wish to do me the honour you hinted at, I shall be most happy to meet you, when, where, and how you please, and I presume you will not attribute my saying thus much to any unworthy motive.

I have the honour to remain, etc.

206.—To R. C Dallas.

8, St. James's Street, October 31, 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I have already taken up so much of your time that there needs no excuse on your part, but

1. "Piqued," says Moore (*Life*, 144), "at the manner in which "my efforts towards a more friendly understanding were received," he had briefly expressed his satisfaction at Byron's explanation, and added that the correspondence might close.

a great many on mine, for the present interruption. I have altered the passages according to your wish. With this note I send a few stanzas on a subject which has lately occupied much of my thoughts. They refer to the death of one to whose name you are a *stranger*, and, consequently, cannot be interested. I mean them to complete the present volume. They relate to the same person whom I have mentioned in Canto 2nd, and at the conclusion of the poem.

I by no means intend to identify myself with *Harold*, but to *deny* all connection with him. If in parts I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that. As to the *Monastic dome*,[1] etc., I thought those circumstances would suit him as well as any other, and I could describe what I had seen better than I could invent. I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for all the world.

Yours ever,

B.

207.—To Thomas Moore.

8, St. James's Street, November 1, 1811.

SIR,—As I should be very sorry to interrupt your Sunday's engagement, if Monday, or any other day of the ensuing week, would be equally convenient to yourself and friend, I will then have the honour of accepting his invitation.[2] Of the professions of esteem with which

1. *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xlviii.

2. Rogers has left an account of this dinner. "Neither Moore "nor myself had ever seen Byron when it was settled that he should "dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to "Campbell, who, happening to call upon me that morning, "consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should

Mr. Rogers[1] has honoured me, I cannot but feel proud, though undeserving. I should be wanting to myself, if

"be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and "Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival, they "returned; and I introduced them to him severally, naming them "as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked "Byron if he would take soup? 'No; he never took soup.' "'Would he take some fish?' 'No; he never took fish.' "Presently I asked if he would eat some mutton? 'No; he never "ate mutton.' I then asked if he would take a glass of wine? "'No; he never tasted wine.' It was now necessary to inquire "what he *did* eat and drink; and the answer was, 'Nothing but "hard biscuits and soda-water.' Unfortunately, neither hard "biscuits nor soda-water were at hand; and he dined upon potatoes "bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar. My guests "stayed very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna "Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him, "'How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?' He "replied, 'Just as long as you continue to notice it.' I did not "then know, what I now know to be a fact, that Byron, after "leaving my house, had gone to a Club in St. James's Street and "eaten a hearty meat-supper" (*Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, pp. 231, 232). Moore's (*Life*, p. 145) first impressions of Byron were "the nobleness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and "manners, and—what was naturally not the least attraction—his "marked kindness to myself. Being in mourning for his mother, "the colour, as well of his dress, as of his glossy, curling, and "picturesque hair, gave more effect to the pure, spiritual paleness of "his features, in the expression of which, when he spoke, there was "a perpetual play of lively thought, though melancholy was their "habitual character when in repose."

1. Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), the third son of a London banker, was born at Stoke Newington. Shortly after his father's death, in 1793, he withdrew from any active part in the management of the bank, and devoted himself for the rest of his long life to literature, art, and society. In 1803 he moved from chambers in the Temple to a house in St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park. Here he lived till his death, in December, 1855, and here he gathered round him, at his celebrated breakfasts, the most distinguished men and women of his time. An excellent account of the "Town "Mouse" entertaining the "Country Mouse" is given by Dean Stanley (*Life*, vol. i. p. 298), who met Wordsworth at breakfast with Rogers, in 1841, and describes "the town mouse a sleek, well-fed, "sly, *white* mouse, and the country mouse with its rough, weather-"worn face and grey hairs; the town mouse displaying its delicate "little rolls and pyramids of glistening strawberries, the country "mouse exulting in its hollow tree, its crust of bread and liberty, "and rallying its brother on his late hours and frequent dinners."

One of his earliest recollections was the sight of a rebel's head

insensible to the praise of such a man; and, should my approaching interview with him and his friend lead to

upon a pole at Temple Bar. He had talked with a Thames boatman who remembered Pope; had seen Garrick in *The Suspicious Husband;* had heard Sir Joshua Reynolds deliver his last lecture as President of the Royal Academy; had seen John Wesley "lying "in state" in the City Road; had gone to call on Dr. Johnson, but, when his hand was on the knocker, found his courage fled. He lived to be offered the laureateship in 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, and to decline it in favour of Tennyson.

"Time was," wrote Mathias (*Pursuits of Literature*, note, p. 360, ed. 1808), "when bankers were as stupid as their guineas could "make them; they were neither orators, nor painters, nor poets. "But now . . . Mr. Rogers dreams on Parnassus; and, if I am "rightly informed, there is a great demand among his brethren for "the *Pleasures of Memory*." Rogers began to write poetry at an early age, and continued to write it all his life. His *Ode to Superstition* was published in 1786; the *Pleasures of Memory*, in 1792; the *Epistle to a Friend*, in 1798; *Columbus*, in 1812; *Jacqueline*, in 1813; *Human Life*, in 1819; *Italy*, in 1822–34. His later years were occupied in revising, correcting, or amplifying his published poems, and in preparing the notes to *Italy*, which are admirable studies in compactness and precision of language. A disciple of Pope, an imitator of Goldsmith, Rogers was rather a skilful adapter than an original poet. His chief talent was his taste; if he could not originate, he could appreciate. The fastidious care which he lavished on his work has preserved it. In his commonplace-book he has entered the number of years which he spent in composing and revising his poems. His *Pleasures of Memory* occupied seven years, *Columbus* fourteen, and *Italy* fifteen. An excellent judge of art, he employed Flaxman, Stothard, and Turner at a time when their powers were little appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. Of his taste Byron speaks enthusiastically in his Journal (see p. 331). But the following passage (hitherto unpublished) from his *Detached Thoughts* (Ravenna, 1821) gives his later opinion of the man:—

"When Sheridan was on his death-bed, Rogers aided him with "purse and person. This was particularly kind of Rogers, who "always spoke ill of Sheridan (to me, at least), but, indeed, he "does that of everybody to anybody. Rogers is the reverse of "the line—

"'The *best good man* with the *worst* natured Muse,'

"being—

"'The *worst* good man with the *best* natured Muse.'

"His Muse being all Sentiment and Sago and Sugar, while he "himself is a venomous talker. I say '*worst good* man' because he "is (perhaps) a *good* man; at least he does good now and then, as

any degree of intimacy with both or either, I shall regard our past correspondence as one of the happiest events of my life. I have the honour to be,

Your very sincere and obedient servant,

BYRON.

"well he may, to purchase himself a shilling's worth of salvation "for his slanders. They are so *little*, too—small talk—and old "Womanny, and he is malignant too—and envious—and—he be "damned!"

In a manuscript note to these passages Sir Walter Scott writes, "I never heard Rogers say a single word against Byron, which is "rather odd too. Byron wrote a bitter and undeserved satire on "Rogers. This conduct must have been motived by something or "other." Speaking of Rogers and Sheridan, he says, "He cer- "tainly took pennyworths out of his friend's character. I sat three "hours for my picture to Sir Thomas Lawrence, during which the "whole conversation was filled up by Rogers with stories of Sheridan, "for the least of which, if true, he deserved the gallows. One "respected his committing a rape on his sister-in-law on the day of "her husband's funeral. Others were worse."

In politics Rogers was a Whig, in religion a Presbyterian. But he meddled little with either. In private life he was as kindly in action as he was caustic in speech. A sensitive man himself, he studied to be satirical to others. When Ward condemned *Columbus* in the *Quarterly Review*, Rogers repaid his critic in the stinging epigram—

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;—
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Byron warmly admired Rogers's poetry. To him he dedicated *The Giaour*, in "admiration for his genius, respect for his character, "and gratitude for his friendship." The *Quarterly Review*, in an article on *The Corsair* and *Lara*, mentions "the highly refined, but "somewhat insipid, pastoral tale of *Jacqueline*." Byron, on reading the review, said to Lady Byron, "The man's a fool. *Jacqueline* is "as superior to *Lara* as Rogers is to me" (*Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, p. 154, *note*). "The *Pleasures of Memory*," he said (Lady Blessington's *Conversations*, p. 153), "is a very beautiful poem, "harmonious, finished, and chaste; it contains not a single mere- "tricious ornament. If Rogers has not fixed himself in the higher "fields of Parnassus, he has, at least, cultivated a very pretty flower- "garden at its base." But he goes on to speak of the poem (p. 354) as "a *hortus siccus* of pretty flowers," and an illustration of "the difference between inspiration and versification."

If Rogers ever saw Byron's *Question and Answer* (1818), he was generous enough to forget the satire. In *Italy* he paid a noble tribute to the genius of the dead poet—

208.—To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, November 17, 1811.

DEAR HODGSON,—I have been waiting for the *letter*,[1] which was to have been sent by you *immediately*, and must again jog your memory on the subject. I believe I wrote you a full and true account of poor ——'s

> "He is now at rest;
> And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
> Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
> Gone like a star that through the firmament
> Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
> Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
> Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
> Of all things low or little; nothing there
> Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
> Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
> Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
> None more than I, thy gratitude would build
> On slight foundations; and, if in thy life
> Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
> Thy wish accomplished; dying in the land
> Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
> Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!
> They in thy train—ah, little did they think,
> As round we went, that they so soon should sit
> Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourned,
> Changing her festal for her funeral song;
> That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
> As morning gleamed on what remained of thee,
> Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
> Thy years of joy and sorrow.
> Thou art gone;
> And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
> Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,
> Tried as thou wert—even from thy earliest years,
> When wandering, yet unspoilt, a Highland boy—
> Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame;
> Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
> Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,
> Her charmed cup—ah, who among us all
> Could say he had not erred as much, and more?"

1. On November 17, 1811, Hodgson writes to Byron: "I "enclose you the long-delayed letter, which, from the similarity of "hands alone, Davies and I will go shares in a bet of ten to one is "the cartel in question."

proceedings. Since his reunion to ——,[1] I have heard nothing further from him. What a pity! a man of talent, past the heyday of life, and a clergyman, to fall into such imbecility. I have heard from Hobhouse, who has at last sent more copy to Cawthorn for his *Travels*. I franked an enormous cover for you yesterday, seemingly to convey at least twelve cantos on any given subject. I fear the aspect of it was too *epic* for the post. From this and other coincidences I augur a publication on your part, but what, or when, or how much, you must disclose immediately.

I don't know what to say about coming down to Cambridge at present, but live in hopes. I am so completely superannuated there, and besides feel it something brazen in me to wear my magisterial habit, after all my buffooneries, that I hardly think I shall venture again. And being now an ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ disciple I won't come within wine-shot of such determined topers as your collegiates. I have not yet subscribed to Bowen. I mean to cut Harrow "*enim unquam*" as somebody classically said for a farewell sentence. I am superannuated there too, and, in short, as old at twenty-three as many men at seventy.

Do write and send this letter that hath been so long in your custody. It is important that Moore should be certain that I never received it, if it be *his*. Are you drowned in a bottle of Port? or a Kilderkin of Ale? that I have never heard from you, or are you fallen into a fit of perplexity? Cawthorn has declined, and the MS. is returned to him. This is all at present from yours in the faith,

Μπαιρῶν.

1. The names are carefully erased by Hodgson.

209.—To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, December 4, 1811.

My dear Hodgson,—I have seen Miller,[1] who will see Bland,[2] but I have no great hopes of his obtaining the translation from the crowd of candidates. Yesterday I wrote to Harness, who will probably tell you what I said on the subject. Hobhouse has sent me my Romaic MS., and I shall require your aid in correcting the press, as your Greek eye is more correct than mine. But these will not come to type this month, I dare say. I have put some soft lines on ye Scotch in the *Curse of Minerva;* take them;

"Yet Caledonia claims some native worth," etc.[3]

If you are not content now, I must say with the Irish drummer to the deserter who called out, "Flog high, "flog low"—"The de'il burn ye, there's no pleasing you, "flog where one will." Have you given up wine, even British wine?

I have read Watson to Gibbon.[4] He proves nothing, so I am where I was, verging towards Spinoza; and yet

1. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 319, *note* 2.

2. Byron was endeavouring to secure for Bland (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 271, *note* 1), the work of translating Lucien Buonaparte's poem of *Charlemagne*. He did not succeed. The poem, translated by Dr. Butler, Head-master of Shrewsbury, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and Francis Hodgson, was published in 1815.

3. Lines 149–156.

4. *An Apology for Christianity, in a Series of Letters to Edward Gibbon, Esq.*, by Richard Watson, D.D. (1776). Gibbon had a great respect for Watson, at this time Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, whom he describes as "a prelate of a large mind and liberal spirit." In a letter to Holroyd (November 4, 1776), he speaks of the *Apology* as "feeble," but "uncommonly genteel." To his stepmother he writes, November 29, 1776, that Watson's answer is "civil" and "too dull to deserve "your notice."

it is a gloomy Creed, and I want a better, but there is something Pagan in me that I cannot shake off. In short, I deny nothing, but doubt everything. The post brings me to a conclusion. Bland has just been here.

Yours ever,

BN.

210.—To William Harness.[1]

8, St. James's Street, Dec. 6, 1811.

MY DEAR HARNESS,—I write again, but don't suppose I mean to lay such a tax on your pen and patience as to expect regular replies. When you are inclined, write: when silent, I shall have the consolation of knowing that you are much better employed. Yesterday, Bland and I called on Mr. Miller, who, being then out, will call on Bland to-day or to-morrow. I shall certainly endeavour to bring them together.—You are censorious, child; when you are a little older, you will learn to dislike every body, but abuse nobody.

With regard to the person of whom you speak, your own good sense must direct you. I never pretend to advise, being an implicit believer in the old proverb. This present frost is detestable. It is the first I have felt for these three years, though I longed for one in the oriental summer, when no such thing is to be had, unless I had gone to the top of Hymettus for it.

I thank you most truly for the concluding part of your letter. I have been of late not much accustomed to kindness from any quarter, and am not the less pleased to meet with it again from one where I had known it earliest. I have not changed in all my ramblings,—Harrow, and, of course, yourself, never left me, and the

"Dulces reminiscitur Argos"

1. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 177, *note* 1.

attended me to the very spot to which that sentence alludes in the mind of the fallen Argive.—Our intimacy began before we began to date at all, and it rests with you to continue it till the hour which must number it and me with the things that *were.*

Do read mathematics.—I should think *X plus Y* at least as amusing as the *Curse of Kehama*,[1] and much

1. Robert Southey (1774–1843) published his *Curse of Kehama* in 1810. It formed a part of a series of heroic poems in which he intended to embody the chief mythologies of the world. In spite of Byron's adverse opinion, it contains magnificent passages, and disputes with *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* (1814), the claim to be the finest of his longer poems. Southey's literary activity was immense. He had already produced *Joan of Arc* (1796), *Thalaba* (1801), *Madoc* (1805), and many other works in prose and verse. At this time he was personally unknown to Byron, who had ridiculed his "annual strains." They met for the first time at Holland House, in September, 1813. (See Byron's letter to Moore, September 27, 1813, and *Journal*, p. 331.) The animosity between the two men belongs to a later date, and in its origin was partly political, partly personal. Southey, in early life, had been a republican and a unitarian, if not a deist. He collaborated with Coleridge in the *Fall of Robespierre* (1794), wrote a portion of the *Conciones ad Populum* (1795), which the Government considered seditious; and, according to Poole (*Thomas Poole and his Friends*, vol. i. chap. vi.), wavered "between Deism and Atheism." He became a champion of monarchical principles and of religious orthodoxy, and attacked the views, which he had once held and expressed in *Wat Tyler* (written in 1794, and piratically published in 1817), with the bitterness of a reactionary. He had also, as Byron believed, circulated, if not invented, a report that Byron and Shelley had formed "a league of incest" at Geneva, in 1816–17, with "two girls," Mary Godwin (Mrs. Shelley) and Jane Clairmont. Byron not only denied the charge, but retorted upon him, in his "Observations upon an Article in *Blackwood's Magazine*" (March 15, 1820), as the author of *Wat Tyler* and poet laureate, the man who "wrote treason and serves the King," the ex-pantisocrat who advocated "all things, including women, in common." Southey's *Vision of Judgment*, an apotheosis of George III., published in 1821, gave Byron a second provocation and a second opportunity, by speaking in the preface of his "Satanic spirit of pride and audacious "impiety." Byron again replied in prose; and Southey (January 5, 1820), in a letter to the *London Courier*, invited him to attack him in rhyme. In Byron's *Vision of Judgment* he found his invitation accepted, and himself pilloried in that tremendous satire. Southey overvalued his own narrative poetry. It is as a man, a prominent

more intelligible. Master Southey's poems *are*, in fact, what parallel lines might be—viz. prolonged *ad infinitum* without meeting anything half so absurd as themselves.

> "What news, what news? Queen Orraca,
> What news of scribblers five?
> S——, W——, C——, L—d, and L—e?
> All damn'd, though yet alive."

Coleridge is lecturing.[1] "Many an old fool," said

figure in literary history, a leader in the romantic revival, a master of prose, and the author of the best short biography in the English language—the *Life of Nelson* (1813)—that he lives at the present day. His name also deserves to be remembered with gratitude by all who have read the nursery classic of "*The Three Bears*." Byron parodies a stanza in Southey's "Queen Orraca and the Five "Martyrs of Morocco" (*Works*, vol. vi. pp. 166–173)—

> "What news, O King Affonso,
> What news of the Friars five?
> Have they preached to the Miramamolin;
> And are they still alive?"

The blanks stand for Scott or Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb(e), with the lines from *New Morality* in his mind—

> "Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and Lamb and Co.,
> Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux."

1. Coleridge, beginning November 18, 1811, and ending January 27, 1812, delivered a course of seventeen lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, "in illustration of the principles of poetry." The lectures were given under the auspices of the London Philosophical Society, in the Scot's Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street. Single tickets for the whole course were two guineas, or three guineas "with the privilege of introducing a lady." J. Payne Collier took shorthand notes of the lectures and published a portion of his material, the rest being lost (*Lectures on Shakespear*, from notes by J. P. Collier). The notes, with other contemporary reports from the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Dublin Chronicle*, Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, and other sources, were republished in 1883 by Mr. Ashe (*Lectures and Notes on Shakspere and other English Poets*).

Collier, in his notes of Coleridge's conversation (November 1, 1811), gives the substance, in all probability, of the attack on Campbell alluded to in the next letter. Coleridge said that "neither Southey, Scott, nor Campbell would by their poetry "survive much beyond the day when they lived and wrote. Their "works seemed to him not to have the seeds of vitality, the real "germs of long life. The two first were entertaining as tellers of "stories in verse; but the last, in his *Pleasures of Hope*, obviously

Hannibal to some such lecturer, "but such as this, "never."[1]

Ever yours, etc.

211.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

8, S^t. James's S^t., Decr. 7th, 1811.

MY DEAR W.,—I was out of town during the arrival of your letters, but forwarded all on my return.

I hope you are going on to your satisfaction, and that her Ladyship is about to produce an heir with all his mother's Graces and all his Sire's good qualities. You know I am to be a Godfather. Byron Webster! a most heroic name, say what you please.

Don't be alarmed; my "*caprice*" won't lead me in to Dorset. No, *Bachelors* for me! I consider you as

"had no fixed design, but when a thought (of course, not a very "original one) came into his head, he put it down in couplets, and "afterwards strung the *disjecta membra* (not *poetæ*) together. Some "of the best things in it were borrowed; for instance the line—

"'And freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell,'

"was taken from a much-ridiculed piece by Dennis, a pindaric on "William III.—

"'Fair Liberty shriek'd out aloud, aloud Religion groaned.'

"It is the same production in which the following much-laughed-at "specimen of bathos is found—

"'Nor Alps nor Pyreneans keep him out,
Nor fortified redoubt.'

"Coleridge had little toleration for Campbell, and considered him, "as far as he had gone, a mere verse-maker" (Ashe's Introduction to *Lectures on Shakspere*, pp. 16, 17).

1. Hannibal, in exile at Ephesus, was taken to hear a lecture by a peripatetic philosopher named Phormio. The lecturer (*homo copiosus*) discoursed for some hours on the duties of a general, and military subjects generally. The delighted audience asked Hannibal his opinion of the lecture. He replied in Greek, "I have seen many "old fools often, but such an old fool as Phormio, never (*Multos se "deliros senes sæpe vidisse; sed qui magis, quam Phormio, deliraret, "vidisse neminem*)" (Cicero, *De Oratore*, ii. 18).

dead to us, and all my future *devoirs* are but tributes of respect to your *Memory*. Poor fellow! he was a facetious companion and well respected by all who knew him; but he is gone. Sooner or later we must all come to it.

I see nothing of you in the *papers*, the only place where I don't wish to see you; but you will be in town in the Winter. What dost thou do? shoot, hunt, and "wind up ye Clock" as Caleb Quotem says?[1] thou art vastly happy, I doubt not.

I see your brother in law at times, and like him much; but we miss you much; I shall leave town in a fortnight to pass my Xmas in Notts.

Good afternoon, Dear W. Believe me,

Yours ever most truly,

B.

212.—To William Harness.

St. James's Street, Dec. 8, 1811.

Behold a most formidable sheet, without gilt or black edging, and consequently very vulgar and indecorous, particularly to one of your precision; but this being Sunday, I can procure no better, and will atone for its length by not filling it. Bland I have not seen since my last letter; but on Tuesday he dines with me, and will meet Moore, the epitome of all that is exquisite in poetical

1. Byron alludes to Caleb Quotem's song in *The Review, or Wags of Windsor* (act ii. sc. 2), by George Colman the Younger—

"I'm parish clerk and sexton here,
My name is Caleb Quotem,
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer,
In short, I am factotum."

. . . . .

"At night by the fire, like a good, jolly cock,
When my day's work is done and all over,
I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
With my sweet Mrs. Quotem in clover."

or personal accomplishments. How Bland has settled with Miller, I know not. I have very little interest with either, and they must arrange their concerns according to their own gusto. I have done my endeavours, *at your request*, to bring them together, and hope they may agree to their mutual advantage.

Coleridge has been lecturing against Campbell.[1] Rogers was present, and from him I derive the information. We are going to make a party to hear this Manichean of poesy. Pole[2] is to marry Miss Long, and will be a very miserable dog for all that. The present ministers are to continue, and his Majesty *does* continue in the same state; so there's folly and madness for you, both in a breath.

I never heard but of one man truly fortunate, and he

1. See p. 75, *note* 1. In the application to Coleridge of the phrase, "Manichean of poesy," Byron may allude to Cowper's *Task* (bk. v. lines 444, 445)—

> "As dreadful as the Manichean God,
> Adored through fear, strong only to destroy."

2. William Wellesley Pole Tylney Long Wellesley (1788–1857), one of the most worthless of the bloods of the Regency, son of Lord Maryborough, and nephew of the Duke of Wellington, became in 1845 the fourth Earl of Mornington. He married in March, 1812, Catherine, daughter and co-heir, with her brother, of Sir James Tylney Long, Bart., of Draycot, Wilts. On his marriage he added his wife's double name to his own, and so gave a point to the authors of *Rejected Addresses*—

> "Long may Long-Tilney-Wellesley-Long-Pole live."

For Byron's allusion to him in *The Waltz*, see *Poems*, 1898, vol. i. p. 484, *note* 1. Having run through his wife's large fortune by his extravagant expenditure at Wanstead Park and elsewhere, he was obliged, in 1822, to escape from his creditors to the Continent. There (1823–25) he lived with Mrs. Bligh, wife of Captain Bligh, of the Coldstream Guards. His wife died in 1825, after filing a bill for divorce, and making her children wards of Chancery. Wellesley subsequently (1828) married Mrs. Bligh; but the second wife was as ill treated as the first, and he left her so destitute that she was a frequent applicant for relief at the metropolitan police-courts. He died of heart-disease in July, 1857, a pensioner on the charity of his cousin, the second Duke of Wellington.

was Beaumarchais,[1] the author of *Figaro*, who buried two wives and gained three lawsuits before he was thirty.

And now, child, what art thou doing? *Reading, I trust.* I want to see you take a degree. Remember, this is the most important period of your life; and don't disappoint your papa and your aunt, and all your kin—besides myself. Don't you know that all male children are begotten for the express purpose of being graduates? and that even I am an A.M.,[2] though how I became so the Public Orator only can resolve. Besides, you are to be a priest; and to confute Sir William Drummond's late book about the Bible[3] (printed, but not published),

1. Byron's statement is incorrect. Pierre-Auguste Caron de Beaumarchais (1732–1799) married, in 1756, as his first wife, Madeleine-Catherine Aubertin, widow of the sieur Franquet. She died in 1757. He married, in 1768, as his second wife, Geneviève-Magdaleine Wattebled, widow of the sieur Lévêque. She died in 1770. The only lawsuit which he won "before he was thirty," was that against Lepaute, who claimed as his own invention the escapement for watches and clocks, which Beaumarchais had discovered. The case was decided in favour of Beaumarchais in 1754. Out of his second lawsuit—with Count de la Blache, legatee of his patron Duverney, who died in 1770—sprang his action against Goëzman, with which began the publication of his *Mémoires*. (See Loménie, *Beaumarchais and his Times*, tr. by H. S. Edwards, 4 vols., London, 1855–6.)

2. Byron took his M.A. degree at Cambridge July 4, 1808.

3. Sir William Drummond (1770–1828), Tory M.P. for St. Mawes (1795–96) and for Lostwithiel (1796–1801), held from 1801 to 1809 several diplomatic posts: ambassador to the Court of Naples 1801–3; to the Ottoman Porte 1803–6; to the Court of Naples for the second time, 1806–9. From 1809, at which date his political and diplomatic career closed, he devoted himself to literature. He had already published *Philosophical Sketches on the Principles of Society and Government* (1793); *A Review of the Governments of Sparta and Athens* (1795); *The Satires of Persius*, translated (1798); *Byblis, a Tragedy*, in verse (1802); *Academical Questions* (1805). In 1810 he published *Herculanensia;* and, in the following year, printed for private circulation his *Œdipus Judaicus*, a bold attempt to explain many parts of the Old Testament as astronomical allegories. In 1817 appeared the first part of his *Odin*, a poem in blank verse; in 1824–29 his *Origines, or Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities*, was published. Sir William, who died at Rome in 1828, lived much of his later life abroad.

and all other infidels whatever. Now leave Master H.'s gig, and Master S.'s Sapphics, and become as immortal as Cambridge can make you.

You see, *Mio Carissimo*, what a pestilent correspondent I am likely to become; but then you shall be as quiet at Newstead as you please, and I won't disturb your studies as I do now. When do you fix the day, that I may take you up according to contract? Hodgson

Drummond, as a member of the Alfred Club, is described in the *Sexagenarian* (vol. ii. chap. xxiv.), where Beloe, speaking of the *Œdipus Judaicus*, says that "he appeared to have employed his "leisure in searching for objections and arguments as they related "to Scripture, which had been so often refuted, that they were "considered by the learned and wise as almost exploded." He refers to *Byblis* as evidence of his "perverted and fantastical taste" in poetry, praises his "spirited translation" of Persius, commends the "sound sense and very extensive reading" of his *Philosophical Sketches*, and scoffs at the "metaphysical labyrinth" of his *Academical Questions*.

"When you go to Naples," said Byron to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, pp. 238, 239), "you must make acquaintance with "Sir William Drummond, for he is certainly one of the most erudite "men and admirable philosophers now living. He has all the "wit of Voltaire, with a profundity that seldom appertains to wit, "and writes so forcibly, and with such elegance and purity of style, "that his works possess a peculiar charm. Have you read his "*Academical Questions*? If not, get them directly, and I think you "will agree with me, that the preface to that work alone would "prove Sir William Drummond an admirable writer. He concludes "it by the following sentence, which I think one of the best in our "language: 'Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for "a short space of time, while Reason slumbers in the citadel; but "if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a "standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support "each other; he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is "a fool; and he who dares not is a slave.' Is not the passage "admirable? How few could have written it! and yet how few "read Drummond's works! They are too good to be popular. His "*Odin* is really a fine poem, and has some passages that are "beautiful, but it is so little read that it may be said to have dropped "still-born from the press—a mortifying proof of the bad taste of "the age. His translation of Persius is not only very literal, but "preserves much of the spirit of the original; . . . he has escaped "all the defects of translators, and his Persius resembles the original "as nearly, in feeling and sentiment, as two languages so dissimilar "in idiom will admit."

talks of making a third in our journey; but we can't stow him, inside at least. Positively you shall go with me as was agreed, and don't let me have any of your *politesse* to H. on the occasion. I shall manage to arrange for both with a little contrivance. I wish H. was not quite so fat, and we should pack better. You will want to know what I am doing—chewing tobacco.

You see nothing of my allies, Scrope Davies and Matthews [1]—they don't suit you; and how does it happen that I—who am a pipkin of the same pottery—continue in your good graces? Good night,—I will go on in the morning.

Dec. 9th.—In a morning I am always sullen, and to-day is as sombre as myself. Rain and mist are worse than a sirocco, particularly in a beef-eating and beer-drinking country. My bookseller, Cawthorne, has just left me, and tells me, with a most important face, that he is in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, for which 1000 guineas are asked! [2] He wants me to

1. Henry Matthews (1789–1828) of Eton and King's College, Cambridge, younger brother of Charles Skinner Matthews, and author of the *Diary of an Invalid* (1820).

2. *The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*, Madame d'Arblay's fourth and last novel (*Evelina*, 1778; *Cecilia*, 1782; *Camilla*, 1796), was published in 1814. "I am indescribably occupied," she writes to Dr. Burney, October 12, 1813, "in giving more and more last "touches to my work, about which I begin to grow very anxious. "I am to receive merely £500 upon delivery of the MS.; the two "following £500 by instalments from nine months to nine months, "that is, in a year and a half from the day of publication. If all "goes well, the whole will be £3000, but only at the end of the "sale of eight thousand copies." The book failed; but rumour magnified the sum received by the writer. Mrs. Piozzi, shortly after the publication of *The Wanderer* and of Byron's lines, "Weep, daughter "of a royal line," writes to Samuel Lysons, February 17, 1814: "Come now, do send me a kind letter and tell me if Madame "d'Arblaye gets £3000 for her book or no, and if Lord Byron is to "be called over about some verses he has written, as the papers "hint" (*Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 246).

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read the MS. (if he obtains it), which I shall do with pleasure; but I should be very cautious in venturing an opinion on her whose *Cecilia* Dr. Johnson superintended.[1] If he lends it to me, I shall put it in the hands of Rogers and Moore, who are truly men of taste. I have filled the sheet, and beg your pardon; I will not do it again. I shall, perhaps, write again; but if not, believe, silent or scribbling, that I am,

My dearest William, ever, etc.

213.—To Francis Hodgson.

London, Dec. 8, 1811.

I sent you a sad Tale of Three Friars the other day, and now take a dose in another style. I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days.

"Away, away, ye notes of woe,"[2] etc., etc.

I have gotten a book by Sir W. Drummond (printed, but not published), entitled *Œdipus Judaicus*, in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly. I wish you could see it. Mr. Ward[3] has lent it me, and I confess to me it is worth fifty Watsons.

1. Dr. Johnson never saw *Cecilia* (1782) till it was in print. A day or two before publication, Miss Burney sent three copies to the three persons who had the best claim to them—her father, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson.

2. Here follows one of the Thyrza poems.

3. The Hon. John William Ward, afterwards fourth Earl of Dudley. Byron said of him (Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, p. 197), "Ward is one of the best-informed men "I know, and, in a *tête-à-tête*, is one of the most agreeable com- "panions. He has great originality, and, being *très distrait*, it "adds to the piquancy of his observations, which are sometimes

You and Harness must fix on the time for your visit to Newstead; I can command mine at your wish, unless any thing particular occurs in the interim. Master William Harness and I have recommenced a most fiery correspondence; I like him as Euripides liked Agatho, or Darby admired Joan, as much for the past as the present. Bland dines with me on Tuesday to meet Moore. Coleridge has attacked the *Pleasures of Hope*, and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly *rowed* by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic;[1] and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not hear him without an answer. For you know, "an a man will be beaten "with brains, he shall never keep a clean doublet."[2] Campbell[3] will be desperately annoyed. I never saw

"somewhat *trop naïve*, though always amusing. This *naïveté* of his "is the more piquant from his being really a good-natured man, "who unconsciously thinks aloud. Interest Ward on a subject, "and I know no one who can talk better. His expressions are "concise without being poor, and terse and epigrammatic without "being affected," etc. Of somewhat the same opinion was Lady H. Leveson Gower (*Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville*, vol. i. pp. 41, 42): "The charm of Mr. Ward's conversation is exactly "what Mr. Luttrell wants, a sort of *abandon*, and being entertaining "because it is his nature and he cannot help it. I only mean "Mr. Ward in his happier hour, for what I have said of him is the "very reverse of what he is when vanity or humour seize upon him."

1. Crabb Robinson, in his *Diary* for January 20, 1812, has the following entry: "In the evening at Coleridge's lecture. "Conclusion of Milton. Not one of the happiest of Coleridge's "efforts. Rogers was there, and with him was Lord Byron. He "was wrapped up, but I recognized his club foot, and, indeed, his "countenance and general appearance."

2. "*Benedict:* No; if a man will be beaten with brains, he "shall wear nothing handsome about him."—*Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 4.

3. Thomas Campbell (1777–1844) lectured at the Royal Institution in 1811 on poetry. The lectures were afterwards published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which he was editor (1820–30).

a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive; —what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what

Campbell also apparently read his lectures aloud at private houses. Miss Berry (*Journal*, vol. ii. p. 502) mentions a dinner-party on June 26, 1812, at the Princess of Wales's, where she heard him read his "first discourse," delivered at the Institution. Again (*ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 6), she dined with Madame de Staël, March 9, 1814: "Nobody but Campbell the poet, Rocca, and her own daughter. "After dinner, Campbell read to us a discourse of his upon English "poetry, and upon some of the great poets. There are always "signs of a poet and critic of genius in all he does, often encum- "bered by too ornate a style."

Campbell's best work was done between 1798 and 1810. Within that period were published *The Pleasures of Hope* (1799), *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809), and such other shorter poems as "Hohen- "linden," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "O'Connor's Child." His "Ritter Bann," a reminiscence of his sojourn abroad (1800–1), was not published till later; both it and "The Last Man" were published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, during the period of his editorship. An excellent judge of verse, he collected *Specimens of the British Poets* (1819), to which he added a valuable essay on poetry and short biographies. His *Theodoric* (1824), *Pilgrim of Glencoe* (1842), and Lives of Mrs. Siddons, Petrarch, and Shakespeare added nothing to his reputation.

The judgment of contemporary poets in the main agreed with Coleridge's estimate of Campbell's work. "There are some of "Campbell's lyrics," said Rogers (*Table-Talk, etc.*, pp. 254, 255), "which will never die. His *Pleasures of Hope* is no great favourite "with me. The *feeling* throughout his *Gertrude* is very beautiful." Wordsworth also thought the *Pleasures of Hope* "strangely over- "rated; its fine words and sounding lines please the generality of "readers, who never stop to ask themselves the meaning of a pas- "sage." Byron, who calls Campbell "a warm-hearted and honest "man," thought that his "'Lochiel' and 'Mariners' are spirit-stir- "ring productions; his *Gertrude of Wyoming* is beautiful; and "some of the episodes in his *Pleasures of Hope* pleased me so much "that I know them by heart" (Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, p. 353).

George Ticknor, who met Campbell in 1815 (*Life*, vol. i. p. 63), says, "He is a short, small man, and has one of the roundest and "most lively faces I have seen amongst this grave people. His "manners seemed as open as his countenance, and his conversation "as spirited as his poetry. He could have kept me amused till "morning." Shortly afterwards, Ticknor went to see him at Sydenham (*ibid.*, p. 65): "Campbell had the same good spirits and "love of merriment as when I met him before,—the same desire to "amuse everybody about him; but still I could see, as I partly saw "then, that he labours under the burden of an extraordinary repu- "tation, too easily acquired, and feels too constantly that it is

can *he* fear from criticism? I don't know if Bland has seen Miller, who was to call on him yesterday.

To-day is the Sabbath,—a day I never pass pleasantly, but at Cambridge; and, even there, the organ is a sad remembrancer. Things are stagnant enough in town; as long as they don't retrograde, 'tis all very well. Hobhouse writes and writes and writes, and is an author. I do nothing but eschew tobacco.[1] I wish parliament were assembled, that I may hear, and perhaps some day be heard;—but on this point I am not very sanguine. I have many plans;—sometimes I think of the East again, and dearly beloved Greece. I am well, but weakly. Yesterday Kinnaird[2] told me I looked very ill, and sent me home happy.

"necessary for him to make an exertion to satisfy expectation. The "consequence is that, though he is always amusing, he is not always "quite natural." Sir Walter Scott made a similar remark about the numbing effect of Campbell's reputation upon his literary work; his deference to critics ruined his individuality. It was Scott's admiration for "Hohenlinden" which induced Campbell to publish the poem. The two men, travelling in a stage-coach alone, beguiled the way by repeating poetry. At last Scott asked Campbell for something of his own. He replied that there was one thing he had never printed, full of "drums and trumpets and blunderbusses and "thunder," and that he did not know if there was any good in it. He then repeated "Hohenlinden." When he had finished, Scott broke out with, "But, do you know, that's devilish fine! Why, "it's the finest thing you ever wrote, and it *must* be printed!"

1. See p. 31, *note* 1.

2. Douglas James William Kinnaird (1788–1830), fifth son of the seventh Baron Kinnaird, was educated at Eton, Göttingen, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was an intimate friend of Hobhouse, with whom he travelled on the Continent (1813–14), and was in political sympathy. He represented Bishop's Castle from July, 1819, to March, 1820, but losing his seat at the general election, did not again attempt to enter Parliament. He was famous for his "mob dinners," to which Moore probably refers when he writes to Byron, in an undated letter, of the "Deipno-"sophist Kinnaird." He was a partner in the bank of Ransom and Morland, a member of the committee for managing Drury Lane Theatre, author of the acting version of *The Merchant of Bruges, or Beggar's Bush* (acted at Drury Lane, December 14, 1815), and a member of the Radical Rota Club.

You will never give up wine. See what it is to be thirty! if you were six years younger, you might leave off anything. You drink and repent; you repent and drink.

Is Scrope still interesting and invalid? And how does Hinde with his cursed chemistry? To Harness I have written, and he has written, and we have all written, and have nothing now to do but write again, till Death splits up the pen and the scribbler.

The Alfred [1] has three hundred and fifty-four candidates

Kinnaird was Byron's "trusty and trustworthy trustee and "banker, and crown and sheet anchor." It was at his suggestion that Byron wrote the *Hebrew Melodies* and the *Monody on the Death of Sheridan*. Talking of Kinnaird to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 215), Byron said, "My friend Dug is a proof that a "good heart cannot compensate for an irritable temper; whenever "he is named, people dwell on the last and pass over the first; and "yet he really has an excellent heart, and a sound head, of which "I, in common with many others of his friends, have had various "proofs. He is clever, too, and well informed, and I do think "would have made a figure in the world, were it not for his temper, "which gives a dictatorial tone to his manner, that is offensive to "the *amour propre* of those with whom he mixes."

1. The Alfred Club (1808–55), established at 23, Albemarle Street, was the Savile of the day. Beloe, in his *Sexagenarian* (vol. ii. chaps. xx.–xxv.), describes among the members of the Symposium, as he calls it, Sir James Mackintosh, George Ellis, William Gifford, John Reeves, Sir W. Drummond, and himself. Byron, in his *Detached Thoughts*, says, "I was a member of "the Alfred. It was pleasant; a little too sober and literary, and "bored with Sotheby and Sir Francis d'Ivernois; but one met "Peel, and Ward, and Valentia, and many other pleasant or known "people; and it was, upon the whole, a decent resource in a rainy "day, in a dearth of parties, or parliament, or in an empty season." It was, says Mr. Wheatley (*London Past and Present*), known as the *Half-read*.

In a manuscript note, now for the first time printed as written, on the above passage from Byron's *Detached Thoughts*, Sir Walter Scott writes, "The Alfred, like all other clubs, was much haunted "with boars, a tusky monster which delights to range where men "most do congregate. A boar, or bore, is always remarkable for "something respectable, such as wealth, character, high birth, "acknowledged talent, or, in short, for something that forbids "people to turn him out by the shoulders, or, in other words, to cut "him dead. Much of this respectability is supplied by the mere

for six vacancies. The cook has run away and left us liable, which makes our committee very plaintive. Master Brook, our head serving-man, has the gout, and our new cook is none of the best. I speak from report,—for what is cookery to a leguminous-eating Ascetic? So now you know as much of the matter as I do. Books and quiet are still there, and they may dress their dishes in their own way for me. Let me know your determination as to Newstead, and believe me,

Yours ever,

Μπαιρῶν.

214.—To Thomas Moore.

December 11, 1811.

My dear Moore,—If you please, we will drop our former monosyllables, and adhere to the appellations sanctioned by our godfathers and godmothers. If you make it a point, I will withdraw your name; at the same time there is no occasion, as I have this day postponed your election *sine die*, till it shall suit your wishes to be amongst us. I do not say this from any awkwardness the erasure of your proposal would occasion to *me*, but simply such is the state of the case; and, indeed, the longer your name is up, the stronger will become your probability of success, and your voters more numerous. Of course you will decide—your wish shall be my law. If my zeal has already outrun discretion, pardon me, and attribute my officiousness to an excusable motive.

I wish you would go down with me to Newstead.

"circumstance of belonging to a certain society of clubists, within "whose districts the bore obtains free-warren, and may wallow or "grunt at pleasure. Old stagers in the club know and avoid the "fated corner and arm-chair which he haunts; but he often rushes "from his lair on the inexperienced."

Hodgson will be there, and a young friend, named Harness, the earliest and dearest I ever had from the third form at Harrow to this hour. I can promise you good wine, and, if you like shooting, a manor of 4000 acres, fires, books, your own free will, and my own very indifferent company. *Balnea, vina, Venus.*[1]

Hodgson will plague you, I fear, with verse;—for my own part I will conclude, with Martial, *nil recitabo tibi;*[2] and surely the last inducement, is not the least. Ponder on my proposition, and believe me, my dear Moore,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

215.—To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, Dec. 12, 1811.

Why, Hodgson! I fear you have left off wine and me at the same time,—I have written and written and written, and no answer! My dear Sir Edgar,[3] water disagrees with you—drink sack and write. Bland did not come to his appointment, being unwell, but Moore supplied all other vacancies most delectably. I have hopes of his joining us at Newstead. I am sure you would like him more and more as he developes,—at least I do.

How Miller and Bland go on, I don't know. Cawthorne talks of being in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, and if he obtains it (at 1500 guineas! !) wishes me to see the MS. This I should read with pleasure,—

1. "Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra." The words are thus given in Gruter (*Corpus Inscriptionum* (1603), p. DCCCCXII. 10).

2. Martial (xi. lii. 16), *Ad Julium Cerealem*—

"Plus ego polliceor: nil recitabo tibi."

3. Hodgson published, in 1810, *Sir Edgar, a Tale.*

not that I should ever dare to venture a criticism on her whose writings Dr. Johnson once revised, but for the pleasure of the thing. If my worthy publisher wanted a sound opinion, I should send the MS. to Rogers and Moore, as men most alive to true taste. I have had frequent letters from Wm. Harness, and *you* are silent; certes, you are not a schoolboy. However, I have the consolation of knowing that you are better employed, viz. reviewing. You don't deserve that I should add another syllable, and I won't.

Yours, etc.

P.S.—I only wait for your answer to fix our meeting.

216.—To R. C. Dallas.

[Undated, Dec. ? 1811.][1]

DEAR SIR,—I have only this scrubby paper to write on—excuse it. I am certain that I sent some more notes on Spain and Portugal, particularly one on the latter. Pray rummage, and don't mind my *politics*. I believe I leave town next week. Are you better? I hope so.

Yours ever,

B.

217.—To William Harness.

8, St. James's Street, Dec. 15, 1811.

I wrote you an answer to your last, which, on reflection, pleases me as little as it probably has pleased yourself. I will not wait for your rejoinder; but proceed to tell you, that I had just then been greeted with an epistle of * *'s, full of his petty grievances, and this at the moment when (from circumstances it is not necessary to enter

1. Dallas's answer is dated December 14, 1811.

upon) I was bearing up against recollections to which *his* imaginary sufferings are as a scratch to a cancer. These things combined, put me out of humour with him and all mankind. The latter part of my life has been a perpetual struggle against affections which embittered the earliest portion; and though I flatter myself I have in a great measure conquered them, yet there are moments (and this was one) when I am as foolish as formerly. I never said so much before, nor had I said this now, if I did not suspect myself of having been rather savage in my letter, and wish to inform you this much of the cause. You know I am not one of your dolorous gentlemen: so now let us laugh again.

Yesterday I went with Moore to Sydenham to visit Campbell.[1] He was not visible, so we jogged homeward merrily enough. To-morrow I dine with Rogers, and am to hear Coleridge, who is a kind of rage at present. Last night I saw Kemble in Coriolanus;[2]—he *was glorious*, and exerted himself wonderfully. By good luck I got an excellent place in the best part of the house, which was more than overflowing. Clare[3] and Delawarr,[4] who were there on the same speculation, were less

1. Campbell lived at Sydenham from 1804 to 1820. Moore (*Life*, p. 148) adds the following note: "On this occasion, another "of the noble poet's peculiarities was, somewhat startlingly, intro- "duced to my notice. When we were on the point of setting out "from his lodgings in St. James's Street, it being then about mid- "day, he said to the servant, who was shutting the door of the "*vis-à-vis*, 'Have you put in the pistols?' and was answered in the "affirmative. It was difficult,—more especially taking into account "the circumstances under which we had just become acquainted,— "to keep from smiling at this singular noonday precaution."

2. On December 14, 1811, at Covent Garden, Kemble acted "Coriolanus" with Mrs. Siddons as "Volumnia." It was Kemble's great part, and in it he made his last appearance on the stage (June 23, 1817).

3. For Lord Clare, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 116, *note* 1.

4. For Lord Delawarr, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 41, *note* 1.

fortunate. I saw them by accident,—we were not together. I wished for you, to gratify your love of Shakspeare and of fine acting to its fullest extent. Last week I saw an exhibition of a different kind in a Mr. Coates,[1] at the Haymarket, who performed Lothario in a *damned* and damnable manner.

I told you the fate of B[land] and H[odgson] in my last. So much for these sentimentalists, who console themselves in their stews for the loss—the never to be recovered loss—the despair of the refined attachment of a couple of drabs! You censure *my* life, Harness,—when I compare myself with these men, my elders and my betters, I really begin to conceive myself a monument of prudence—a walking statue—without feeling or failing; and yet the world in general hath given me a proud pre-eminence over them in profligacy. Yet I like the men, and, God knows, ought not to condemn their aberrations. But I own I feel provoked when they dignify all this by the name of *love*—romantic attachments for things marketable for a dollar!

Dec. 16th.—I have just received your letter;—I feel your kindness very deeply. The foregoing part of my

1. Robert Coates, "the Amateur of Fashion," known as "Romeo" Coates, sometimes as "Diamond" Coates, sometimes as "Cock-a-doodle-doo" Coates (1772–1848), was the only surviving son of a wealthy West Indian planter. He made his first appearance on the stage at Bath (February 9, 1810), as "Romeo." In the play-bill he was announced as "a Gentleman, 1st Appear-"ance on any stage." Genest (*English Stage*, vol. viii. p. 207) says, "Many gentlemen have been weak enough to fancy themselves "actors, but no one ever persevered in obtruding himself for so "long a time on the notice of the public in spite of laughter, hiss-"ing, etc." On December 9, 1811, he appeared at the Haymarket as "Lothario" in Rowe's *Fair Penitent*. Mathews, at Covent Garden, imitated his performance, in Bate Dudley's *At Home*, as "Mr. Romeo Rantall," appearing in the "pink silk vest and cloak, "white satin breeches and stockings, Spanish hat, with a rich high "plume of ostrich feathers," in which Coates had played "Lo-"thario" (*Memoirs of Charles Mathews*, vol. ii. pp. 238, 239).

letter, written yesterday, will, I hope, account for the tone of the former, though it cannot excuse it. I do *like* to hear from you—more than *like*. Next to seeing you, I have no greater satisfaction. But you have other duties, and greater pleasures, and I should regret to take a moment from either. H * * was to call to-day, but I have not seen him. The circumstances you mention at the close of your letter is another proof in favour of my opinion of mankind. Such you will always find them—selfish and distrustful. I except none. The cause of this is the state of society. In the world, every one is to stir for himself—it is useless, perhaps selfish, to expect any thing from his neighbour. But I do not think we are born of this disposition; for you find *friendship* as a schoolboy, and *love* enough before twenty.

I went to see * *; he keeps me in town, where I don't wish to be at present. He is a good man, but totally without conduct. And now, my dearest William, I must wish you good morrow, and remain ever,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours, etc.

218.—To Robert Rushton.[1]

8, St. James's Street, Jan. 21, 1812.

Though I have no objection to your refusal to carry *letters* to Mealey's, you will take care that the letters are

1. The two following letters, and a suppressed passage in the letter to Moore of January 29, 1812, refer to a quarrel among his dependents, in which Rushton, the "little page" of *Childe Harold* (see *Letters*, vol. i. pp. 224, 242), played a part. The story is told at considerable length in a letter to Hodgson, dated January 28, 1812. To the same affair probably belong the following scrap and Byron's note: "Pray don't forget me, as I shall never cease thinking "of you, my Dearest *and only Friend*, (signed) *S. H. V.*" To this Byron has added this note: "This was written on the 11th of "January, 1812; on the 28th I received ample proof that the Girl

taken by *Spero* at the proper time. I have also to observe, that Susan is to be treated with civility, and not *insulted* by any person over whom I have the smallest controul, or, indeed, by any one whatever, while I have the power to protect her. I am truly sorry to have any subject of complaint against *you;* I have too good an opinion of you to think I shall have occasion to repeat it, after the care I have taken of you, and my favourable intentions in your behalf. I see no occasion for any communication whatever between *you* and the *women*, and wish you to occupy yourself in preparing for the situation in which you will be placed. If a common sense of decency cannot prevent you from conducting yourself towards them with rudeness, I should at least hope that your *own interest*, and regard for a master who has *never* treated you with unkindness, will have some weight.

Yours, etc.,

BYRON.

P.S.—I wish you to attend to your arithmetic, to occupy yourself in surveying, measuring, and making yourself acquainted with every particular relative to the

"had forgotten *me* and *herself* too. Heigho! B." The letters show, writes Moore (*Life*, p. 152), "how gravely and coolly the "young lord could arbitrate on such an occasion, and with what "considerate leaning towards the servant whose fidelity he had "proved, in preference to any new liking or fancy by which it "might be suspected he was actuated toward the other."

In a MS. book written by Mrs. Heath of Newstead (*née* Rebekah Beardall), it is stated that the elder Rushton had as his farm-servant Fletcher, afterwards Byron's valet. Byron watched Fletcher and young Robert Rushton ploughing, took a fancy to both, and engaged them as his servants. Rushton accompanied Byron to Geneva, but afterwards entered the service of James Wedderburn Webster (see p. 2, *note* 1). In 1827 he married a woman of the name of Bagnall, and with her help kept a school at Arnold, near Nottingham. Subsequently he took a farm on the Newstead estate, named Hazelford, and shortly afterwards died, leaving a widow and three children.

land of Newstead, and you will *write* to me *one letter every week*, that I may know how you go on.

219.—To Robert Rushton.

8, St. James's Street, January 25, 1812.

Your refusal to carry the letter was not a subject of remonstrance: it was not a part of your business; but the language you used to the girl was (as *she* stated it) highly improper.

You say, that you also have something to complain of; then state it to me immediately: it would be very unfair, and very contrary to my disposition, not to hear both sides of the question.

If any thing has passed between you *before* or since my last visit to Newstead, do not be afraid to mention it. I am sure *you* would not deceive me, though *she* would. Whatever it is, *you* shall be forgiven. I have not been without some suspicions on the subject, and am certain that, at your time of life, the blame could not attach to you. You will not *consult* any one as to your answer, but write to me immediately. I shall be more ready to hear what you have to advance, as I do not remember ever to have heard a word from you before *against* any human being, which convinces me you would not maliciously assert an untruth. There is not any one who can do the least injury to you, while you conduct yourself properly. I shall expect your answer immediately.

Yours, etc.,

BYRON.

220.—To Thomas Moore.

January 29, 1812.

My dear Moore,—I wish very much I could have seen you; I am in a state of ludicrous tribulation. * * *

Why do you say that I dislike your poesy?[1] I have expressed no such opinion, either in *print* or elsewhere. In scribbling myself, it was necessary for me to find fault, and I fixed upon the trite charge of immorality, because I could discover no other, and was so perfectly qualified in the innocence of my heart, to "pluck that mote from "my neighbour's eye."

I feel very, very much obliged by your approbation; but, at *this moment*, praise, even *your* praise, passes by me like "the idle wind." I meant and mean to send you a copy the moment of publication; but now I can think of nothing but damned, deceitful,—delightful woman, as Mr. Liston says in the *Knight of Snowdon*.[2] Believe me, my dear Moore,

Ever yours, most affectionately,

Byron.

1. Of Moore's early poems Byron was an admirer. The influence of "Little" and "Anacreon" is strongly marked throughout *Hours of Idleness*. For the "trite charge of immorality," see *English Bards, etc.*, lines 283–294; and *Letters*, vol. i. p. 113. Byron's opinion of Moore's later poetry was thus stated by him to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, pp. 354, 355): "Having compared "Rogers's poems to a flower-garden, to what shall I compare "Moore's?—to the Valley of Diamonds, where all is brilliant and "attractive, but where one is so dazzled by the sparkling on every "side that one knows not where to fix, each gem beautiful in itself, "but overpowering to the eye from their quantity."

2. *The Knight of Snowdoun*, a musical drama, written by Thomas Morton (1764–1838), and founded on *The Lady of the Lake*, was produced at Covent Garden, Feb. 5, 1811, and published the same year. John Liston (1776–1846), the most famous comedian of the century, played the part of "Macloon," his wife that of "Isabel." In act iii. sc. 3 Macloon says, "Oh, woman! woman! deceitful, "damnable, (*changing into a half-smile*) delightful woman! do all "one can, there's nothing else worth thinking of."

221.—To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, Feb. 1, 1812.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—I am rather unwell with a vile cold, caught in the House of Lords last night. Lord Sligo and myself, being tired, *paired off*, being of opposite sides, so that nothing was gained or lost by *our* votes. I did not speak: but I might as well, for nothing could have been inferior to the Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of Downshire, and the Earl of Fitzwilliam. The Catholic Question comes on this month, and perhaps I may then commence. I must "screw my courage to the sticking-"place," and we'll *not* fail.

Yours ever,

B.

222.—To Samuel Rogers.

February 4, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,—With my best acknowledgments to Lord Holland,[1] I have to offer my perfect concurrence in the propriety of the question previously to be put to ministers. If their answer is in the negative, I shall, with his Lordship's approbation, give notice of a motion for a Committee of Inquiry. I would also gladly avail myself of his most able advice, and any information or documents with which he might be pleased to intrust me, to bear me out in the statement of facts it may be necessary to submit to the House.

From all that fell under my own observation during my Christmas visit to Newstead, I feel convinced that,

1. For Lord Holland, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 184, *note* 1. He was Recorder of Nottingham; hence his special interest in the proposed legislation against frame-breaking.

if *conciliatory* measures are not very soon adopted, the most unhappy consequences may be apprehended.[1] Nightly outrage and daily depredation are already at

1. Owing to the state of trade, numbers of stocking-weavers had lost work. The discontent thus produced was increased by the introduction of a wide frame for the manufacture of gaiters and stockings, which, it was supposed, would further diminish the demand for manual labour. In November, 1811, organized bands of men began to break into houses and destroy machinery. For several days no serious effort was made to check the riots, which extended to a considerable distance round Nottingham. But on November 14 the soldiers were called out. Between that date and December 9, 900 cavalry and 1000 infantry were sent to Nottingham; and, on January 8, 1812, these forces were increased by two additional regiments. The rioters assumed the name of Luddites, and their leader was known as General Lud. The name is said to have originated in 1779, in a Leicestershire village, where a half-witted lad, named Ned Lud, broke a stocking-frame in a fit of passion; hence the common saying, when machinery was broken, that "Ned Lud" did it. A Bill was introduced in the House of Commons (February 14) increasing the severity of punishments for frame-breaking. On the second reading (February 17) Sir Samuel Romilly strongly opposed the measure, which passed its third reading (February 20) without a division. The Bill, as introduced into the Upper House by Lord Liverpool, (1) rendered the offence of frame-breaking punishable by death; and (2) compelled persons in whose houses the frames were broken to give information to the magistrates. On the second reading of the Bill (February 27, 1812), Byron spoke against it in his first speech in the House of Lords (see Appendix II. (1)). The Bill passed its third reading on March 5, and became law as 52 Geo. III. c. 16. Byron did not confine his opposition to a speech in the House of Lords. He also addressed "An Ode to the Framers of "the Frame Bill," which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* on Monday, March 2, 1812. The following letter to Perry, the editor, is published by permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, in whose possession is the original:—

"Sir,—I take the liberty of sending an alteration of the two last "lines of Stanza 2[d] which I wish to run as follows,

> "'Gibbets on Sherwood will *heighten* the Scenery
> Shewing how Commerce, *how* Liberty thrives!'

"I wish you could insert it tomorrow for a particular reason; but "I feel much obliged by your inserting it at all. Of course, do *not* "put *my name* to the thing. Believe me,

"Your obliged and very obed[t] Serv[t],
"Byron.

"8, St. James Street, Sunday,
"March 1st, 1812."

their height; and not only the masters of frames, who are obnoxious on account of their occupation, but persons in no degree connected with the malecontents or their oppressors, are liable to insult and pillage.

I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken on my account, and beg you to believe me,

Ever your obliged and sincere, etc.

223.—To Master John Cowell.[1]

8, St. James's Street, February 12, 1812.

MY DEAR JOHN,—You have probably long ago forgotten the writer of these lines, who would, perhaps, be unable to recognize *yourself*, from the difference which must naturally have taken place in your stature and

1. "Breakfasted with Mr. Cowell," writes Moore, in his Diary, June 11, 1828, "having made his acquaintance for the purpose of "gaining information about Lord Byron. Knew Byron for the "first time when he himself was a little boy, from being in the habit "of playing with B.'s dogs. Byron wrote to him to school to bid "him mind his prosody. Gave me two or three of his letters to "him. Saw a good deal of B. at Hastings; mentioned the anec- "dote about the ink-bottle striking one of the lead Muses. These "Muses had been brought from Holland; and there were, I think, "only eight of them arrived safe. Fletcher had brought B. a large "jar of ink, and, not thinking it was full, B. had thrust his pen "down to the very bottom; his anger at finding it come out all "besmeared with ink made him chuck the jar out of the window, "when it knocked down one of the Muses in the garden, and "deluged her with ink. In 1813, when B. was at Salt Hill, he had "Cowell over from Eton, and *pouched* him no less than ten pounds. "Cowell has ever since kept one of the notes. Told me a curious "anecdote of Byron's mentioning to him, as if it had made a great "impression on him, their seeing Shelley (as they thought) walking "into a little wood at Lerici, when it was discovered afterwards "that Shelley was at that time in quite another direction. 'This,' "said Byron, in a sort of awe-struck voice, 'was about ten days "before his death.' Cowell's imitation of his look and manner "very striking. Thinks that in Byron's speech to Fletcher, when "he was dying, threatening to appear to him, there was a touch of "that humour and fun which he was accustomed to mix up with "everything" (*Memoirs, Journals, etc.*, vol. v. pp. 302, 303).

appearance since he saw you last. I have been rambling through Portugal, Spain, Greece, etc., etc., for some years, and have found so many changes on my return, that it would be very unfair not to expect that you should have had your share of alteration and improvement with the rest. I write to request a favour of you: a little boy of eleven years, the son of Mr. **, my particular friend, is about to become an Etonian, and I should esteem any act of protection or kindness to him as an obligation to myself: let me beg of you then to take some little notice of him at first, till he is able to shift for himself.

I was happy to hear a very favourable account of you from a schoolfellow a few weeks ago, and should be glad to learn that your family are as well as I wish them to be. I presume you are in the upper school;—as an *Etonian*, you will look down upon a *Harrow* man; but I never, even in my boyish days, disputed your superiority, which I once experienced in a cricket match, where I had the honour of making one of eleven, who were beaten to their hearts' content by your college in *one innings*.[1]

Believe me to be, with great truth, etc., etc.,

B.

224.—To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, February 16, 1812.

Dear Hodgson,—I send you a proof. Last week I was very ill and confined to bed with stone in the kidney, but I am now quite recovered. The women are gone to their relatives, after many attempts to explain what was already too clear. If the stone had got into

1. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 70, and *note* 1.

my heart instead of my kidneys, it would have been all the better. However, I have quite recovered *that* also, and only wonder at my folly in excepting my own strumpets from the general corruption,—albeit a two months' weakness is better than ten years. I have one request to make, which is, never mention a woman again in any letter to me, or even allude to the existence of the sex. I won't even read a word of the feminine gender; —it must all be *propria quæ maribus*.

In the spring of 1813 I shall leave England for ever. Every thing in my affairs tends to this, and my inclinations and health do not discourage it. Neither my habits nor constitution are improved by your customs or your climate. I shall find employment in making myself a good Oriental scholar. I shall retain a mansion in one of the fairest islands, and retrace, at intervals, the most interesting portions of the East. In the mean time, I am adjusting my concerns, which will (when arranged) leave me with wealth sufficient even for home, but enough for a principality in Turkey. At present they are involved, but I hope, by taking some necessary but unpleasant steps, to clear every thing. Hobhouse is expected daily in London: we shall be very glad to see him; and, perhaps, you will come up and "drink deep ere he "depart," if not, "Mahomet must go to the mountain;"[1] —but Cambridge will bring sad recollections to him, and worse to me, though for very different reasons. I believe the only human being, that ever loved me in truth and

1. See Bacon's *Essays* ("Of Boldness"): "Mahomet made the "people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of "it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people "assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and "again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, "but said, 'If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go "to the hill.'"

entirely, was of, or belonging to, Cambridge, and, in that, no change can now take place. There is one consolation in death—where he sets his seal, the impression can neither be melted nor broken, but endureth for ever.

Yours always,

B.

P.S.—I almost rejoice when one I love dies young, for I could never bear to see them old or altered.

225.—To Francis Hodgson.

London, February 21, 1812.

My dear Hodgson,—There is a book entituled *Galt, his Travels in ye Archipelago*,[1] daintily printed by Cadell and Davies, ye which I could desiderate might be criticised by you, inasmuch as ye author is a well-respected esquire of mine acquaintance, but I fear will meet with little mercy as a writer, unless a friend passeth judgment. Truth to say, ye boke is ye boke of a cock-brained man, and is full of devises crude and conceitede, but peradventure for my sake this grace may be vouchsafed unto

1. John Galt (1779–1839) published in 1812 his *Voyages and Travels in the Years* 1809, 1810, *and* 1811. For his meeting with Byron at Gibraltar in 1809, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 243, *note* 1; see also *ibid.*, p. 304, *note* 2. Galt's novels were, in later years, liked by Byron, who "praised the *Annals of the Parish* very highly, as "also *The Entail*, . . . some scenes of which, he said, had affected "him very much. 'The characters in Mr. Galt's novels have an "identity,' added Byron, 'that reminds me of Wilkie's pictures'" (Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, p. 74). "When I knew Galt, years ago," said Byron to Lady Blessington, "I was not in a frame of mind to form an impartial opinion of him: "his mildness and equanimity struck me even then; but, to say the "truth, his manner had not deference enough for my then aristo-"cratical taste, and finding I could not awe him into a respect "sufficiently profound for my sublime self, either as a peer or an "author, I felt a little grudge towards him that has now completely "worn off," etc., etc. (*ibid.*, p. 249).

him. Review him myself I can not, will not, and if you are likewize hard of heart, woe unto ye boke! ye which is a comely quarto.

Now then! I have no objection to review, if it pleases Griffiths[1] to send books, or rather *you*, for you know the sort of things I like to [play] with. You will find what I say very serious as to my intentions. I have every reason to induce me to return to Ionia.

Believe me, yours always,

B.

226.—To Lord Holland.

8, St. James's Street, February 25, 1812.

My Lord,—With my best thanks, I have the honour to return the Notts. letter to your Lordship. I have read it with attention, but do not think I shall venture

1. George Edward Griffiths (circ. 1769–1829), son of Ralph Griffiths, who founded, owned, and published the *Monthly Review*, and boarded and lodged Oliver Goldsmith as a contributor, succeeded to the management of the *Review* on the death of his father in 1803. He edited it till 1825, when he sold the property. He lived at Linden House, Turnham Green. Francis Hodgson wrote for the *Monthly Review*, and, March 2, 1814, he writes to Byron, "I have already read a review of *Safie* in the *British Critic*, and "will undertake it in the *Monthly* if Griffiths, with whom I am "in very bad odour from my late shameful idleness, will allow me. "Oh that you would write a good *smart* critique of something to "get both *yourself and me* in high repute at Turnham Green!!!!"

In Byron's *Detached Thoughts* occurs the following passage:—

"I have been a reviewer. In the *Monthly Review* I wrote "some articles which were inserted. This was in the latter part "of 1811. In 1807, in a Magazine called *Monthly Literary Recrea-"tions*, I reviewed Wordsworth's trash of that time.

"Excepting these, I cannot accuse myself of anonymous Criticism "(that I recollect), though I have been *offered* more than one review "in our principal Journals."

In the Bodleian Library is a copy of the *Monthly Review*, in which Griffiths has entered the initials of the authors of each article. Two articles from the *Review*, attributed to Byron on this authority, are given in Appendix I.

to avail myself of its contents, as my view of the question differs in some measure from Mr. Coldham's. I hope I do not wrong him, but *his* objections to the bill appear to me to be founded on certain apprehensions that he and his coadjutors might be mistaken for the "*original advisers*" (to quote him) of the measure. For my own part, I consider the manufacturers as a much injured body of men, sacrificed to the views of certain individuals who have enriched themselves by those practices which have deprived the frame-workers of employment. For instance; —by the adoption of a certain kind of frame, one man performs the work of seven—six are thus thrown out of business. But it is to be observed that the work thus done is far inferior in quality, hardly marketable at home, and hurried over with a view to exportation. Surely, my Lord, however we may rejoice in any improvement in the arts which may be beneficial to mankind, we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. The maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor is an object of greater consequence to the community than the enrichment of a few monopolists by any improvement in the implements of trade, which deprives the workman of his bread, and renders the labourer "unworthy of his hire."

My own motive for opposing the bill is founded on its palpable injustice, and its certain inefficacy. I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilized country. Their excesses may be condemned, but cannot be subject of wonder. The effect of the present bill would be to drive them into actual rebellion. The few words I shall venture to offer on Thursday will be founded upon these opinions formed from my own observations on the spot. By previous inquiry, I am convinced these men would have been

restored to employment, and the county to tranquillity. It is, perhaps, not yet too late, and is surely worth the trial. It can never be too late to employ force in such circumstances. I believe your Lordship does not coincide with me entirely on this subject, and most cheerfully and sincerely shall I submit to your superior judgment and experience, and take some other line of argument against the bill, or be silent altogether, should you deem it more advisable. Condemning, as every one must condemn, the conduct of these wretches, I believe in the existence of grievances which call rather for pity than punishment. I have the honour to be, with great respect, my Lord, your Lordship's

Most obedient and obliged servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—I am a little apprehensive that your Lordship will think me too lenient towards these men, and half a *frame-breaker myself.*

227.—To Francis Hodgson.

8, St. James's Street, March 5, 1812.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—*We* are not answerable for reports of speeches in the papers; they are always given incorrectly, and on this occasion more so than usual, from the debate in the Commons on the same night. The *Morning Post* should have said *eighteen years.* However, you will find the speech, as spoken, in the Parliamentary Register, when it comes out. Lords Holland and Grenville, particularly the latter, paid me some high compliments in the course of their speeches, as you may have seen in the papers, and Lords Eldon and Harrowby answered me. I have had many marvellous eulogies[1]

1. For Byron's speech, February 27, 1812, see Appendix II. (1).

repeated to me since, in person and by proxy, from divers persons *ministerial*—yea, *ministerial!*—as well as oppositionists; of them I shall only mention Sir F. Burdett. *He* says it is the best speech by a *lord* since the "*Lord* knows when," probably from a fellow-feeling in the sentiments. Lord H. tells me I shall beat them all if I persevere; and Lord G. remarked that the construction of some of my periods are very like *Burke's!!* And so much for vanity. I spoke very violent sentences with a sort of modest impudence, abused every thing and every body, and put the Lord Chancellor very much out of humour: and if I may believe what I hear, have not lost any character by the experiment. As to my delivery, loud and fluent enough, perhaps a little theatrical. I could not recognize myself or any one else in the newspapers.[1]

Grenville said, "There never was a maxim of greater wisdom than "that uttered by the noble lord [Byron] who had so ably addressed "their lordships that night for the first time" (*Hansard*, vol. xxi. p. 977). Moore quotes a passage from Byron's *Detached Thoughts*:—

"Sheridan's liking for me (whether he was not mystifying me I "do not know, but Lady Caroline Lamb and others told me that "he said the same both before and after he knew me) was founded "upon *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*. He told me that he "did not care about poetry (or about mine—at least, any but *that* "poem of mine), but he was sure, from *that* and other symptoms, "I should make an orator, if I would but take to speaking, and "grow a parliament man. He never ceased harping upon this to "me to the last; and I remember my old tutor, Dr. Drury, had "the same notion when I was a *boy;* but it never was my turn of "inclination to try. I spoke once or twice, as all young peers do, "as a kind of introduction into public life; but dissipation, shyness, "haughty and reserved opinions, together with the short time I "lived in England after my majority (only about five years in all), "prevented me from resuming the experiment. As far as it went, "it was not discouraging, particularly my *first* speech (I spoke "three or four times in all); but just after it, my poem of *Childe* "*Harold* was published, and nobody ever thought about my *prose* "afterwards, nor indeed did I; it became to me a secondary and "neglected object, though I sometimes wonder to myself if I should "have succeeded."

1. Byron, writing to John Hanson, February 28, 1812, says—

I hire myself unto Griffiths, and my poesy[1] comes out on Saturday. Hobhouse is here; I shall tell him to write. My stone is gone for the present, but I fear is part of my habit. We *all* talk of a visit to Cambridge.

Yours ever,

B.

228.—To Lord Holland.

St. James's Street, March 5, 1812.

My Lord,—May I request your Lordship to accept a copy of the thing which accompanies this note?[2] You

"Dear Sir,—In the report of my speech (which by the bye is "given very incorrectly) in the *M*[*orning*] *Herald*, *Day*, and "*B*[*ritish*] *Press*, they state that I mentioned *Bristol*, a place I "never saw in my life and knew nothing of whatever, nor *mentioned* "at all last night. Will you be good enough to send to these *papers* "*immediately*, and have the mistake corrected, or I shall get into a "scrape with the Bristol people?

"I am, yours very truly,

"B."

1. *Childe Harold*, Cantos I., II.

2. *Childe Harold* was published March 1, 1812. Another copy of *Childe Harold* was sent to Mrs. Leigh, with the following inscription: "To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who "has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is pre- "sented by her *father's* son, and most affectionate brother, B."

The effect which the poem instantly produced is best expressed in Byron's own memorandum: "I awoke one morning and found "myself famous." He was only just twenty-three years old. "The "subject," says Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire (*Two Duchesses*, pp. 375, 376), "of conversation, of curiosity, of enthusiasm almost, "one might say, of the moment is not Spain or Portugal, Warriors "or Patriots, but Lord Byron!" "He returned," she continues, "sorry for the severity of some of his lines (in the *English Bards*), "and with a new poem, *Childe Harold*, which he published. This "poem is on every table, and himself courted, visited, flattered, and "praised whenever he appears. He has a pale, sickly, but hand- "some countenance, a bad figure, and, in short, he is really the "only topic almost of every conversation—the men jealous of him, "the women of each other." "Lord Byron," writes Lady Harriet Leveson Gower to the Duke of Devonshire, May 10, 1812 (*Letters*

have already so fully proved the truth of the first line of Pope's couplet,[1]

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,"

that I long for an opportunity to give the lie to the verse that follows. If I were not perfectly convinced that any thing I may have formerly uttered in the boyish rashness of my misplaced resentment had made as little impression as it deserved to make, I should hardly have the confidence—perhaps your Lordship may give it a stronger and more appropriate appellation—to send you a quarto of the same scribbler. But your Lordship, I am sorry to observe to-day, is troubled with the gout; if my book can produce a *laugh* against itself or the author, it will be of some service. If it can set you to *sleep*, the benefit will be yet greater; and as some facetious personage observed half a century ago, that "poetry is a mere "drug,"[2] I offer you mine as a humble assistant to the

of Harriet, Countess Granville, vol. i. p. 34), "is still upon a pedestal, "and Caroline William doing homage. I have made acquaintance "with him. He is agreeable, but I feel no wish for any further "intimacy. His countenance is fine when it is in repose; but the "moment it is in play, suspicious, malignant, and consequently "repulsive. His manner is either remarkably gracious and con-"ciliatory, with a tinge of affectation, or irritable and impetuous, "and then, I am afraid, perfectly natural."

Rogers (*Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, pp. 232, 233) says, "After Byron had become the *rage*, I was frequently "amused at the manœuvres of certain noble ladies to get acquainted "with him by means of me; for instance, I would receive a note "from Lady ——, requesting the pleasure of my company on a "particular evening, with a postscript, 'Pray, could you not "contrive to bring Lord Byron with you?' Once, at a great party "given by Lady Jersey, Mrs. Sheridan ran up to me and said, 'Do, "as a favour, try if you can place Lord Byron beside me at "supper!'"

1. "Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon, who have done the wrong."
Dryden's *Conquest of Grenada*, part ii. act i. sc. 2.

2. Murphy, in sc. 1 of *The Way to Keep Him* (1760), uses the

eau medicinale. I trust you will forgive this and all my other buffooneries, and believe me to be, with great respect,

Your Lordship's obliged and sincere servant,

BYRON.

word in the same sense; "A wife's a drug now; mere tar-water, "with every virtue under heaven, but nobody takes it."

CHAPTER VI.

MARCH, 1812—MAY, 1813.

THE IDOL OF SOCIETY—THE DRURY LANE ADDRESS—SECOND SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.

229.—To Thomas Moore.

With regard to the passage on Mr. Way's loss, no unfair play was hinted at, as may be seen by referring to the book;[1] and it is expressly added, that the *managers*

1. Byron, in *English Bards, etc.* (lines 638–667), had alluded to Colonel Greville, Manager of the Argyle Institution :—

"Or hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle," etc.

In a note he had also referred to "Billy" Way's loss of several thousand pounds in the Rooms. On his return from abroad, Colonel Greville demanded satisfaction through his friend Gould Francis Leckie. Byron referred Leckie to Moore, and sent Moore the above paper for his guidance. The affair was amicably settled.

In his *Detached Thoughts* occurs the following passage :—

"I have been called in as mediator, or second, at least twenty "times, in violent quarrels, and have always contrived to settle the "business without compromising the honour of the parties, or lead- "ing them to mortal consequences, and this, too, sometimes in very "difficult and delicate circumstances, and having to deal with very "hot and haughty spirits,—Irishmen, gamesters, guardsmen, cap- "tains, and cornets of horse, and the like. This was, of course, in "my youth, when I lived in hot-headed company. I have had to "carry challenges from gentlemen to noblemen, from captains to "captains, from lawyers to counsellors, and once from a clergyman "to an officer in the Life Guards; but I found the latter by far the "most difficult,—

"'to compose
The bloody duel without blows,'—

were ignorant of that transaction. As to the prevalence of play at the Argyle, it cannot be denied that there were *billiards* and *dice;*—Lord B. has been a witness to the use of both at the Argyle Rooms. These, it is presumed, come under the denomination of play. If play be allowed, the President of the Institution can hardly complain of being termed the "Arbiter of Play,"—or what becomes of his authority?

Lord B. has no personal animosity to Colonel Greville. A public institution, to which he himself was a subscriber,

"the business being about a woman: I must add, too, that I never "saw a *woman* behave so ill, like a cold-blooded, heartless b— as "she was,—but very handsome for all that. A certain Susan C * * "was she called. I never saw her but once; and that was to induce "her but to say two words (which in no degree compromised her- "self), and which would have had the effect of saving a priest or a "lieutenant of cavalry. She would *not* say them, and neither "Nepean nor myself (the son of Sir Evan Nepean, and a friend to "one of the parties) could prevail upon her to say them, though "both of us used to deal in some sort with womankind. At last "I managed to quiet the combatants without her talisman, and, I "believe, to her great disappointment: she was the damnedest b— "that I ever saw, and I have seen a great many. Though my "clergyman was sure to lose either his life or his living, he was as "warlike as the Bishop of Beauvais, and would hardly be pacified; "but then he was in love, and that is a martial passion."

One challenge from a gentleman to a nobleman was that of Scrope Davies to Lord Foley, in 1813; but Byron succeeded in arranging the matter. That from a lawyer to a counsellor was in 1815, from John Hanson to Serjeant Best, afterwards Lord Wynford, and arose out of the marriage of Miss Hanson to Lord Portsmouth; this quarrel was also settled by Byron. The case of the clergyman was that of the Rev. Robert Bland, whose mistress, during his absence in Holland, left him for an officer in the Guards (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 197, end of *note* on Francis Hodgson). Byron was himself a fair shot with a pistol. "When in London," writes Gronow (*Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 152), "Byron used to go "to Manton's shooting-gallery, in Davies Street, to try his hand, as "he said, at a wafer. Wedderburn Webster was present when the "poet, intensely delighted with his own skill, boasted to Joe "Manton that he considered himself the best shot in London. "'No, my lord,' replied Manton, 'not the best; but your shooting "to-day was respectable.' Whereupon Byron waxed wroth, and "left the shop in a violent passion."

he considered himself to have a right to notice *publickly*. Of that institution Colonel Greville was the avowed director;—it is too late to enter into the discussion of its merits or demerits.

Lord B. must leave the discussion of the reparation, for the real or supposed injury, to Colonel G.'s friend and Mr. Moore, the friend of Lord B.—begging them to recollect that, while they consider Colonel G.'s honour, Lord B. must also maintain his own. If the business can be settled amicably, Lord B. will do as much as can and ought to be done by a man of honour towards conciliation;—if not, he must satisfy Colonel G. in the manner most conducive to his further wishes.

230.—To William Bankes.

My dear Bankes,—My eagerness to come to an explanation has, I trust, convinced you that whatever my unlucky manner might inadvertently be, the change was as unintentional as (if intended) it would have been ungrateful. I really was not aware that, while we were together, I had evinced such caprices; that we were not so much in each other's company as I could have wished, I well know, but I think so *acute an observer* as yourself must have perceived enough to *explain this*, without supposing any slight to one in whose society I have pride and pleasure. Recollect that I do not allude here to "extended" or "extending" acquaintances, but to circumstances you will understand, I think, on a little reflection.

And now, my dear Bankes, do not distress me by supposing that I can think of you, or you of me, otherwise than I trust we have long thought. You told me not long ago that my temper was improved, and I should be

sorry that opinion should be revoked. Believe me, your friendship is of more account to me than all those absurd vanities in which, I fear, you conceive me to take too much interest. I have never disputed your superiority, or doubted (seriously) your good will, and no one shall ever "make mischief between us" without the sincere regret on the part of your ever affectionate, etc.

P.S.—I shall see you, I hope, at Lady Jersey's.[1] Hobhouse goes also.

1. George Child-Villiers (1773–1859), "in manners and appear-"ance *le plus grand seigneur* of his time," succeeded his father, "the Prince of Maccaronies," in 1805, as fifth Earl of Jersey. He was twice Lord Chamberlain to William IV., and twice Master of the Horse to Queen Victoria. He married, in 1804, Lady Sarah Sophia Fane, eldest daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmorland, and heiress, through her mother, *née* Sarah Anne Child, of the fortune of her grandfather, Robert Child, the banker.

Lady Jersey for many years reigned supreme, by her beauty and wit, in London society, "the veriest tyrant," said Byron, "that ever "governed Fashion's fools, and compelled them to shake their caps "and bells as she willed it." At Almack's, where, according to Gronow (*Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 32), she introduced the quadrille after Waterloo, she was a despot. *Almack's*, the very clever and personal picture of fashionable life, published in 1826, is dedicated "To that most Distinguished and Despotic Conclave, composed of "their High Mightinesses the Ladies Patronesses of the Balls at "Almack's, the Rulers of Fashion, the Arbiters of Taste, the "Leaders of *Ton*, and the Makers of Manners, whose Sovereign "sway over 'the world' of London has long been established on the "firmest basis, whose Decrees are Laws, and from whose judgment "there is no appeal." Over this "Willis Coalition Cabinet" Lady Jersey, as "Lady Hauton," is described as reigning supreme. "She "knew more than any person I ever met with, and both everything "and everybody; she could quiz and she could flatter." "Treat "people like fools," she is supposed to say, "and they will worship "you; stoop to make up to them, and they will directly tread you "underfoot."

Ticknor (*Life*, vol. i. p. 269) speaks of her as a "beautiful "creature, with a great deal of talent, taste, and elegant knowledge." He was at Almack's, in 1819, and standing close to Lady Jersey, "then at the height of beauty and brilliant talent, a leader in society, "and with decided political opinions," when she refused the Duke of Wellington admittance. The lady patronesses had made a rule to admit no one after eleven o'clock. When the rule first came into operation, Ticknor heard one of the attendants announce that the

231.—To Thomas Moore.

March 25, 1812.

Know all men by these presents, that you, Thomas Moore, stand indicted—no—invited, by special and

Duke of Wellington was at the door. "What o'clock is it?" Lady Jersey asked. "Seven minutes after eleven, your ladyship." She paused a moment, and then said, with emphasis and distinctness, "Give my compliments,—give Lady Jersey's compliments to the "Duke of Wellington, and say that she is very glad that the first "enforcement of the rule of exclusion is such that hereafter no one "can complain of its application. He cannot be admitted" (*ibid.*, vol. i. pp. 296, 297).

Politically, Lady Jersey was a power. Such an entry as the following sounds strange to modern readers: Dining at Lord Holland's, in 1835, in company with Lord Melbourne, Lord Grey, and other prominent politicians, Ticknor notes that "public busi- "ness was much talked about—the corporation bill, the motion "for admitting Dissenters to the universities, etc., etc.; and as to "the last, when the question arose whether it would be debated on "Tuesday night, it was admitted to be doubtful whether Lady Jersey "would not succeed in getting it postponed, as she has a grand "dinner that evening" (*Life*, vol. i. pp. 409, 410).

Lady Jersey, whose mother-in-law, *née* Frances Twyden, had been a bitter opponent of the Princess of Wales, provoked the wrath of the Regent by espousing the cause of his wife. The Prince was determined to break off this friendship with his wife's champion, and sent a letter to her by the hand of Colonel Willis, announcing his determination. Some time later they met at a great party given by Henry Hope in Cavendish Square. Lady Jersey was walking with Rogers in the gallery, when they met the Prince, who "stopped "for a moment, and then, drawing himself up, marched past her "with a look of the utmost disdain. Lady Jersey returned the "look to the full; and, as soon as the Prince was gone, said to me, "with a smile, 'Didn't I do it well?'" (*Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, pp. 267, 268).

From this same change of feeling arose the incident which Byron celebrated in his Condolatory Address "On the Occasion of the "Prince Regent Returning her Picture to Mrs. Mee." The lines were enclosed with a letter which is printed at the date May 29, 1814. "Pegasus is, perhaps, the only horse of whose paces," said Byron (*Conversations with Lady Blessington*, p. 51), "Lord [Jersey] "could not be a judge." Of Lady Jersey he says (*ibid.*, p. 50), "Of all that coterie, Madame [de Staël], after Lady [Jersey], was "the best; at least I thought so, for these two ladies were the "only ones who ventured to protect me when all London was crying "out against me on the separation, and *they* behaved courageously.

particular solicitation, to Lady Caroline Lamb's[1] to-morrow evening, at half-past nine o'clock, where you will

"and kindly . . . Poor dear Lady [Jersey]! Does she still retain "her beautiful cream-coloured complexion and raven hair? I used "to long to tell her that she spoiled her looks by her excessive "animation; for eyes, tongue, head, and arms were all in move-"ment at once, and were only relieved from their active service by "want of respiration," etc., etc.

1. Lady Caroline Lamb (1785–1828), the "Calantha Avondale" of her own *Glenarvon*, was the daughter of Frederick Ponsonby, third Earl of Bessborough, by his wife, Lady Henrietta Frances Spencer, sister of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She was brought up, partly in Italy under the care of a servant, partly by her grandmother, the wife of John, first Earl Spencer. She married, June 3, 1805, William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne.

Her manuscript commonplace-book is in the possession of the Hon. G. Ponsonby. A few pages are taken up with a printed copy of the *Essay on the Progressive Improvement of Mankind*, with which her husband won the declamation prize at Trinity, Cambridge, in 1798. The rest of the volume consists of some 200 pages filled with prose, and verse, and sketches. It begins with a list of her nicknames—"Sprite," "Young Savage," "Ariel," "Squirrel," etc. Then follow the secret language of an imaginary order; her first verses, written at the age of thirteen; scraps of poetry, original and extracted, in French, Italian, and English; a long fragment of a wild romantic story of a girl's seduction by an infidel nobleman. A clever sketch in water-colour of William Lamb and of herself, after their marriage, is followed by verses on the birth of her son, "little "Augustus," August 23, 1807. The last stanza of a poem, which has nothing to commend it except the feelings of the wife and mother which it expresses, runs thus—

"His little eyes like William's shine;
How great is then my joy,
For, while I call this darling mine,
I see 'tis William's boy!"

The most ambitious effort in the volume is a poem, illustrated with pictures in water-colours, such as *L'Amour se cache sous le voile d'Amitié*, or *l'Innocence le recoit dans ses bras;* a third, in the style of Blake, bears the inscription *le Désespoir met fin à ses jours*. The poem opens with the following lines:—

"Winged with Hope and hushed with Joy,
See yon wanton, blue-eyed Boy,—
Arch his smile, and keen his dart,—
Aim at Laura's youthful heart!
How could he his wiles disguise?
How deceive such watchful eyes?
How so pure a breast inspire,
Set so young a Mind on fire?

meet with a civil reception and decent entertainment. Pray, come—I was so examined after you this morning, that I entreat you to answer in person.

Believe me, etc.

'Twas because to raise the flame
Love bethought of friendship's name.
Under this false guise he told her
That he lived but to behold her.
How could she his fault discover
When he often vowed to love her?
How could she her heart defend
When he took the name of friend?"

Dates are seldom affixed to the compositions, and it is impossible to say whether any are autobiographical. But, taken as a whole, they reveal a clever, romantic, impulsive, imaginative woman, whose pet names describe at once the charm of her character and the fascination of her small, slight figure, "golden hair, large hazel "eyes," and low musical voice.

Her marriage with William Lamb, June 3, seems to have been at first kept secret. Lord Minto in August, 1805 (*Life and Letters*, vol. iii. p. 361), speaks of her as unmarried, and adds that she is "a lively and rather a pretty girl; they say she is very clever." Augustus Foster, writing to his mother, Lady Elizabeth Foster, July 30, 1805 (*The Two Duchesses*, p. 233), says, "I cannot fancy "Lady Caroline married. I cannot be glad of it. How changed "she must be—the delicate Ariel, the little Fairy Queen become a "wife and soon perhaps a mother." Lady Elizabeth replies, September 30, 1805 (*ibid.*, p. 242): "You may retract all your sorrow "about Caro Ponsonby's marriage, for she is the same wild, delicate, "odd, delightful person, unlike everything."

Lady Caroline and William Lamb are described by Lady Elizabeth, three months later, as "flirting all day long *è felice adesso.*" The phrase, perhaps, correctly expresses Lady Caroline's conception of love as an episode; but no breach occurred till 1813. In the previous year, when Byron had suddenly risen to the height of his fame, she had refused to be introduced by Lady Westmorland to the man of whom she made the famous entry in her Diary "mad, "bad, and dangerous to know." But they met, a few days later, at Holland House, and Byron called on her in Whitehall, where for the next four months he was a daily visitor. On blue-bordered paper, embossed at the corners with scallop-shells, she wrote to Byron, at an early stage in their acquaintance, the letter numbered 1 in Appendix III.

For the sequel to the story of their friendship, see Byron's letter to Lady Caroline, p. 135, *note* 1, and Appendix III.

232.—To Lady Caroline Lamb.

[Undated.]

I never supposed you artful: we are all selfish,—nature did that for us. But even when you attempt deceit occasionally, you cannot maintain it, which is all the better; want of success will curb the tendency. Every word you utter, every line you write, proves you to be either *sincere* or a *fool*. Now as I know you are not the one, I must believe you the other.

I never knew a woman with greater or more pleasing talents, *general* as in a woman they should be, something of everything, and too much of nothing. But these are unfortunately coupled with a total want of common conduct.[1] For instance, the *note* to your *page*—do you suppose I delivered it? or did you mean that I should? I did not of course.

Then your heart, my poor Caro (what a little volcano!), that pours *lava* through your veins; and yet I cannot wish it a bit colder, to make a *marble slab* of, as you sometimes see (to understand my foolish metaphor) brought in vases, tables, etc., from Vesuvius, when hardened after an eruption. To drop my detestable

1. The following letter from Lady Caroline to Fletcher, Byron's valet, illustrates the statement in the text :—

"FLETCHER,—Will you come and see me here some evening at "9, and no one will know of it. You may say you bring a letter, "and wait the answer. I will send for you in. But I will let you "know first, for I wish to speak with you. I also want you to take "the little Foreign Page I shall send in to see Lord Byron. Do not "tell him before-hand, but, when he comes with flowers, shew him "in. I shall not come myself, unless just before he goes away; so "do not think it is me. Besides, you will see this is quite a child, "only I wish him to see my Lord if you can contrive it, which, if "you tell me what hour is most convenient, will be very easy. I "go out of Town to-morrow for a day or two, and I am now quite "well—at least much better."

tropes and figures, you know I have always thought you the cleverest, most agreeable, absurd, amiable, perplexing, dangerous, fascinating little being that lives now, or ought to have lived 2000 years ago. I won't talk to you of beauty; I am no judge. But our beauties cease to be so when near you, and therefore you have either some, or something better. And now, Caro, this nonsense is the first and last compliment (if it be such) I ever paid you. You have often reproached me as wanting in that respect; but others will make up the deficiency.

Come to Lord Grey's; at least do not let me keep you away. All that you so often *say*, I *feel*. Can more be said or felt? This same prudence is tiresome enough; but one *must* maintain it, or what *can* one do to be saved? Keep to it.

233.—To William Bankes.

April 20, 1812.

My dear Bankes,—I feel rather hurt (not savagely) at the speech you made to me last night, and my hope is that it was only one of your *profane* jests. I should be very sorry that any part of my behaviour should give you cause to suppose that I think higher of myself, or otherwise of you than I have always done. I can assure you that I am as much the humblest of your servants as at Trin. Coll.; and if I have not been at home when you favoured me with a call, the loss was more mine than yours. In the bustle of buzzing parties, there is, there can be, no rational conversation; but when I can enjoy it, there is nobody's I can prefer to your own.

Believe me, ever faithfully and most affectionately yours,

Byron.

234.—To Thomas Moore.

Friday noon.

I should have answered your note yesterday, but I hoped to have seen you this morning. I must consult with you about the day we dine with Sir Francis.[1] I suppose we shall meet at Lady Spencer's [2] to-night. I did not know that you were at Miss Berry's [3] the other night, or I should have certainly gone there.

As usual, I am in all sorts of scrapes, though none, at present, of a martial description.

Believe me, etc.

235.—To Lady Caroline Lamb.

May 1st, 1812.

My dear Lady Caroline,—I have read over the few poems of Miss Milbank [4] with attention. They

1. Probably with Sir Francis Burdett, at 77, Piccadilly.

2. Grandmother of Lady Caroline Lamb.

3. Mary Berry (1763–1852), the friend and editor of Horace Walpole, whom she might have married, lived at Little Strawberry Hill, and in North Audley Street, London. In her Journal Miss Berry mentions two occasions on which she met Byron. The first was Thursday, April 2, 1812, at Lord Glenbervie's. "I had a "quarter of an hour's conversation, which, I own, gave me a great "desire to know him better, and he seemed willing that I should do "so." The second occasion was May 7, 1812. "At the end of "the evening I had half an hour's conversation with Lord Byron, "principally on the subject of the Scotch Review, with which he is "very much pleased. He is a singular man, and pleasant to me, "but I very much fear that his head begins to be turned by all the "adoration of the world, especially the women" (*Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry*, vol. ii. pp. 496, 497).

4. This letter refers to the future Lady Byron, the "Miss Mon- "mouth" of *Glenarvon* (see vol. iii. p. 100), who was first brought to Byron's notice by Lady Caroline Lamb. Anna Isabella (often shortened into Annabella) Milbanke (born May 17, 1792; died May 16, 1860) was the only child of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., and the Hon. Judith Noel, daughter of Lord Wentworth. Her

display fancy, feeling, and a little practice would very soon induce facility of expression. Though I have an

childhood was passed at Halnaby, or at Seaham, where her father had "a pretty villa on the cliff." In 1808 Seaham "was the most "primitive hamlet ever met with—a dozen or so of cottages, no "trade, no manufacture, no business doing that we could see; the "owners were mostly servants of Sir Ralph Milbanke's" (*Memoirs of a Highland Lady*, p. 71). It was here that Blacket the poet (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 314, *note* 2; p. 6, *note* 5, of the present volume; and *English Bards, etc.*, line 770, and Byron's *note*) died, befriended by Miss Milbanke.

Byron (Medwin's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, pp. 44, 45) thus describes the personal appearance of his future wife: "There "was something piquant and what we term pretty in Miss Milbanke. "Her features were small and feminine, though not regular. She "had the fairest skin imaginable. Her figure was perfect for her "height; and there was a simplicity, a retired modesty, about her, "which was very characteristic, and formed a happy contrast to the "cold, artificial formality and studied stiffness which is called "fashion." The roundness of her face suggested to Byron the pet name of "Pippin."

High-principled, guided by a strong sense of duty, imbued with deep religious feeling, Miss Milbanke lived to impress F. W. Robertson as "the noblest woman he ever knew" (*Diary of Crabb Robinson* (1852), vol. iii. p. 405). She was also a clever, well-read girl, fond of mathematics, a student of theology and of Greek, a writer of meritorious verse, which, however, Byron only allowed to be "good by accident" (Medwin, p. 60). Among her mother's friends were Mrs. Siddons, Joanna Baillie, and Maria Edgeworth. The latter, writing, May, 1813, to Miss Ruxton, says, "Lady Mil- "banke is very agreeable, and has a charming, well-informed "daughter." With all her personal charms, virtues, and mental gifts, she shows, in many of her letters, a precision, formality, and self-complacency, which suggest the female pedant. Byron says of her that "she was governed by what she called fixed rules and "principles, squared mathematically" (Medwin, p. 60); at one time he used to speak of her as his "Princess of Parallelograms," and at a later period he called her his "Mathematical Medea."

Before Miss Milbanke met Byron, she had a lover in Augustus Foster, son of Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. The duchess, writing to her son, February 29, 1812, says that Mrs. George Lamb (?) would sound Miss Milbanke as to her feelings: "Caro means to see *la bella* Annabelle before she writes "to you. . . . I shall almost hate her if she is blind to the merits of "one who would make her so happy" (*The Two Duchesses*, p. 358). Apparently Mr. Foster's love was not returned. "She persists in "saying," writes the duchess, May 4, 1812 (*ibid.*, p. 362), "that "she never suspected your attachment to her; but she is so odd a "girl that, though she has for some time rather liked another, she

abhorrence of Blank Verse, I like the lines on Dermody [1] so much that I wish they were in rhyme. The lines in the Cave at Seaham have a turn of thought which I cannot sufficiently commend, and here I am at least candid as

"has decidedly refused them, because she thinks she ought to marry "a person with a good fortune; and this is partly, I believe, from "generosity to her parents, and partly owning that fortune is an "object to herself for happiness. In short, she is good, amiable, "and sensible, but cold, prudent, and reflecting. Lord Byron "makes up to her a little; but she don't seem to admire him except "as a poet, nor he her except for a wife." Again, June 2, 1812, she says, "Your Annabella is a mystery; liking, not liking; gene- "rous-minded, yet afraid of poverty; there is no making her out. "I hope you don't make yourself unhappy about her; she is really "an icicle."

Miss Milbanke's unaffected simplicity attracted Byron; even her coldness was a charm. When he came to know her, he probably found her not only agreeable, but the best woman he had ever met. Lady Melbourne, who knew him most intimately, and was also Miss Milbanke's aunt, may well have thought that, if her niece once gained control over Byron, her influence would be the making of his character. She encouraged the match by every means in her power. It is unnecessary to suppose that she did so to save Lady Caroline Lamb; that danger was over. At some time before the autumn of 1812, Byron proposed to Miss Milbanke, and was refused. He still, however, continued to correspond with her, and his *Journal* shows that his affection for her was steadily growing during the years 1813–14. In September, 1814, he proposed a second time, and was accepted.

Byron professed to believe (Medwin, p. 59) that Miss Milbanke was not in love with him. "I was the fashion when she first came "out; I had the character of being a great rake, and was a great "dandy—both of which young ladies like. She married me from "vanity, and the hope of reforming and fixing me." Byron was not the man to unbosom himself to Medwin on such a subject. Moore asked the same question—whether Lady Byron really loved Byron—of Lady Holland, who "seemed to think she must. 'He "was such a loveable person. I remember him (said she) sitting "there with that light upon him, looking so beautiful!'" (*Journals, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 324). The letters that will follow seem to show beyond all question that the marriage was one of true affection on both sides.

1. Thomas Dermody (1775–1802), a precocious Irish lad, whose dissipated habits weakened his mind and body, published poems in 1792, 1800, and 1802. His collected verses appeared in 1807 under the title of *The Harp of Erin*, edited by J. G. Raymond, who had published the previous year (1806) *The Life of Thomas Dermody* in two volumes.

my own opinions differ upon such subjects. The first stanza is very good indeed, and the others, with a few slight alterations, might be rendered equally excellent. The last are smooth and pretty. But these are all, has she no others? She certainly is a very extraordinary girl; who would imagine so much strength and variety of thought under that placid Countenance? It is not necessary for Miss M. to be an authoress, indeed I do not think publishing at all creditable either to men or women, and (though you will not believe me) very often feel ashamed of it myself; but I have no hesitation in saying that she has talents which, were it proper or requisite to indulge, would have led to distinction.

A friend of mine (fifty years old, and an author, but not *Rogers*) has just been here. As there is no name to the MSS. I shewed them to him, and he was much more enthusiastic in his praises than I have been. He thinks them beautiful; I shall content myself with observing that they are better, much better, than anything of Miss M.'s protegee (*sic*) Blacket. You will say as much of this to Miss M. as you think proper. I say all this very sincerely. I have no desire to be better acquainted with Miss Milbank; she is too good for a fallen spirit to know, and I should like her more if she were less perfect.

Believe me, yours ever most truly,

B.

236.—To Thomas Moore.

May 8, 1812.

I am too proud of being your friend, to care with whom I am linked in your estimation, and, God knows, I want friends more at this time than at any other. I am "taking care of myself" to no great purpose. If you

knew my situation in every point of view, you would excuse apparent and unintentional neglect. I shall leave town, I think; but do not you leave it without seeing me. I wish you, from my soul, every happiness you can wish yourself; and I think you have taken the road to secure it. Peace be with you! I fear she has abandoned me.

Ever, etc.

237.—To Thomas Moore.

May 20, 1812.

On Monday, after sitting up all night, I saw Bellingham launched into eternity,[1] and at three the same day I saw * * * launched into the country.

1. Bellingham, while engaged in the timber trade at Archangel, fancied himself wronged by the Russian Government, and the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Lord G. Leveson-Gower. Returning to England, he set up in Liverpool as an insurance broker, continuing to press his claims against Russia on the Ministry without success. On May 11, 1812, he shot Spencer Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, dead in the lobby of the House of Commons. Bellingham was hanged before Newgate on May 18. Byron took a window, says Moore (*Life*, p. 164), to see the execution. He "was accompanied on the occasion "by his old schoolfellows, Mr. Bailey and Mr. John Madocks. "They went together from some assembly, and, on their arriving at "the spot, about three o'clock in the morning, not finding the house "that was to receive them open, Mr. Madocks undertook to rouse "the inmates, while Lord Byron and Mr. Bailey sauntered, arm in "arm, up the street. During this interval, rather a painful scene "occurred. Seeing an unfortunate woman lying on the steps of a "door, Lord Byron, with some expression of compassion, offered her "a few shillings; but, instead of accepting them, she violently "pushed away his hand, and, starting up with a yell of laughter, "began to mimic the lameness of his gait. He did not utter a "word; but 'I could feel,' said Mr. Bailey, 'his arm trembling "within mine, as we left her.'"

In Byron's *Detached Thoughts* is an anecdote of Baillie, whose name is here misspelt by Moore:—"Baillie (commonly called "'Long' Baillie, a very clever man, but odd) complained in riding, "to our friend Scrope Davies, that he had a *stitch* in his side. 'I "don't wonder at it,' said Scrope, 'for you ride like a *tailor*.' "Whoever has seen B. on horseback, with his very tall figure on a "small nag, would not deny the justice of the repartee."

I believe, in the beginning of June, I shall be down for a few days in Notts. If so, I shall beat you up *en passant* with Hobhouse, who is endeavouring, like you and every body else, to keep me out of scrapes.

I meant to have written you a long letter, but I find I cannot. If any thing remarkable occurs, you will hear it from me—if good; if *bad*, there are plenty to tell it. In the mean time, do you be happy.

Ever yours, etc.

P.S.—My best wishes and respects to Mrs. Moore;—she is beautiful. I may say so even to you, for I was never more struck with a countenance.

238.—To Bernard Barton.[1]

8, St. James's St., June 1, 1812.

The most satisfactory answer to the concluding part of your letter is that Mr. Murray will republish your volume, if you still retain your inclination for the experiment, which I trust will be successful. Some weeks ago my friend Mr. Rogers showed me some of the stanzas in MS., and I then expressed my opinion of their merit, which a further perusal of the printed volume has given me no reason to revoke. I mention this, as it may not be disagreeable to you to learn that I entertained a very

1. Bernard Barton (1784–1849), the friend of Charles Lamb, and the Quaker poet, to whose *Poems and Letters* (1849) Edward FitzGerald prefixed a biographical introduction, published *Metrical Effusions* (1812), *Poems by an Amateur* (1817), *Poems* (1820), and several other works. He was for many years a clerk in a bank at Woodbridge, in Suffolk. Byron's advice to him was that of Lamb: "Keep to your bank, and your bank will keep you." Two letters, written by him to Byron in 1814, showing his admiration of the poet, and his appreciation of the generosity of his character, and part of the draft of Byron's answer, are given in Appendix IV.

favourable opinion of your powers, before I was aware that such sentiments were reciprocal.

Waiving your obliging expressions as to my own productions, for which I thank you very sincerely, and assure you that I think not lightly of the praise of one whose approbation is valuable, will you allow me to talk to you candidly, not critically, on the subject of yours? You will not suspect me of a wish to discourage, since I pointed out to the publisher the propriety of complying with your wishes. I think more highly of your poetical talents than it would, perhaps, gratify you to hear expressed, for I believe, from what I observe of your mind, that you are above flattery. To come to the point, you deserve success, but we know, before Addison wrote his *Cato*, that desert does not always command it. But, suppose it attained,—

> "You know what ills the author's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the *patron* and the jail."[1]

Do not renounce writing, but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a possession, retain it; it will be, like Prior's fellowship,[2] a last and sure resource. Compare Mr. Rogers with other authors of the day; assuredly he is amongst the first of living poets, but is it to that he owes his station in society, and his intimacy in the best circles? No, it is to his prudence and respectability; the world (a bad one, I own) courts him because he has no occasion to court it. He is a poet, nor is he less so because he was something more. I am not sorry to hear that you are not tempted by the vicinity of Capel

1. "There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."
Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 159.

2. Matthew Prior (1664–1721) became a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1688.

Loft, Esqre.,[1] though, if he had done for you what he has done for the Bloomfields, I should never have laughed at his rage for patronising. But a truly constituted mind will ever be independent. That you may be so is my sincere wish, and, if others think as well of your poetry as I do, you will have no cause to complain of your readers.

Believe me, etc.

239.—To Lord Holland.

June 25, 1812.

My dear Lord,—I must appear very ungrateful, and have, indeed, been very negligent, but till last night I was not apprised of Lady Holland's restoration, and I shall call to-morrow to have the satisfaction, I trust, of hearing that she is well.—I hope that neither politics nor gout have assailed your Lordship since I last saw you, and that you also are "as well as could be expected."

The other night, at a ball, I was presented by order to our gracious Regent, who honoured me with some conversation, and professed a predilection for poetry.[2]—I

1. For Capell Lofft and the Bloomfields, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 337, *notes* 1 and 2.

2. The ball was given in June, 1812, at Miss Johnson's (see *Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 212). In the words "predilec-" tion for poetry" Byron probably refers to the phrase in the Regent's letter to the Duke of York (February 13, 1812): "I have no pre-" dilections to indulge, no resentments to gratify." Moore, in the *Twopenny Post-bag*, twice fastens on the phrase. In "The Insur-" rection of the Papers," a dream suggested by Lord Castlereagh's speech—"It would be impossible for His Royal Highness to dis-" engage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that " encompassed it"—he writes—

> "But, oh, the basest of defections!
> His Letter about 'predilections'—
> His own dear Letter, void of grace,
> Now flew up in its parent's face!"

confess it was a most unexpected honour, and I thought of poor Brummell's[1] adventure, with some apprehension

And again, in the "Parody of a Celebrated Letter"—

> "I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
> My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
> Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,
> And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through."

1. The grandfather of Beau Brummell, who was in business in Bury Street, St. James's, also let lodgings. One of his lodgers, Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, obtained for his landlord's son, William Brummell, a clerkship in the Treasury. The Treasury clerk became so useful to Lord North that he obtained several lucrative offices; and, dying in 1794, left £65,000 in the hands of trustees for division among his three children. The youngest of these was George Bryan Brummell (1788–1840), the celebrated Beau.

George Brummell went from Eton to Oriel College, Oxford, where his undergraduate career is traced in "Trebeck," a character in Lister's *Granby* (1826). From Oxford Brummell entered the Tenth Hussars, a favourite regiment of the Prince of Wales. Well-built and well-mannered, possessed of admirable tact, witty and original in conversation, inexhaustible in good temper and good stories, a master of impudence and banter, the new cornet made himself so agreeable to the prince that, at the latter's marriage, Brummell attended him, both at St. James's and to Windsor, as "a kind of *chevalier d'honneur*." In 1798 Brummell left the army with the rank of captain. A year later he came of age, and settled at 4, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair.

On his intimacy with the Prince Regent, Brummell founded the extraordinary position which he achieved in society. Fashion was in those days a power; and he was its dictator—the oracle, both for men and women, of taste, manners, and dress. His ascendency rested in some degree on solid foundations. He was not a mere fop, but conspicuous for the quiet neatness of his dress—for "a certain exquisite propriety," as Byron described it to Leigh Hunt—and, at a time when the opposite was common, for the scrupulous cleanliness of his person and his linen. An excellent dancer, clever at *vers de société*, an agreeable singer, a talented artist, a judge of china, buhl, and other objects of *virtù*, a collector of snuff-boxes, a connoisseur in canes, he had gifts which might have raised him above the Bond Street *flaneur*, or the idler at Watier's Club. Well-read in a desultory fashion, he wrote verses which were not without merit in their class. The following are the first and last stanzas of *The Butterfly's Funeral*, a poem which was suggested by Mrs. Dorset's *Peacock at Home* and Roscoe's *Butterfly's Ball*:—

> "Oh ye! who so lately were blythsome and gay,
> At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away;

of a similar blunder. I have now great hope, in the event of Mr. Pye's [2] decease, of "warbling truth at court,"

> Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
> For the soul of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead!
> * * * * *
> And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
> And the lily discover her bosom of snow;
> While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
> Still mourning his friend, shall the grasshopper sing."

In the days of his prosperity (1799–1816), Brummell knew everybody to whose acquaintance he condescended. His Album, in which he collected 226 pieces of poetry, many by himself, others by celebrities of the day, is a curious proof of his popularity. It contains contributions from such persons as the Duchess of Devonshire, Erskine, Lord John Townshend, Sheridan, General Fitzpatrick, William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne) and his brother George, and Byron. Lady Hester Stanhope (*Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 280–283) knew him well. She describes him "riding in Bond "Street, with his bridle between his fore-finger and thumb, as if he "held a pinch of snuff;" gives many instances of his audacious effrontery, and yet concludes that "the man was no fool," and that she "should like to see him again."

The story that Brummell told the Prince Regent to ring the bell was denied by him. A more probable version of the story is given in Jesse's *Life of Beau Brummell* (vol. i. p. 255), "that one even-"ing, when Brummell and Lord Moira were engaged in earnest "conversation at Carlton House, the prince requested the former to "ring the bell, and that he replied without reflection, 'Your Royal "Highness is close to it,' upon which the prince rang the bell and "ordered his friend's carriage, but that Lord Moira's intervention "caused the unintentional liberty to be overlooked." The rupture between them is attributed by Jesse to Mrs. Fitzherbert's influence. Whatever the cause, the prince cut his former friend. A short time afterwards, Brummell, walking with Lord Alvanley, met the prince leaning on the arm of Lord Moira. As the prince, who stopped to speak to Lord Alvanley, was moving on, Brummell said to his companion, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" In the *Twopenny Post-bag* Moore makes the Regent say, in the "Parody of a Celebrated "Letter"—

> "Neither have I resentments, or wish there should come ill
> To mortal—except, now I think on it, Beau Brummell,
> Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
> To cut me, and bring the old king into fashion."

Brummell's position withstood the loss of the Regent's friendship. He became one of the most frequent visitors to the Duke and Duchess of York, at Oatlands Park (*Journal of T. Raikes*, vol. i. p. 146); and his friendship with the duchess lasted till her death.

like Mr. Mallet[8] of indifferent memory.—Consider, one hundred marks a year! besides the wine and the disgrace;

He was ruined by gambling at Watier's Club, of which he was perpetual president. This club, which was in Piccadilly, at the corner of Bolton Street, was originally founded, in 1807, by Lord Headfort, John Madocks, and other young men, for musical gatherings. But glees and snatches soon gave way to superlative dinners and gambling at macao. Byron, Moore, and William Spencer belonged to Watier's—the only men of letters admitted within its precincts. From 1814 to 1816 Brummell lost heavily; he could obtain no further supplies, and was completely ruined. In his distress he wrote to Scrope Davies, in May, 1816—

"My dear Scrope,—Lend me two hundred pounds; the banks "are shut, and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall "be repaid to-morrow morning.

"Yours,
"George Brummell."

The reply illustrates Byron's remark that "Scrope Davies is a "wit, and a man of the world, and feels as much as such a cha-"racter can do."

"My dear George,—'Tis very unfortunate, but all my money "is in the three per cents.

"Yours,
"S. Davies."

On May 17, "obliged," says Byron (*Detached Thoughts*), "by "that affair of poor Meyler, who thence acquired the name of "'Dick the Dandykiller'—(it was about money and debt and all "that)—to retire to France," Brummell took flight to Dover, and crossed to Calais. Watier's Club died a natural death, in 1819, from the ruin of most of its members.

Amongst Brummell's effects at Chesterfield Street was a screen which he was making for the Duchess of York. The sixth panel was occupied by Byron and Napoleon, placed opposite each other; the former, surrounded with flowers, had a wasp in his throat (Jesse's *Life*, vol. i. p. 361). At Calais Brummell bought a French grammar to study the language. When Scrope Davies was asked, says Byron (*Detached Thoughts*), "what progress Brummell had "made in French, he responded 'that Brummell had been stopped, "like Buonaparte in Russia, by the *Elements*.' I have put this "pun into *Beppo*, which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery;' for "Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself) "by repeating occasionally as his own some of the buffooneries with "which I had encountered him in the morning."

Brummell died, in 1840, at Caen, after making acquaintance with the inside of the debtor's prison in that town—imbecile, and in the asylum of the *Bon Sauveur*. He is buried in the Protestant cemetery

but then remorse would make me drown myself in my own butt before the year's end, or the finishing of my first dithyrambic.—So that, after all, I shall not meditate our laureate's death by pen or poison.

Will you present my best respects to Lady Holland? and believe me, hers and yours very sincerely

240.—To Professor Clarke.[4]

St. James's Street, June 26, 1812.

Will you accept my very sincere congratulations on your second volume, wherein I have retraced some of my

of Caen. France has raised a more lasting monument to his fame in Barbey d'Aurevilly's *Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummell* (1845).

2. Henry James Pye (1745–1813) was, from 1790 to his death, poet laureate, in which post he succeeded Thomas Warton, and was followed by Southey. Mathias, in the *Pursuits of Literature* (Dialogue ii. lines 69, 70), says—

> "With Spartan Pye lull England to repose,
> Or frighten children with Lenora's woes;"

and again (*ibid.*, lines 79, 80)—

> "Why should I faint when all with patience hear,
> And laureat Pye sings more than twice a year?"

His birthday odes were so full of "vocal groves and feathered "choirs," that George Steevens broke out with the lines—

> "When the *pie* was opened," etc.

Pye's *magnum opus* was *Alfred* (1801), an epic poem in six books.

3. David Mallet, or Malloch (1705–1765), is best known for his ballad of *William and Margaret*, his unsubstantiated claim to the authorship of *Rule, Britannia*, and his edition of Bolingbroke's works. He was appointed, in 1742, under-secretary to Frederick, Prince of Wales.

4. Edward Daniel Clarke (1769–1822), appointed Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge, in 1808, was the rival whose travels Hobhouse was anxious to anticipate. He is described by Miss Edgeworth, in 1813 (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 205), as "a little, square, "pale, flat-faced, good-natured-looking, fussy man, with very intel-"ligent eyes, yet great credulity of countenance, and still greater "benevolence." Byron met Clarke at Cambridge in November, 1811, discussed Greece with him, and was relieved to find that he knew "no Romaic." Clarke was an indefatigable traveller, and, as he was a botanist, mineralogist, antiquary, and numismatist, he

old paths, adorned by you so beautifully, that they afford me double delight? The part which pleases me best,

made good use of his opportunities. The marbles, including the Eleusinian Ceres, which he brought home, are in the Fitzwilliam Museum. His mineralogical collections were purchased, after his death, by the University of Cambridge; and his coins by Payne Knight. His *Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa* appeared at intervals, from 1810 to 1823, in six quarto volumes. The following letter was written by Clarke to Byron, after the appearance of *Childe Harold*:—

"Trumpington, Wednesday morning.

"DEAR LORD BYRON,—From the eagerness which I felt to make "known my opinions of your poem before others had expressed *any* "upon the subject, I waited upon you to deliver my hasty, although "hearty, commendation. If it be worthy your acceptance, take it "once more, in a more deliberate form! Upon my arrival in town "I found that Mathias entirely coincided with me. 'Surely,' said "I to him, 'Lord Byron, at this time of life, cannot have experienced "such keen anguish as those exquisite allusions to what older men "*may* have felt seem to denote!' This was his answer: '*I fear he* "*has—he could not else have written such a poem.*' This morning I "read the second canto with all the attention it so highly merits, in "the peace and stillness of my study; and I am ready to confess I "was never so much affected by any poem, passionately fond of "poetry as I have been from my earliest youth. . . .

"The eighth stanza, '*Yet if as holiest men*,' etc., has never been "surpassed. In the twenty-third, the sentiment is at variance with "Dryden—

"'Strange cozenage! *none* would live past years again.'

"And it is perhaps an instance wherein, for the first time, I found "not within my own breast an echo to your thought, for I would "not '*be once more a boy;*' but the generality of men will agree "with you, and wish to tread life's path again.

"In the twelfth stanza of the same canto, you might really add a "very curious note to these lines—

"'Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,'

"by stating this fact: When the last of the Metopes was taken "from the Parthenon, and, in moving it, great part of the super- "structure with one of the triglyphs, was thrown down by the work- "men whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the "mischief done to the building, took his pipe out of his mouth, "dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to "Lusieri—Τέλος! I was present at the time.

"Once more I thank you for the gratification you have afforded me.

"Believe me, ever yours most truly,

"E. D. CLARKE."

after all, is the preface, because it tells me you have not yet closed labours, to yourself not unprofitable, nor without gratification, for what is so pleasing as to give pleasure? I have sent my copy to Sir Sidney Smith, who will derive much gratification from your anecdotes of Djezzar,[1] his "energetic old man." I doat upon the Druses; but who the deuce are they with their Pantheism? I shall never be easy till I ask *them* the question. How much you have traversed! I must resume my seven leagued boots and journey to Palestine, which your description mortifies me not to have seen more than ever. I still sigh for the Ægean. Shall not you always love its bluest of all waves, and brightest of all skies? You have awakened all the gipsy in me. I long to be restless again, and wandering; see what mischief you do, you won't allow gentlemen to settle quietly at home. I will not wish you success and fame, for you have both, but all the happiness which even these cannot always give.

241.—To Walter Scott.[2]

St. James's Street, July 6, 1812.

Sir,—I have just been honoured with your letter.—I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while

1. In Clarke's *Travels* (Part II. sect. i. chap. xii., "Greece, "Egypt, and the Holy Land") will be found an account of Djezzar Pasha, who fortified Acre in 1775, and, with Sir Sidney Smith, defended it against Buonaparte, March 16 to May 20, 1799. Clarke (*ibid.*) mentions the Druses detained by Djezzar as hostages.

2. The correspondence which begins with this letter laid the foundation of a firm friendship between the two poets. Scott was naturally annoyed by the attack upon him in *English Bards, etc.* (lines 171–174), made by "a young whelp of a Lord Byron." Though *Childe Harold* seemed to him "a clever poem," it did not raise his opinion of Byron's character. Murray, hoping to heal the breach between them, wrote to Scott, June 27, 1812 (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 213), giving Byron's account of the conversation

to notice the "evil works of my nonage," as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind

with the Prince Regent. "But the Prince's great delight," says Murray, "was Walter Scott, whose name and writings he dwelt "upon and recurred to incessantly. He preferred him far beyond "any other poet of the time, repeated several passages with fervour, "and criticized them faithfully. . . . Lord Byron called upon me, "merely to let off the raptures of the Prince respecting you, "thinking, as he said, that if I were likely to have occasion to "write to you, it might not be ungrateful for you to hear of his "praises."

Scott's answer (July 2) enclosed the following letter from himself to Byron :—

"Edinburgh, July 3d, 1812.

"My Lord,—I am uncertain if I ought to profit by the apology "which is afforded me, by a very obliging communication from our "acquaintance, John Murray, of Fleet Street, to give your Lordship "the present trouble. But my intrusion concerns a large debt of "gratitude due to your Lordship, and a much less important one "of explanation, which I think I owe to myself, as I dislike "standing low in the opinion of any person whose talents rank so "highly in my own, as your Lordship's most deservedly do.

"The first *count*, as our technical language expresses it, relates to "the high pleasure I have received from the *Pilgrimage of Childe "Harold*, and from its precursors; the former, with all its classical "associations, some of which are lost on so poor a scholar as I am, "possesses the additional charm of vivid and animated description, "mingled with original sentiment; but besides this debt, which I "owe your Lordship in common with the rest of the reading public, "I have to acknowledge my particular thanks for your having "distinguished by praise, in the work which your Lordship rather "dedicated in general to satire, some of my own literary attempts. "And this leads me to put your Lordship right in the circumstances "respecting the sale of *Marmion*, which had reached you in a "distorted and misrepresented form, and which, perhaps, I have "some reason to complain, were given to the public without more "particular inquiry. The poem, my Lord, was *not* written upon "contract for a sum of money—though it is too true that it was sold "and published in a very unfinished state (which I have since "regretted), to enable me to extricate myself from some engage-"ments which fell suddenly upon me by the unexpected misfortunes "of a very near relation. So that, to quote statute and precedent, "I really come under the case cited by Juvenal, though not quite in "the extremity of the classic author——

"'Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.'

"And so much for a mistake, into which your Lordship might "easily fall, especially as I generally find it the easiest way of "stopping sentimental compliments on the beauty, etc., of certain

not to give me pain. The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying

"poetry, and the delights which the author must have taken in the "composition, by assigning the readiest reason that will cut the "discourse short, upon a subject where one must appear either "conceited or affectedly rude and cynical.

"As for my attachment to literature, I sacrificed for the pleasure "of pursuing it very fair chances of opulence and professional "honours, at a time of life when I fully knew their value; and I am "not ashamed to say, that in deriving advantages in compensation "from the partial favour of the public, I have added some comforts "and elegancies to a bare independence. I am sure your Lordship's "good sense will easily put this unimportant egotism to the right "account, for—though I do not know the motive would make me "enter into controversy with a fair or an *unfair* literary critic—I "may be well excused for a wish to clear my personal character "from any tinge of mercenary or sordid feeling in the eyes of a "contemporary of genius. Your Lordship will likewise permit me "to add that you would have escaped the trouble of this explanation, "had I not understood that the satire alluded to had been suppressed, "not to be reprinted. For in removing a prejudice on your "Lordship's own mind, I had no intention of making any appeal by "or through you to the public, since my own habits of life have "rendered my defence as to avarice or rapacity rather too easy.

"Leaving this foolish matter where it lies, I have to request your "Lordship's acceptance of my best thanks for the flattering "communication which you took the trouble to make Mr. Murray "on my behalf, and which could not fail to give me the gratification "which I am sure you intended. I dare say our worthy bibliopolist "overcoloured his report of your Lordship's conversation with the "Prince Regent, but I owe my thanks to him nevertheless, for the "excuse he has given me for intruding these pages on your Lordship. "Wishing you health, spirit, and perseverance, to continue your "pilgrimage through the interesting countries which you have still "to pass with *Childe Harold*, I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"P.S.—Will your Lordship permit me a verbal criticism on "*Childe Harold*, were it only to show I have read his Pilgrimage "with attention? *Nuestra Dama de la Pena* means, I suspect, not "our Lady of Crime or Punishment, but our Lady of the Cliff; the "difference is, I believe, merely in the accentuation of *peña*."

To Scott Byron replied with the letter given in the text. Scott's answer, which followed in due course, will be found in Appendix V.

The Prince Regent, it may be added, showed his appreciation of Scott's poetry by offering him, on the death of Pye, the post of poet laureate. Scott refused, on the ground, apparently, that the office had been made ridiculous by the previous holder. "At the time

my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities: he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the *Lay*. He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *Princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*. He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks[1] and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living *gentleman*.[2]

"when Scott and Byron were the two *lions* of London, Hookham "Frere observed, 'Great poets formerly (Homer and Milton) were "blind; now they are lame'" (*Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, p. 194).

1. The Turkish ambassador and suite were at the ball.

2. Byron had already written his "Stanzas to a Lady Weeping," suggested by the rumour that Princess Charlotte had burst into tears, on being told that there would be no change of Ministry

This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, "no business there." To be thus praised by your Sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey.

242.—To Lady Caroline Lamb.

[August, 1812?]

MY DEAREST CAROLINE,[1]—If tears which you saw and know I am not apt to shed,—if the agitation in which

when the Prince of Wales assumed the Regency. They appeared anonymously in the *Morning Chronicle* for March 7, 1812, under the title of a "Sympathetic *Address* to a Young Lady." They were published, as Byron's work, with *The Corsair*, in February, 1814. The verses rather betray the influence of Moore than express his own feelings at the time. In *Don Juan* (Canto XII. stanza lxxxiv.) he thus speaks of the Regent—

> "There, too, he saw (whate'er he may be now)
> A Prince, the prince of princes at the time,
> With fascination in his very bow,
> And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
> Though royalty was written on his brow,
> He had *then* the grace, too, rare in every clime,
> Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
> A finish'd gentleman from top to toe."

Dallas found him, shortly after his introduction to the prince, "in a "full-dress court suit of clothes, with his fine black hair in powder," prepared to attend a levee. But the levee was put off, and the subsequent avowal of the authorship of the stanzas rendered it impossible for him to go (*Recollections*, p. 234).

1. Lady Caroline's infatuation for Byron, expressed in various

I parted from you,—agitation which you must have perceived through the *whole* of this most *nervous* affair,

ways—once (in July, 1813) by a self-inflicted stab with a table-knife, or a broken glass—became the talk of society. "Your little friend, "Caro William," writes the Duchess of Devonshire, May 4, 1812, "as usual, is doing all sorts of imprudent things for him and with "him." Again she writes, six days later, of Byron: "The ladies, "I hear, spoil him, and the gentlemen are jealous of him. He "is going back to Naxos, and then the husbands may sleep in "peace. I should not be surprised if Caro William were to go "with him, she is so wild and imprudent" (*The Two Duchesses*, pp. 362, 364). But Lady Caroline's extravagant adoration wearied Byron, who felt that it made him ridiculous; Lady Melbourne gave him sound advice about her daughter-in-law; and he was growing attached to Miss Milbanke, and, when rejected by her, at first to Lady Oxford, and later to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster. When Lady Bessborough endeavoured to persuade her daughter to leave London for Ireland, Lady Caroline is said to have forced herself into Byron's room, and implored him to fly with her. Byron refused, conducted her back to Melbourne House, wrote her the letter printed above, and, as she herself admits, kept the secret. In December, 1812, Lady Caroline burned Byron in effigy, with "his book, ring, and chain," at Brocket Hall. The lines which she wrote for the ceremony are preserved in Mrs. Leigh's handwriting, and given in Appendix III., 2.

From Ireland Lady Caroline continued the siege, threatening to follow him into Herefordshire, demanding interviews, and writing about him to Lady Oxford. At length Byron sent her the letter, probably in November, 1812, which she professes to publish in *Glenarvon* (vol. iii. chap. ix.). The words are acknowledged by Byron to have formed part at least of the real document, which is here quoted as printed in the novel:—

"Mortanville Priory, November the 9th.

"LADY AVONDALE,—I am no longer your lover; and since you "oblige me to confess it, by this truly unfeminine persecution, . . . "learn, that I am attached to another; whose name it would, of "course, be dishonourable to mention. I shall ever remember with "gratitude the many instances I have received of the predilection "you have shown in my favour. I shall ever continue your friend, "if your ladyship will permit me so to style myself; and, as a first "proof of my regard, I offer you this advice, correct your vanity, "which is ridiculous; exert your absurd caprices upon others; and "leave me in peace.

"Your most obedient servant,

"GLENARVON."

The first effect of this letter and her unrequited passion was, as she told Lady Morgan, to deprive her temporarily of reason, and it may be added that, when she was a child, her grandmother was so

Lady Caroline Lamb

[illegible]

did not commence until the moment of leaving you approached,—if all I have said and done, and am still but too ready to say and do, have not sufficiently proved what my real feelings are, and must ever be

alarmed by her eccentricities as to consult a doctor on the state of her mind. The second effect was to render her temper so ungovernable that William Lamb decided on a separation. All preliminaries were arranged; the solicitor arrived with the documents; but the old charm reasserted itself, and she was found seated by her husband, "feeding him with tiny scraps of transparent bread and butter" (Torrens, *Memoirs of Lord Melbourne*, vol. i. p. 112). The separation did not take place till 1825.

Throughout 1812–14 Lady Caroline continued to write to Byron, at first asking for interviews. Two of her last letters to him, written apparently on the eve of his leaving England, in 1816, are worth printing, though they increase the mystery of *Glenarvon*. (See Appendix III., 4 and 5.)

In Isaac Nathan's *Fugitive Pieces* (1829), a section is devoted to "Poetical Effusions, Letters, Anecdotes, and Recollections of Lady "Caroline Lamb."

Lady Caroline wrote three novels: *Glenarvon* (1816); *Graham Hamilton* (1822); and *Ada Reis; a Tale* (1823). *Glenarvon*, apart from its biographical interest, is unreadable. "I do not know," writes C. Lemon to Lady H. Frampton (*Journal of Mary Frampton*, pp. 286, 287), "all the characters in *Glenarvon*, but I "will tell you all I do know. I am not surprised at your being "struck with a few detached passages; but before you have read "one volume, I think you will doubt at which end of the book "you began. There is no connection between any two ideas "in the book, and it seems to me to have been written as the "sages of Laputa composed their works. 'Glenarvon' is Lord "Byron; 'Lady Augusta,' the late Duchess of Devonshire; 'Lady "Mandeville'—I think it is Lady Mandeville, but the lady who "dictated Glenarvon's farewell letter to Calantha—is Lady Oxford. "This letter she really dictated to Lord Byron to send to Lady "Caroline Lamb, and is now very much offended that she has "treated the matter so lightly as to introduce it into her book. "The best character in it is the 'Princess of Madagascar' (Lady "Holland), with all her Reviewers about her. The young Duke "of Devonshire is in the book, but I forget under what name. I "need not say that the heroine is Lady Caroline's own self."

In July, 1824, she was out riding, when she accidentally met Byron's funeral on its way to Newstead. "I am sure," she wrote to Murray, July 13, 1824, "I am very sorry I ever said one unkind "word against him." Her mind never recovered the shock, and she died in January, 1828, in the presence of her husband, at Melbourne House. (See also Appendix III., 6.)

towards you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows, I wish you happy, and when I quit you, or rather you, from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other in word or deed, shall ever hold the place in my affections, which is, and shall be, most sacred to you, till I am nothing. I never knew till *that moment* the *madness* of my dearest and most beloved friend; I cannot express myself; this is no time for words, but I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure, in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. I am about to go out with a heavy heart, because my appearing this evening will stop any absurd story which the event of the day might give rise to. Do you think *now* I am *cold* and *stern* and *artful?* Will even *others* think so? Will your *mother* ever—that mother to whom we must indeed sacrifice much, more, much more on my part than she shall ever know or can imagine? "Promise not to love you!" ah, Caroline, it is past promising. But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive, and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than can ever be known but to my own heart,—perhaps to yours. May God protect, forgive, and bless you. Ever, and even more than ever,

Your most attached,

BYRON.

P.S.—These taunts which have driven you to this, my dearest Caroline, were it not for your mother and the kindness of your connections, is there anything on earth or heaven that would have made me so happy as to have made you mine long ago? and not less *now* than *then*, but *more* than ever at this time. You know I would with

pleasure give up all here and all beyond the grave for you, and in refraining from this, must my motives be misunderstood? I care not who knows this, what use is made of it,—it is to *you* and to *you* only that they are *yourself* (*sic*). I was and am yours freely and most entirely, to obey, to honour, love,—and fly with you when, where, and how you yourself *might* and *may* determine.

243. —To John Murray.

High Street, Cheltenham, Sept. 5, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—Pray have the goodness to send those despatches, and a No. of the *E. R.* with the rest. I hope you have written to Mr. Thompson, thanked him in my name for his present, and told him that I shall be truly happy to comply with his request.—How do you go on? and when is the graven image, "with *bays* "*and wicked rhyme upon't*," to grace, or disgrace, some of our tardy editions?

Send me "*Rokeby*,"[1] who the deuce is he?—no matter, he has good connections, and will be well introduced. I thank you for your inquiries: I am so so, but

1. *Rokeby*, completed December 31, 1812, was published in the following year, with a dedication to John Morritt, to whom Rokeby belonged. It was, as Scott admits in the Preface to the edition of 1830, comparatively a failure. In the popularity of Byron he finds the chief cause of the small success which his poem obtained. "To "have kept his ground at the crisis when *Rokeby* appeared," he writes, "its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and "to have possessed all his original advantages, for a mighty and "unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in "poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity, in "which the present writer had hitherto preceded better men than "himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, "who, after a little velitation of no great promise, now appeared "as a serious candidate, in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*." On this rivalry Byron wrote the passage in his Diary for November 17, 1813. A further cause for the cold reception of *Rokeby* was

my thermometer is sadly below the poetical point. What will you give *me* or *mine* for a poem [1] of six cantos, (*when complete—no* rhyme, *no* recompense,) as like the last two as I can make them? I have some ideas which one day may be embodied, and till winter I shall have much leisure.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

P.S.—My last question is in the true style of Grub Street; but, like *Jeremy Diddler*,[2] I only "ask for infor-"mation."—Send me Adair on *Diet and Regimen*, just republished by Ridgway.[3]

its inferiority both to the *Lay* and to *Marmion*. In Letter vii. of the *Twopenny Post-bag*, Moore writes thus of *Rokeby*—

"Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a Scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the *Row*)
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few Villas before Sc—tt approaches—
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn Abbey."

1. *The Giaour*, published in 1813, for which Murray paid, not Byron, but Dallas, 500 guineas.

2. Kenney's *Raising the Wind*, act i. sc. 1—

"*Diddler.* O Sam, you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you?

"*Sam.* Yes. *And I mean to keep it about me, you see.*

"*Diddler.* Oh, aye, certainly. I only asked for information."

3. James MacKittrick (1728–1802), who assumed the name of Adair, published, in 1804, *An Essay on Diet and Regimen, as indispensable to the Recovery and Preservation of Firm Health, especially to Indolent, Studious, Delicate and Invalid; with appropriate cases.*

244.—To Lord Holland.

Cheltenham, September 10, 1812.

My dear Lord,—The lines which I sketched off on your hint are still, or rather *were*, in an unfinished state, for I have just committed them to a flame more decisive than that of Drury.[1] Under all the circumstances, I should hardly wish a contest with Philodrama—Philo-Drury—Asbestos, H * *, and all the anonymes and synonymes of Committee candidates. Seriously, I think you have a chance of something much better; for prologuising is not my forte, and, at all events, either my pride or my modesty won't let me incur the hazard of having my rhymes buried in next month's Magazine, under "Essays on the Murder of Mr. Perceval," and "Cures

1. Drury Lane Theatre was reopened, after the fire of February 24, 1809, on Saturday, October 10, 1812. In the previous August the following advertisement was issued :—

"*Rebuilding of Drury-Lane Theatre.*

"The Committee are desirous of promoting a fair and free "competition for an Address, to be spoken upon the opening of the "Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next: "They have therefore thought fit to announce to the Public, that "they will be glad to receive any such Compositions, addressed to "their Secretary at the Treasury Office in Drury Lane, on or before "the 10th of September, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, "number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription, "on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the Author, "which will not be opened, unless containing the name of the "successful Candidate.

"Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane,
"August 13, 1812.

"Owing to an accidental delay in the publication of the above "Advertisement, the Committee have thought proper to extend the "time for receiving Addresses, from the last day of August to the "10th of September."

Byron, on the suggestion of Lord Holland, intended to send in an *Address* in competition with other similar productions. He afterwards changed his mind, and refused to compete. After all the *Addresses* had been received and rejected, the Committee applied to him to write an *Address*. This he consented to do.

"for the Bite of a Mad Dog," as poor Goldsmith complained of the fate of far superior performances.[1]

I am still sufficiently interested to wish to know the successful candidate; and, amongst so many, I have no doubt some will be excellent, particularly in an age when writing verse is the easiest of all attainments.

I cannot answer your intelligence with the "like com-"fort," unless, as you are deeply theatrical, you may wish to hear of Mr. Betty,[2] whose acting is, I fear, utterly inadequate to the London engagement into which the managers of Covent Garden have lately entered. His figure is fat, his features flat, his voice unmanageable, his action ungraceful, and, as Diggory[3] says, "I defy him to "*ex*tort that damned muffin face of his into madness." I was very sorry to see him in the character of the "Ele-"phant on the slack rope;" for, when I last saw him, I was in raptures with his performance. But then I was sixteen—an age to which all London condescended to subside. After all, much better judges have admired, and may again; but I venture to "prognosticate a pro-"phecy" (see the *Courier*) that he will not succeed.

So, poor dear Rogers has stuck fast on "the brow of "the mighty Helvellyn"[4]—I hope not for ever. My best

1. "The public were more importantly employed, than to observe "the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. "Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were "buried among the essays upon liberty, Eastern tales, and cures for "the bite of a mad dog."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xx.

2. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 63, *note* 2.

3. "Diggory," one of Liston's parts, a character in Jackman's *All the World's a Stage*, asks (act i. sc. 2), "But how can you extort "that damned pudding-face of yours to madness?"

4. Rogers had gone for a tour in the North. Byron alludes to Scott's poem *Helvellyn*—

"I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," etc., etc.

The poem was occasioned, as Scott's note states, by the death of "a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition," who was killed on the mountain in 1805.

respects to Lady H.:—her departure, with that of my other friends, was a sad event for me, now reduced to a state of the most cynical solitude. "By the waters of "Cheltenham I sat down and *drank*, when I remembered "thee, oh Georgiana Cottage! As for our *harps*, we "hanged them up upon the willows that grew thereby. "Then they said, Sing us a song of Drury Lane," etc.; —but I am dumb and dreary as the Israelites. The waters have disordered me to my heart's content—you *were* right, as you always are.

Believe me, ever your obliged and affectionate servant,

BYRON.

245.—To John Murray.

Cheltenham, Sept. 14, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—The parcels contained some letters and verses, all (but one) anonymous and complimentary, and very anxious for my conversion from certain infidelities into which my good-natured correspondents conceive me to have fallen. The books were presents of a *convertible* kind also,—*Christian Knowledge* and the *Bioscope*,[1] a religious Dial of Life explained:—to the author of the former (Cadell, publisher,) I beg you will forward my best thanks for his letter, his present, and, above all, his good intentions. The *Bioscope* contained an MS. copy of very excellent verses, from whom I know not, but evidently the composition of some one in the habit of writing, and of writing well. I do not know if he be the author of the *Bioscope* which accompanied them; but whoever he

1. Granville Penn (1761–1844) was the author of numerous works on religious subjects. *The Bioscope, or Dial of Life Explained* appeared in 1812. The other work referred to by Byron is probably Penn's *Christian's Survey of all the Primary Events and Periods of the World* (1811), of which a second edition was published in 1812.

is, if you can discover him, thank him from me most heartily. The other letters were from ladies, who are welcome to convert me when they please; and if I can discover them, and they be young, as they say they are, I could convince them perhaps of my devotion. I had also a letter from Mr. Walpole on matters of this world, which I have answered.

So you are Lucien's publisher![1] I am promised an interview with him, and think I shall ask *you* for a letter of introduction, as "the gods have made him poetical." From whom could it come with a better grace than from *his* publisher and mine? Is it not somewhat treasonable in you to have to do with a relative of the "direful foe," as the *Morning Post* calls his brother?

But my book on *Diet and Regimen*, where is it? I thirst for Scott's *Rokeby;* let me have ye first-begotten copy. The *Anti-jacobin Review*[2] is all very well, and not a bit worse than the *Quarterly*, and at least less harmless. By the by, have you secured my books? I want all the Reviews, at least the Critiques, quarterly, monthly, etc., Portuguese and English, extracted, and bound up in one volume for my *old age;* and pray, sort my Romaic books, and get the volumes lent to Mr. Hobhouse—he has had them now a long time. If any thing occurs, you will favour me with a line, and in winter we shall be nearer neighbours.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I was applied to to write the *Address* for Drury

1. Lucien Buonaparte (1775–1840), Prince of Canino, since 1810 a landed proprietor in Shropshire, wrote an epic poem, *Charlemagne, ou l'Église délivrée.* It was translated (1815) by Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury and Francis Hodgson.

2. *The Anti-Jacobin Review* criticized *Childe Harold* in August, 1812; the *Quarterly*, in March, 1812.

Lane, but the moment I heard of the contest, I gave up the idea of contending against all Grub Street, and threw a few thoughts on the subject into the fire. I did this out of respect to you, being sure you would have turned off any of your authors who had entered the lists with such scurvy competitors; to triumph would have been no glory, and to have been defeated—'sdeath!—I would have choked myself, like Otway, with a quartern loaf;[1] so, remember I had, and have, nothing to do with it, upon *my Honour!*

246.—To Lord Holland.

September 22, 1812.

My dear Lord,—In a day or two I will send you something which you will still have the liberty to reject if you dislike it. I should like to have had more time, but will do my best,—but too happy if I can oblige *you*, though I may offend a hundred scribblers and the discerning public.

Ever yours.

Keep *my name* a *secret;* or I shall be beset by all the rejected, and, perhaps, damned by a party.

247.—To Lord Holland.

Cheltenham, September 23, 1812.

Ecco!—I have marked some passages with *double* readings—choose between them—*cut—add—reject*—or

1. Otway died April, 1685, at the age of thirty-three, from a fever contracted by drinking water when heated by running after an assassin (Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 44). Theophilus Cibber (*Lives of the Poets*, ed. 1753, vol. ii. pp. 333, 334) gives another account of his death, viz. that he begged a shilling of a gentleman, and, being given a guinea, bought a roll, with which he was choked.

destroy—do with them as you will—I leave it to you and the Committee—you cannot say so called "a *non commit-* "*tendo*." What will *they* do (and I do) with the hundred and one rejected Troubadours?[1] "With trumpets, yea, "and with shawms," will you be assailed in the most diabolical doggerel. I wish my name not to transpire till the day is decided. I shall not be in town, so it won't much matter; but let us have a *good deliverer*. I think Elliston[2] should be the man, or Pope;[3] *not* Raymond,[4] I implore you, by the love of Rhythmus!

1. The genuine rejected addresses were advertised for by B. McMillan, of Bow Street, Covent Garden, and forty-two of them were published by him in November, 1812, with the following title: *The Genuine Rejected Addresses presented to the Committee of Management for Drury Lane Theatre; preceded by that written by Lord Byron and adopted by the Committee.*

The youngest competitor was "Anna, a young lady in the "fifteenth year of her age."

The actual number sent in was 112, and sixty-nine of the competitors invoked the Phœnix. Among the competitors were Peter Pindar, whose *Address* was printed in 1813; Whitbread, the manager, who gave the "poulterer's description" of the Phœnix; and Horace Smith, who published his *Address without a Phœnix*, By S.T.P., in *Rejected Addresses*.

2. Robert William Elliston (1774–1831), according to Genest (*English Stage*, vol. ix. p. 338), made his first appearance at Bath in April, 1791, as "Tressel" in *Richard III.*, and from 1796 to 1803 Bath remained his head-quarters. An excellent actor both in tragedy and comedy, he became in 1803 a member of the Haymarket Company. From 1804 to 1809, and again from 1812 to 1815, he acted at Drury Lane. Byron's Prologue was spoken by him on October 10, 1812, at the reopening of the new theatre. It was at Drury Lane in April, 1821, while he was lessee (1819–26), that Byron's *Marino Faliero* was acted. His last appearance was as "Sheva" in *The Jew*, at the Surrey Theatre, of which (1826–31) he was lessee. In spite of his drunken habits, he won the enthusiastic praise of Charles Lamb as the "joyousest of once embodied "spirits" (see *Essays of Elia*, "To the Shade of Elliston" and "Ellistoniana").

3. Alexander Pope (1763–1835), miniaturist, *gourmand*, and actor, was for years the principal tragedian at Covent Garden. Opinion was divided as to his merits as an actor. He owed much to his voice, which had a "mellow richness . . . superior to any other performer "on the stage." Genest, who quotes the above (vol. ix. p. 377), adds

The passages marked thus = =, above and below, are for you to choose between epithets, and such like poetical furniture. Pray write me a line, and believe me

Ever, etc.

My best remembrances to Lady H. Will you be good enough to decide between the various readings marked, and erase the other; or our *deliverer* may be as puzzled as a commentator, and belike repeat both. If these *versicles* won't do, I will hammer out some more endecasyllables.

P.S.—Tell Lady H. I have had sad work to keep out the Phœnix—I mean the Fire Office of that name. It has insured the theatre, and why not the Address?

248.—To Lord Holland.

September 24.

I send a recast of the four first lines of the concluding paragraph.

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The drama's homage by her Herald paid,
Receive *our welcome too*, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises, etc., etc.

And do forgive all this trouble. See what it is to have to do even with the *genteelest* of us.

Ever, etc.

that "in his better days he had more pathos about him than any "other actor." He made his first appearance in Cork as "Oroonoko," and subsequently (January, 1785) at Covent Garden in the same part. He ceased acting at Covent Garden in June, 1827.

4. In the cast for *Hamlet*, with which Drury Lane reopened, Raymond played the Ghost. Raymond was also the stage manager of the theatre.

249.—To Lord Holland.

Cheltenham, Sept. 25, 1812.

Still "more matter for a May morning."[1] Having patched the middle and end of the Address, I send one more couplet for a part of the beginning, which, if not too turgid, you will have the goodness to add. After that flagrant image of the *Thames* (I hope no unlucky wag will say I have set it on fire, though Dryden,[2] in his *Annus Mirabilis*, and Churchill,[3] in his *Times*, did it before me), I mean to insert this—

As flashing far the new Volcano shone
And swept the skies with { *meteors* / lightnings } not their own,
While thousands throng'd around the burning dome,
Etc., etc.

I think "thousands" less flat than "crowds collected"—but don't let me plunge into the bathos, or rise into Nat. Lee's *Bedlam* metaphors.[4] By the by, the best view

1. *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 4.
2. Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, stanza 231—

> "A key of fire ran all along the shore,
> And lightened all the river with a blaze;
> The wakened tides began again to roar,
> And wondering fish in shining waters gaze."

3. Churchill's *Times*, lines 701, 702—

> "Bidding in one grand pile this Town expire,
> Her towers in dust, her Thames a Lake of fire."

4. Nathaniel Lee (circ. 1653–1692), the dramatist, wrote *The Rival Queens* (1677), in which occurs the line—

> "When Greek join'd Greek then was the tug of war."

He collaborated with Dryden in *Œdipus* (1679) and *The Duke of Guise* (1682). His numerous dramas were distinguished, in his own day, for extravagance and bombast. His mind failing, he was confined from 1684 to 1688 in Bethlehem Hospital, where he is said to have composed a tragedy in 25 acts.

of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent-garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection on the Thames.

Perhaps the present couplet had better come in after "trembled for their homes," the two lines after;—as otherwise the image certainly sinks, and it will run just as well.

The lines themselves, perhaps, may be better thus—("choose," or "refuse"—but please *yourself*, and don't mind "Sir Fretful" [1])—

As flash'd the volumed blaze, and { *sadly* / ghastly } shone
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.

The last *runs* smoothest, and, I think, best; but you know *better* than *best*. "Lurid" is also a less indistinct epithet than "livid wave," and, if you think so, a dash of the pen will do.

I expected one line this morning; in the mean time, I shall remodel and condense, and, if I do not hear from you, shall send another copy.

I am ever, etc.

250.—To Lord Holland.

September 26, 1812.

You will think there is no end to my villanous emendations. The fifth and sixth lines I think to alter thus—

Ye who beheld—oh sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd;

1. *The Critic*, act i. sc. 1. "Sneer," speaking of "Sir Fretful "Plagiary," says, "He is as envious as an old maid verging on the "desperation of six and thirty; and then the insidious humility with "which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works "can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is "sure to reject your observations."

because "night" is repeated the next line but one; and, as it now stands, the conclusion of the paragraph, "worthy him (Shakspeare) and *you*," appears to apply the "*you*" to those only who were out of bed and in Covent Garden market on the night of conflagration, instead of the audience or the discerning public at large, all of whom are intended to be comprised in that comprehensive and, I hope, comprehensible pronoun.

By the by, one of my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom—

When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first; therefore I will let the old couplet stand, with its half rhymes "sought" and "wrote."[1] Second thoughts in every thing are best, but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I am very anxious on this business, and I do hope that the very trouble I occasion you will plead its own excuse, and that it will tend to show my endeavour to make the most of the time allotted. I wish I had known it months ago, for in that case I had not left one line standing on another. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as much as I can, but never sufficiently; and, latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began *Childe Harold*, I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other.

After all, my dear Lord, if you can get a decent

1. "Such are the names that here your plaudits sought,
When Garrick acted, and when Brinsley wrote."

At present the couplet stands thus—

"Dear are the days that made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write."

Address elsewhere, don't hesitate to put this aside.[1] Why did you not trust your own Muse? I am very sure she would have been triumphant, and saved the Committee their trouble—"'tis a joyful one" to me, but I fear I shall not satisfy even myself. After the account you sent me, 'tis no compliment to say you would have beaten your candidates; but I mean that, in *that* case, there would have been no occasion for their being beaten at all.

There are but two decent prologues in our tongue—Pope's to *Cato*[2]—Johnson's to Drury-Lane.[3] These, with the epilogue to *The Distrest Mother*,[4] and, I think, one of Goldsmith's,[5] and a prologue of old Colman's to

1. "I am almost ashamed," writes Lord Holland to Rogers, October 22, 1812 (Clayden's *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 115), "of having induced Lord Byron to write on so ungrateful "a theme (ungrateful in all senses) as the opening of a theatre; he "was so good-humoured, took so much pains, corrected so good-"humouredly, and produced, as I thought and think, a prologue so "superior to the common run of that sort of trumpery, that it is "quite vexatious to see him attacked for it. Some part of it is a "little too much laboured, and the whole too long; but surely it is "good and poetical. . . . You cannot imagine how I grew to like "Lord Byron in my critical intercourse with him, and how much "I am convinced that your friendship and judgment have contributed "to improve both his understanding and his happiness."

2. Pope wrote the Prologue to Addison's *Cato* when it was acted at Drury Lane, April 13, 1713.

3. Johnson wrote the Prologue when Garrick opened Drury Lane, September 15, 1747, with *The Merchant of Venice*. "It is," says Genest (*English Stage*, vol. iv. p. 231), "the best Prologue that was "ever written." Johnson wrote the Prologue to Milton's *Comus*, played at Drury Lane, April 5, 1750; to Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*, played at Covent Garden, January 29, 1769; and to Hugh Kelly's *A Word to the Wise*, played at Drury Lane, March 3, 1770.

4. *The Distrest Mother*, adapted from Racine by Ambrose Philips, was first played at Drury Lane, March 17, 1712. Addison is supposed (Genest, *English Stage*, vol. ii. p. 496) to have written the epilogue.

5. It is impossible to say to which of Goldsmith's epilogues Byron refers. A previous editor of Moore's *Life*, *etc.*, identified it with his epilogue to Charlotte Lennox's unsuccessful comedy, *The Sister*, which was once played at Covent Garden, February 18, 1769, and then withdrawn.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*,[1] are the best things of the kind we have.

P.S.—I am diluted to the throat with medicine for the stone; and Boisragon wants me to try a warm climate for the winter—but I won't.

251.—To Lord Holland.

Sept. 27, 1812.

I believe this is the third scrawl since yesterday—all about epithets. I think the epithet "intellectual" won't convey the meaning I intend; and though I hate compounds, for the present I will try (*col' permesso*) the word "genius gifted patriots of our line"[2] instead. Johnson has "many coloured life," a compound——but they are always best avoided. However, it is the only one in ninety lines,[3] but will be happy to give way to a better. I am ashamed to intrude any more remembrances on Lady H. or letters upon you; but you are, fortunately for me, gifted with patience already too often tried by

Your etc., etc.,

BYRON.

252.—To Lord Holland.

September 27, 1812.

I have just received your very kind letter, and hope you have met with a second copy corrected and addressed

1. George Colman the Elder, who edited an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher (10 vols., 1778), wrote the prologue to *Philaster*, when it was produced at Drury Lane, October 8, 1763.

2. This, as finally altered, stood thus—

"Immortal names emblazon'd on our line."

3. Reduced to seventy-three lines.

to Holland House, with some omissions and this new couplet,

> As glared each rising flash,[1] and ghastly shone
> The skies with lightnings awful as their own.

As to remarks, I can only say I will alter and acquiesce in any thing. With regard to the part which Whitbread [2]

1. At present—

> "As glared the volumed blaze."

2. Samuel Whitbread (1758–1815) married, in 1789, Elizabeth, daughter of General Sir Charles Grey, created (1806) Earl Grey, and sister of the second Earl Grey, of Reform Bill fame. The son of a wealthy brewer, whose fortune he inherited, he entered Parliament as M.P. for Bedford in 1790. Raikes, in his *Journal* (vol. iv. pp. 50, 51), speaks of him, at the outset of his career, as a staunch Foxite, and "much remarked in society." Comparing him with his brother-in-law Grey, he says, "Mr. Whitbread was a more steady "character; his appearance was heavy; he was fond of agriculture, "and was very plain and simple in his tastes. Both were reckoned "good debaters in the House, but Grey was the most eloquent." An independent Whig, and an advocate for peace with France, Whitbread supported Fox against Pitt throughout the Napoleonic War, strongly opposed its renewal after the return of the emperor from Elba, and interested himself in such measures as moderate Parliamentary reform, the amendment of the poor law, national education, and retrenchment of public expenditure. On April 8, 1805, he moved the resolutions which ended in the impeachment of Lord Melville, and took the lead in the inquiries, which were made, March, 1809, into the conduct of the Duke of York. He was a plain, business-like speaker, and a man of such unimpeachable integrity that Mr., afterwards Lord, Plunket, in a speech on the Roman Catholic claims, February 28, 1821, called him "the incorruptible "sentinel of the constitution."

When he moved the articles of impeachment against Lord Melville, Canning scribbled the following impromptu parody of his speech (*Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, p. 222):—

> "I'm like Archimedes for science and skill;
> I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill;
> I'm like—(with respect to the fair be it said)—
> I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
> If you ask why the 11th of June I remember
> Much better than April, or May, or November,
> On that day, my lords, with truth I assure ye,
> My sainted progenitor set up his brewery;
> On that day, in the morn, he began brewing beer;
> On that day, too, commenced his connubial career;

wishes to omit, I believe the *Address* will go off *quicker* without it, though, like the agility of the Hottentot, at the expense of its vigour. I leave to your choice entirely the different specimens of stucco-work; and a *brick* of your own will also much improve my Babylonish

> On that day he received and he issued his bills;
> On that day he cleared out all the cash from his tills;
> On that day he died, having finished his summing,
> And the angels all cried, 'Here's old Whitbread a-coming!'
> So that day still I hail with a smile and a sigh,
> For his beer with an E, and his bier with an I;
> And still on that day, in the hottest of weather,
> The whole Whitbread family dine all together.—
> So long as the beams of this house shall support
> The roof which o'ershades this respectable Court,
> Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos;
> So long as that sun shall shine in at those windows,
> My name shall shine bright as my ancestor's shines,
> *Mine* recorded in journals, *his* blazoned on signs!"

An active member of Parliament, a large landed proprietor, the manager of his immense brewery in Chiswell Street, Whitbread also found time to reduce to order the chaotic concerns of Drury Lane Theatre. He was, with Lord Holland and Harvey Combe, responsible for the request to Byron to write an address, having first rejected his own address with its "poulterer's description of the Phœnix." He was fond of private theatricals, and Dibdin (*Reminiscences*, vol. ii. pp. 383, 384) gives the play-bill of an entertainment given by him at Southill. In the first play, *The Happy Return*, he took the part of "Margery;" and in the second, *Fatal Duplicity*, that of "Eglantine," a very young lady, loved by "Sir Buntybart" and "Sir Brandywine." In his capacity as manager of Drury Lane, Whitbread is represented by the author of *Accepted Addresses* (1813) as addressing "the M—s of H—d"—

> "My Lord,—
> "As I now have the honour to be
> By *Man'ging* a *Playhouse* a double M.P.,
> In this my address I think fit to complain
> Of certain encroachments on great Drury Lane," etc., etc.

Whitbread strongly supported the cause of the Princess of Wales. Miss Berry (*Journal*, vol. iii. p. 25) says that he dictated the letters which the Princess wrote to the Queen, who had desired that she should not attend the two drawing-rooms to be held in June, 1814. "They were good," she adds, "but too long, and sometimes marked "by Whitbread's want of taste."

The strain of his multifarious activities affected both his health and his mind, and he committed suicide July 6, 1815.

turret. I should like Elliston to have it, with your leave. "Adorn" and "mourn" are lawful rhymes in Pope's *Death of the Unfortunate Lady*.—Gray has "forlorn" and "mourn"—and "torn" and "mourn" are in Smollett's famous *Tears of Scotland*.[1]

As there will probably be an outcry amongst the rejected, I hope the Committee will testify (if it be needful) that I sent in nothing to the congress whatever, with or without a name, as your Lordship well knows. All I have to do with it is with and through you; and though I, of course, wish to satisfy the audience, I do assure you my first object is to comply with your request, and in so doing to show the sense I have of the many obligations you have conferred upon me.

Yours ever,

B.

253.—To John Murray.

Cheltenham, September 27, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—I sent in no *Address* whatever to the Committee; but out of nearly one hundred (this is *confidential*), none have been deemed worth acceptance; and in consequence of their *subsequent* application to *me*, I have written a prologue, which *has* been received, and will be spoken. The MS. is now in the hands of Lord Holland.

1. "By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd."
(Pope.)

"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn."
(Gray.)

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."
(Smollett.)

I write this merely to say, that (however it is received by the audience) you will publish it in the next edition of *Childe Harold;* and I only beg you at present to keep my name secret till you hear further from me, and as soon as possible I wish you to have a correct copy, to do with as you think proper.

I am, yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I should wish a few copies printed off *before*, that the Newspaper copies may be correct *after* the *delivery*.

254.—To Lord Holland.

September 28, 1812.

Will this do better? The metaphor is more complete.

Till slowly ebb'd the { *lava of the* / spent volcanic } wave,
And blackening ashes mark'd the Muse's grave.

If not, we will say "burning wave," and instead of "burning clime," in the line some couplets back, have "glowing."

Is Whitbread determined to castrate all my *cavalry* lines?[1] I don't see why t'other house should be spared;

1. The lines which were omitted by the Committee ran thus—

"*Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores*
That late she deigned to crawl upon all-fours.
When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course.
If you decree, the Stage must condescend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.
Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,
And gratify you more by showing less.
Oh, since your Fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;

besides, it is the public, who ought to know better; and you recollect Johnson's was against similar buffooneries of Rich's—but, certes, I am not Johnson.[1]

> *That public praise be ne'er again disgraced,*
> *From* { brutes to man recall / *babes and brutes redeem* } *a nation's taste;*
> Then pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
> When Reason's voice is echoed back by ours."

The last couplet but one was altered in a subsequent copy, thus—

> "*The past reproach let present scenes refute,*
> *Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute.*"

On February 18, 1811, at Covent Garden, a troop of horses were introduced in *Bluebeard*. For the manager, Juvenal's words, "*Lucri bonus est odor ex re Qualibet*" (*Sat.* xiv. 204) may have been true; but, as the dressing-room of the equine comedians was under the orchestra, the stench on the first night was to the audience intolerable. At the same theatre, April 29, 1811, the horses were again brought on the stage in Lewis's *Timour the Tartar*. At the same theatre, on the following December 26, a live elephant appeared. The novelty had, however, been anticipated in the Dublin Theatre during the season of 1771–72 (Genest's *English Stage*, vol. viii. p. 287). At the Haymarket, and Drury Lane, the introduction of live animals was ridiculed. *The Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh* was given at the Haymarket, July 26, 1811, as a burlesque on *Timour the Tartar* and the horses. The Prologue, by Colman the Younger, attacks the passion for German plays and animal actors—

> "Your taste, recover'd half from foreign quacks,
> Takes airings, now, on English horses' backs;
> While every modern bard may raise his name,
> If not on *lasting praise*, on *stable fame*."

At the Lyceum, during the season 1811–12, *Quadrupeds, or the Manager's Last Kick*, in which the tailors were mounted on asses and mules, was given by the Drury Lane Company with success. It was this introduction of animal performers which Byron wished to attack.

1. The following are the lines in Johnson's *Prologue* to which Byron refers:—

> "Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refined,
> For years the power of Tragedy declined;
> From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
> Till Declamation roared, whilst Passion slept.
> Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
> Philosophy remained though Nature fled.
> But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
> She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit;
> Exulting Folly hailed the joyous Day,
> And Pantomime and Song confirmed her sway.

Instead of "effects," say "labours"—"degenerate" will do, will it? Mr. Betty is no longer a babe, therefore the line cannot be personal.

Will this do?

Till ebb'd the lava of { *the burning* / that molten } wave.[1]

with "glowing dome," in case you prefer "burning" added to this "wave" metaphorical. The word "fiery "pillar" was suggested by the "pillar of fire" in the book of Exodus, which went before the Israelites through the Red Sea. I once thought of saying "like Israel's pillar," and making it a simile, but I did not know,—the great temptation was leaving the epithet "fiery" for the supplementary wave. I want to work up that passage, as it is the only new ground us prologuizers can go upon—

> This is the place where, if a poet
> Shined in description, he might show it.

> But who the coming changes can presage,
> And mark the future periods of the Stage?
> Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
> New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
> Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
> On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
> Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
> Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance."

John Rich (circ. 1682–1761) was the creator of pantomime in England, which he introduced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in April, 1716, and in which, under the stage name of Lun, he played the part of Harlequin. At Lincoln's Inn Fields, January 29, 1728, he produced *The Beggar's Opera*, which, after being refused at Drury Lane, made "Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*." "Great Faustus" probably alludes to the war between the two theatres, and the rival productions of *Harlequin Dr. Faustus* at Drury Lane in 1723, and of *The Necromancer, or the History of Dr. Faustus* at Lincoln's Inn Fields in December of the same year. On December 7, 1732, Rich opened the new theatre at Covent Garden, of which he remained manager till his death in 1761.

1. The form of this couplet, as printed, is as follows :—

> "Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
> Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall."

If I part with the possibility of a future conflagration, we lessen the compliment to Shakspeare. However, we will e'en mend it thus—

> Yes, it shall be—the magic of that name,
> That scorns the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame,
> On the same spot, etc., etc.

There—the deuce is in it, if that is not an improvement to Whitbread's content. Recollect, it is the "name," and not the "magic," that has a noble contempt for those same weapons. If it were the "magic," my metaphor would be somewhat of the maddest—so the "name" is the antecedent. But, my dear Lord, your patience is not quite so immortal—therefore, with many and sincere thanks, I am,

Yours ever most affectionately.

P.S.—I foresee there will be charges of partiality in the papers; but you know I sent in no *Address;* and glad both you and I must be that I did not, for, in that case, their plea had been plausible. I doubt the Pit will be testy; but conscious innocence (a novel and pleasing sensation) makes me bold.

255.—To Lord Holland.

September 28.

I have altered the *middle* couplet, so as I hope partly to do away with W.'s objection. I do think, in the present state of the stage, it had been unpardonable to pass over the horses and Miss Mudie,[1] etc. As Betty is

1. For the horses, see p. 156, *note* 1. Miss Mudie, another "Phenomenon," with whom the Covent Garden manager hoped to rival the success of Master Betty, was announced in the *Morning Post*, July 29, 1805, as the "Young Roscia of the Dublin Stage."

no longer a boy, how can this be applied to him? He is now to be judged as a man. If he acts still like a boy, the public will but be more ashamed of their blunder. I have, you see, *now* taken it for granted that these things are reformed. I confess, I wish that part of the *Address* to stand; but if W. is inexorable, e'en let it go. I have also new-cast the lines, and softened the hint of future combustion, and sent them off this morning. Will you have the goodness to add, or insert, the *approved* alterations as they arrive? They "come like shadows, so "depart,"[1] occupy me, and, I fear, disturb you.

Do not let Mr. W. put his *Address* into Elliston's hands till you have settled on these alterations. E. will think it too long:—much depends on the speaking. I fear it will not bear much curtailing, without *chasms* in the sense.

It is certainly too long in the reading; but if Elliston exerts himself, such a favourite with the public will not

She appeared at Covent Garden, November 23, 1805, in the part of "Peggy" in *The Country Girl*, Miss Brunton being "Alithea," C. Kemble "Harcourt," and Moody "Murray." Being hissed by the audience, she walked with great composure to the front of the stage, and said, as reported in the *Morning Post* (November 25, 1805)—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I know nothing I have done to offend "you, and has set (*sic*) those who are sent here to hiss me; I will "be very much obliged to you to turn them out."

This unfortunate speech made matters worse; the audience refused to hear her, and her part was finished by Miss Searle.

Miss Mudie was said to be only eight years old. But J. Kemble, being asked if she were really such a child, answered, "*Child!* "Why, sir, when I was a very young actor in the York Company, "that little creature kept an inn at Tadcaster, and had a large family" (Clark Russell's *Representative Actors*, p. 363, *note* 2). The *Morning Post* (April 5, 1806) says that Miss Mudie afterwards joined a children's troupe in Leicester Place, where, "though deservedly dis-"countenanced at a great theatre, she will, no doubt, prove an "acquisition to the infant establishment" (Ashton's *Dawn of the XIXth Century in England*, pp. 333-336).

1. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

be thought tedious. *I* should think it so, if *he* were not to speak it.

Yours ever, etc.

P.S.—On looking again, I doubt my idea of having obviated W.'s objection. To the other House allusion is *non sequitur*—but I wish to plead for this part, because the thing really is not to be passed over. Many after-pieces of the Lyceum by the *same company* have already attacked this "Augean *Stable*"—and Johnson, in his prologue against "Lunn" (the harlequin manager, Rich),—"Hunt,"—"Mahomet," etc. is surely a fair precedent.[1]

256.—To William Bankes.

Cheltenham, September 28, 1812.

My dear Bankes,—When you point out to one how people can be intimate at the distance of some seventy leagues, I will plead guilty to your charge, and accept your farewell, but not *wittingly*, till you give me some better reason than my silence, which merely proceeded from a notion founded on your own declaration of *old*, that you hated writing and receiving letters. Besides, how was I to find out a man of many residences? If I had addressed you *now*, it had been to your borough, where I must have conjectured you were amongst your constituents. So now, in despite of Mr. N. and Lady W., you shall be as "much better" as the Hexham post-office will allow me to make you. I do assure you I am much indebted to you for thinking of me at all, and can't spare you even

1. For Lun, or Rich, see p. 157, end of *note* 1. Hunt, in the notes to Johnson's *Prologue* (Gilfillan's edition of Johnson's *Poetical Works*, p. 38), is said to be "a famous stage-boxer," Mahomet, "a rope-dancer."

from amongst the superabundance of friends with whom you suppose me surrounded.

You heard that Newstead[1] is sold—the sum 140,000*l.*; sixty to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years, paying interest, of course. Rochdale is also likely to do well—so my worldly matters are mending. I have been here some time drinking the waters, simply because there are waters to drink, and they are very medicinal, and sufficiently disgusting. In a few days I set out for Lord Jersey's,[2] but return here, where I am quite alone, go out

1. Newstead was put up at Garraway's in the autumn of 1812; but only £90,000 were bid, and the property was therefore withdrawn. Subsequently it was privately sold to a Mr. Claughton, who found himself unable to complete the purchase, and forfeited £25,000 on the contract. Newstead was eventually sold, in November, 1817, to Colonel Wildman, Byron's Harrow schoolfellow, for £94,500.

2. For Lady Jersey, see p. 112, *note* 1. The following passage, from Byron's *Detached Thoughts*, gives an account of the party at Middleton:—

"In 1812 at Middelton (Lord Jersey's), amongst a goodly com-
"pany of Lords, Ladies, and wits, etc., there was poor old Vice
"Leach, the lawyer, attempting to play off the fine gentleman.
"His first exhibition, an attempt on horseback, I think, to escort
"the women—God knows where—in the month of November,
"ended in a fit of the Lumbago—as Lord Ogleby says, 'a grievous
"enemy to Gallantry and address'—and if he could have but heard
"Lady Jersey quizzing him (as I did) next day for the *cause* of his
"malady, I don't think that he would have turned a 'Squire of
"dames' in a hurry again. He seemed to me the greatest fool (in
"that line) I ever saw. This was the last I saw of old Vice Leach,
"except in town, where he was creeping into assemblies, and trying
"to look young—and gentlemanly.

"Erskine too!—Erskine was there—good but intolerable. He
"jested, he talked, he did everything admirably, but then he *would*
"be applauded for the same thing twice over. He would read his
"own verses, his own paragraphs, and tell his own story again and
"again; and then 'the trial by Jury!!!'—I almost wished it
"abolished, for I sate next him at dinner, and, as I had read his
"published speeches, there was no occasion to repeat them to me.
"Chester (the fox-hunter), surnamed 'Cheek Chester,' and I
"sweated the Claret, being the only two who did so. Cheek, who
"loves his bottle, and had no notion of meeting with a 'bon-
"vivant' in a scribbler, in making my eulogy to somebody one
"evening, summed it up in 'by G—d, he *drinks like a Man!*'"

very little, and enjoy in its fullest extent the *dolce far niente*. What you are about I cannot guess, even from your date;—not dauncing to the sound of the gitourney in the Halls of the Lowthers? one of whom is here, ill, poor thing, with a phthisic. I heard that you passed through here (at the sordid inn where I first alighted) the very day before I arrived in these parts. We had a very pleasant set here; at first the Jerseys, Melbournes,[1]

1. Sir Peniston Lamb, created an Irish baron as Lord Melbourne in 1770, an Irish viscount in 1780, and an English peer in 1815, married, in 1769, Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, of Halnaby, Yorkshire, one of the cleverest and most beautiful women of the day. Horace Walpole, writing to Mason, May 12, 1778, mentions her when she was at the height of her beauty. "On "Tuesday," he says, "I supped, after the opera, at Mrs. Meynel's "with a set of the most fashionable company, which, take notice, "I very seldom do now, as I certainly am not of the age to mix "often with young people. Lady Melbourne was standing before "the fire, and adjusting her feathers in the glass. Says she, 'Lord, "they say the stocks will blow up! That will be very comical.'" Greville (*Memoirs*, ed. 1888, vol. vi. p. 248) associates her name with that of Lord Egremont. Reynolds painted her with her eldest son in his well-known picture *Maternal Affection*. Her second son, William, afterwards Prime Minister, used to say, "Ah! my mother "was a most remarkable woman; not merely clever and engaging, "but the most sagacious woman I ever knew" (*Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne*, vol. i. p. 135). Lady Melbourne, whom Byron spoke of as "the best, the kindest, and ablest female I have ever known, "old or young," died in 1818, her husband in 1828. He thus described her to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 225): "Lady "M., who might have been my mother, excited an interest in my "feelings that few young women have been able to awaken. She "was a charming person—a sort of modern Aspasia, uniting the "energy of a man's mind with the delicacy and tenderness of a "woman's. She wrote and spoke admirably, because she felt "admirably. Envy, malice, hatred, or uncharitableness, found no "place in her feelings. She had all of philosophy, save its morose- "ness, and all of nature, save its defects and general *faiblesse;* or "if some portion of *faiblesse* attached to her, it only served to render "her more forbearing to the errors of others. I have often thought, "that, with a little more youth, Lady M. might have turned my "head, at all events she often turned my heart, by bringing me "back to mild feelings, when the demon passion was strong within "me. Her mind and heart were as fresh as if only sixteen summers "had flown over her, instead of four times that number."

Cowpers,[1] and Hollands, but all gone; and the only persons I know are the Rawdons[2] and Oxfords,[3] with some later acquaintances of less brilliant descent.

1. Peter, fifth Earl Cowper (1778–1837), married, in 1805, Emily Mary Lamb, daughter of Lord Melbourne; she married, secondly, in 1839, Lord Palmerston.

2. Francis Rawdon, second Earl of Moira (1754–1826), created Lord Rawdon (1783), and Marquis of Hastings (1817), married, in 1804, the Countess of Loudoun.

3. Edward Harley (1773–1848) succeeded his uncle as fifth Earl of Oxford in 1790, and married, in 1794, Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. James Scott, Vicar of Itchin, Hants. It is probably of Lady Oxford, whose picture was painted by Hoppner, that Byron spoke to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 255), "Even now "the autumnal charms of Lady —— are remembered by me with "more than admiration. She resembled a landscape by Claude "Lorraine, with a setting sun, her beauties enhanced by the know-"ledge that they were shedding their last dying beams, which threw "a radiance around. A woman . . . is only grateful for her *first* "and *last* conquest. The first of poor dear Lady ——'s was "achieved before I entered on this world of care; but the *last*, I "do flatter myself, was reserved for me, and a *bonne bouche* "it was."

The following passage certainly relates to Lady Oxford: "There "was a lady at that time," said Byron (Medwin's *Conversations*, pp. 93, 94), "double my own age, the mother of several children "who were perfect angels, with whom I had formed a *liaison* that "continued without interruption for eight months. The autumn of "a beauty like her's is preferable to the spring in others. She told "me she was never in love till she was thirty; and I thought my-"self so with her when she was forty. I never felt a stronger "passion; which she returned with equal ardour. . . . She had "been sacrificed, almost before she was a woman, to one whose "mind and body were equally contemptible in the scale of creation; "and on whom she bestowed a numerous family, to which the law "gave him the right to be called father. Strange as it may seem, "she gained (as all women do) an influence over me so strong, that "I had great difficulty in breaking with her, even when I knew she "had been inconstant to me: and once was on the point of going "abroad with her, and narrowly escaped this folly."

To be near the Oxfords at Eywood, in Herefordshire, Byron took Kinsham Court, a dower-house of the family, where Bishop Harley died in 1788. At one time, as is evident from his correspondence with Hanson, he was bent on going abroad with Lady Oxford. In the end he only accompanied her to Portsmouth. Of Lady Oxford, Uvedale Price wrote thus to Rogers (Clayden, *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. pp. 397, 398)—

"This is a melancholy subject"—[the death, by consumption,

But I do not trouble them much; and as for your rooms and your assemblies "they are not dreamed of in "our philosophy!!"—Did you read of a sad accident in the Wye t'other day?[1] A dozen drowned; and Mr. Rossoe, a corpulent gentleman, preserved by a boat-hook or an eel-spear, begged, when he heard his wife was saved —no—*lost*—to be thrown in again!!—as if he could not

of Lord Aberdeen's children]—"and I must go to another. Poor "Lady Oxford! I had heard with great concern of her dangerous "illness, but hoped she might get through it, and was much, very "much grieved to hear that it had ended fatally. I had, as you "know, lived a great deal with her from the time she came into this "country, immediately after her marriage; but for some years past, "since she went abroad, had scarcely had any correspondence or "intercourse with her, till I met her in town last spring. I then "saw her twice, and both times she seemed so overjoyed to see an "old friend, and expressed her joy so naturally and cordially, that "I felt no less overjoyed at seeing her after so long an absence. "She talked, with great satisfaction, of our meeting for a longer "time this next spring, little thinking of an eternal separation. "There could not, in all respects, be a more ill-matched pair than "herself and Lord Oxford, or a stronger instance of the cruel "sports of Venus, or, rather, of Hymen—

"'Cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.'

"It has been said that she was, in some measure, forced into the "match. Had she been united to a man whom she had loved, "esteemed, and respected, she herself might have been generally "respected and esteemed, as well as loved; but in her situation, "to keep clear of all misconduct required a strong mind or a cold "heart; perhaps both, and she had neither. Her failings were "in no small degree the effect of circumstances; her amiable "qualities all her own. There was something about her, in spite "of her errors, remarkably attaching, and that something was not "merely her beauty. 'Kindness has resistless charms,' and she "was full of affectionate kindness to those she loved, whether as "friends or as lovers. As a friend, I always found her the same, "never at all changeful or capricious. As I am not a very rigid "moralist, and am extremely open to kindness, 'I could have "better spared a better woman.'"

1. An account of the accident is given in the Chronicle of the *Annual Register*, September 21, 1812. The party consisted of ten people, three of whom were saved. Among those rescued was Mr. Rothery—not Rossoe, as Byron gives it.

have thrown himself in, had he wished it; but this passes for a trait of sensibility. What strange beings men are, in and out of the Wye!

I have to ask you a thousand pardons for not fulfilling some orders before I left town; but if you knew all the cursed entanglements I *had* to wade through, it would be unnecessary to beg your forgiveness.—When will Parliament (the new one) meet?[1]—in sixty days, on account of Ireland, I presume: the Irish election will demand a longer period for completion than the constitutional allotment. Yours, of course, is safe, and all your side of the question. Salamanca is the ministerial watchword, and all will go well with you. I hope you will speak more frequently, I am sure at least you *ought*, and it will be expected. I see Portman means to stand again. Good night.

Ever yours most affectionately,

Μπαίρων.

257.—To Lord Holland.

September 29, 1812.

Shakespeare certainly ceased to reign in *one* of his kingdoms, as George III. did in America, and George IV.[2] may in Ireland? Now, we have nothing to do out of our own realms, and when the monarchy was gone, his majesty had but a barren sceptre. I have *cut away*, you will see, and altered, but make it what you please; only I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds—"a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you

1. The new Parliament met November 30, 1812. Wellington won the battle of Salamanca on the previous July 22.

2. Some objection, it appears, had been made to the passage, "and Shakspeare *ceased to reign.*"

"love me."[1] I have altered "wave," etc., and the "fire," and so forth for the timid.

Let me hear from you when convenient, and believe me, etc.

P.S.—Do let *that* stand, and cut out elsewhere. I shall choke, if we must overlook their damned menagerie.

258.—To Lord Holland.

September 30, 1812.

I send you the most I can make of it; for I am not so well as I was, and find I "pull in resolution."[2]

I wish much to see you, and will be at Tetbury by twelve on Saturday; and from thence I go on to Lord Jersey's. It is impossible not to allude to the degraded state of the Stage, but I have lightened *it*, and endeavoured to obviate your *other* objections. There is a new couplet for Sheridan, allusive to his Monody.[3] All the alterations I have marked thus | ,—as you will see by comparison with the other copy. I have cudgelled my brains with the greatest willingness, and only wish I had more time to have done better.

You will find a sort of clap-trap laudatory couplet inserted for the quiet of the Committee,[4] and I have added, towards the end, the couplet you were pleased to

1. Bob Acres, in *The Rivals* (act v. sc. 3), says, "A long shot, Sir "Lucius, if you love me."

2. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5.

3. Sheridan's *Monody on Garrick*.

4. The Committee of Selection consisted, says the *Satirist* (November 1, 1812, p. 395), "of one peer and two commoners, "one poet and two prosers, one Lord and two Brewers; and the "only points in which they coincided were in being all three "parliament men, all three politicians, all three in opposition to "the Government of the country. Their names, as we understand, "were Vassal Holland, Samuel Whitbread, and Harvey Christian "Combe."

like. The whole Address is seventy-three lines, still perhaps too long; and, if shortened, you will save time, but, I fear, a little of what I meant for sense also.

With myriads of thanks, I am ever, etc.

My sixteenth edition of respects to Lady H.—How she must laugh at all this!

I wish Murray, my publisher, to print off some copies as soon as your Lordship returns to town—it will ensure correctness in the papers afterwards.

259.—To Lord Holland.

Far be from him that hour which asks in vain
Tears such as flow for Garrick in his strain;

or,

Far be that hour that vainly asks in turn
Such verse for him as { *crown'd his* / wept o'er } Garrick's urn.

September 30, 1812.

Will you choose between these added to the lines on Sheridan?[1] I think they will wind up the panegyric, and agree with the train of thought preceding them.

Now, one word as to the Committee—how could they resolve on a rough copy of an *Address* never sent in, unless you had been good enough to retain in memory, or on paper, the thing they have been good enough to adopt? By the by, the circumstances of the case should make the Committee less *avidus gloriæ*, for all praise of them would look plaguy suspicious. If necessary to be stated at all, the simple facts bear them out. They

1. These added lines, as may be seen by reference to the printed Address, were not retained.

surely had a right to act as they pleased. My sole object is one which, I trust, my whole conduct has shown; viz. that I did nothing insidious—sent in no Address *whatever*—but, when applied to, did my best for them and myself; but, above all, that there was no undue partiality, which will be what the rejected will endeavour to make out. Fortunately—most fortunately—I sent in no lines on the occasion. For I am sure that had they, in that case, been preferred, it would have been asserted that *I* was known, and owed the preference to private friendship. This is what we shall probably have to encounter; but, if once spoken and approved, we sha'n't be much embarrassed by their brilliant conjectures; and, as to criticism, an *old* author, like an old bull, grows cooler (or ought) at every baiting.

The only thing would be to avoid a party on the night of delivery—afterwards, the more the better, and the whole transaction inevitably tends to a good deal of discussion. Murray tells me there are myriads of ironical Addresses[1] ready—*some*, in imitation of what is called *my style*. If they are as good as the *Probationary Odes*,[2]

1. Probably the reference is to *Rejected Addresses, or the New Theatrum Poetarum* (1812), by James (1775-1839) and Horace (1779-1849) Smith. "Cui Bono?" the parody on Byron, is the joint composition of James and Horace. The manuscript was offered to Murray for £20, but declined by him. It was afterwards published by John Miller, of Bow Street, Covent Garden, who also published *Horace in London*.

2. *Probationary Odes*, which generally forms, with *Political Eclogues*, the third portion of the *Rolliad*, is really distinct from that work. It is the result of an imaginary contest for the laureateship. Each candidate was to deliver a "Probationary Birthday "Ode," and among the candidates are Dr. Pretyman, Archbishop Markham, Thomas and Joseph Warton, Sir Cecil Wray, Sir Joseph Mawbey, Henry Dundas, Lord Thurlow, and other Tories of the day. The plan of the work is said to have been suggested by Joseph Richardson (1755–1803), who wrote Odes iv. (Sir Richard Hill) and xix. (Lord Mountmorres).

or Hawkins's *Pipe of Tobacco*,[1] it will not be bad fun for the imitated.

Ever, etc.

260.—To Lord Holland.

October 2, 1812.

A copy of this *still altered* is sent by the post, but this will arrive first. It must be "humbler"—"*yet* "*aspiring*" does away the modesty, and, after all, *truth is truth*. Besides, there is a puff direct altered, to please your *plaguy renters*.

I shall be at Tetbury by 12 or 1—but send this for you to ponder over. There are several little things marked thus / altered for your perusal. I have dismounted the cavalry, and, I hope, arranged to your *general* satisfaction.

Ever, etc.

At Tetbury by noon.—I hope, after it is sent, there will be no more elisions. It is not now so long—73 lines—two less than allotted. I will alter all Committee objections, but I hope you won't permit *Elliston* to have any *voice* whatever,—except in speaking it.

261.—To John Murray.

Cheltenham, Oct. 12, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—I have a *very strong objection* to the engraving of the portrait,[2] and request that it may, on no

1. *In Praise of a Pipe of Tobacco* (1736), written by Isaac Hawkins Browne (1705–1760), was an ode in imitation of Swift, Pope, Thomson, and other contemporary poets. Browne represented Wenlock in the Whig interest in the Parliaments of 1744 and 1747. Johnson spoke of him (Boswell, *Johnson*, April 5, 1775) as "one of the first "wits of this country," who "got into Parliament, and never opened "his mouth."

2. A miniature by Sanders. Besides this miniature, Sanders had

account, be prefixed; but let *all* the proofs be burnt, and the plate broken. I will be at the expense which has been incurred; it is but fair that *I* should, since I cannot permit the publication. I beg, as a particular favour, that you will lose no time in having this done, for which I have reasons that I will state when I see you. Forgive all the trouble I have occasioned you.

I have received no account of the reception of the *Address*,[1] but see it is vituperated in the papers, which does not much embarrass an *old author*. I leave it to your own judgment to add it, or not, to your next edition when required. Pray comply *strictly* with my wishes as to the engraving, and believe me, etc.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Favour me with an answer, as I shall not be easy until I hear that the *proofs*, etc., are destroyed. I hear that the *Satirist* has reviewed *Childe Harold*,[2] in

also painted a full-length of Byron, from which the portrait prefixed to the quarto edition of Moore's *Life* is engraved. In reference to the latter picture, Byron says, in a note to Rogers, "If you think "the picture you saw at Murray's worth your acceptance, it is yours; "and you may put a *glove* or mask on it, if you like" (Moore).

1. On Saturday, October 10, Drury Lane reopened with *The Devil to Pay* and *Hamlet*. Then, after the whole body of actors had sung "God save the King" and "Rule, Britannia," Elliston delivered Byron's address.

2. *The Satirist, a Monthly Meteor* (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 321, *note* 3), ran from October, 1807, to 1814. Up to 1812 it was the property of George Manners, who sold it in that year to W. Jerdan. It reviewed *Childe Harold* in October, 1812 (pp. 344-358); and again in December of the same year (pp. 542-550). In the first of the two notices, the *Satirist* quotes the "judgment of our predecessors," that unless Byron "improved wonderfully, he could never be a poet," and continues thus: "It is with unaffected satisfaction we find that "he *has* improved wonderfully, and that he *is* a poet. Indeed, when "we consider the comparatively short interval which has elapsed, "and contrast the character of his recent with that of his early work, "we confess ourselves astonished at the intellectual progress which "Lord Byron has made, and are happy to hold him up as another

what manner I need not ask; but I wish to know if the old personalities are revived? I have a better reason for asking this than any that merely concerns *myself;* but in publications of that kind, others, particularly female names, are sometimes introduced.

262.—To Lord Holland.

Cheltenham, Oct. 14, 1812.

My dear Lord,—I perceive that the papers, yea, even Perry's,[1] are somewhat ruffled at the injudicious

"example of the extraordinary effects of study and cultivation, *even* "on minds apparently of the most unpromising description." The reviewer severely condemns the morbid bitterness of the poet's thought and feeling, but yet affirms that the poems "abound with beautiful "imagery, clothed in a diction free, forcible, and various. *Childe* "*Harold*, although avowedly a fragment, contains many fragments "which would do honour to any poet, of any period, in any "country."

1. James Perry (1756-1821) purchased, in 1789, the *Morning Chronicle*, originally established by Woodfall in 1769. In Perry's hands the paper became the leading organ of the Whigs. He was the first editor to introduce a succession of parliamentary reporters. He gathered round him a remarkable staff of contributors, including Ricardo, Sir James Mackintosh, Porson (who married his sister), Charles Lamb, Sheridan, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lord Campbell, Moore, Campbell, Byron, and Burns. The *Morning Chronicle* (October 12, 1812) says—

"Mr. Elliston then came forward and delivered the following "*Prize* Address. We cannot boast of the eloquence of the delivery. "It was neither gracefully nor correctly recited. The merits of the "production itself we submit to the criticism of our readers. We "cannot suppose that it was selected as the most poetical composition "of all the scores that were submitted to the Committee. But, "perhaps by its tenor, by its allusions to the fire, to Garrick, to "Siddons, and to Sheridan, it was thought most applicable to the "occasion, notwithstanding its being in parts unmusical, and in "general tame."

Again (October 14), in a notice of *Rejected Addresses*, the *Morning Chronicle* returns to the subject—

"A *wag* has already published a small volume of *Addresses* "*rejected*, in which, with admirable wit, all the poets of the day "are assembled, contesting for the Prize Address at Drury Lane. "And certainly he has assigned to the pen of Lord B. a superior "*poem* to that which has gained the prize."

preference of the Committee. My friend Perry has, indeed, *et tu, Brute*-d me rather scurvily, for which I will send him, for the *Morning Chronicle*, the next epigram I scribble, as a token of my full forgiveness.

Do the Committee mean to enter into no explanation of their proceedings? You must see there is a leaning towards a charge of partiality. You will, at least, acquit me of any great anxiety to push myself before so many elder and better anonymous, to whom the twenty guineas (which I take to be about two thousand pounds *Bank* currency) and the honour would have been equally welcome. "Honour," I see, "hath skill in para-"graph-writing."

I wish to know how it went off at the second reading, and whether any one has had the grace to give it a glance of approbation. I have seen no paper but Perry's and two Sunday ones. Perry is severe, and the others silent. If, however, you and your Committee are not now dissatisfied with your own judgments, I shall not much embarrass myself about the brilliant remarks of the journals. My own opinion upon it is what it always was, perhaps pretty near that of the public.

Believe me, my dear Lord, etc., etc.

P.S.—My best respects to Lady H., whose smiles will be very consolatory, even at this distance.

The Address was also severely handled in *A Critique on the Address written by Lord Byron, which was Spoken at the opening of the New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, October* 10, 1812. By Lord —— —— (London, no date). The author is "astonished at the glaring faults "and general insipidity" of the address, and, after a detailed criticism, concludes that "public indignation" will sympathize with the rejected poets, and "pursue the rival patrons and the rival bard."

Rogers, writing to Moore, October 22, 1812 (*Memoirs, etc., of Thomas Moore*, vol. viii. p. 123), says, "Poor Byron! what I hear "and read of his prologue makes me very angry. Of such value is "public favour! So a man is to be tried by a copy of verses thrown "off perhaps at hazard, and *invitâ Minervâ!*"

263.—To John Hanson.

Cheltenham, Octr. 18th, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—With perfect confidence in you I sign the note; but is not Claughton's delay very strange? let us take care what we are about. I answered his letter, which I enclose to you, very *cautiously;* the wines and China, etc., I will not demur much upon; but the *vase* and cup (not the *skull cup*) and some little coffee things brought from the East, or made for the purpose of containing relics brought from thence, I will not part with, and if he refuses to ratify, I will take such steps as the Law will allow on the form of the contract for compelling him to ratify it.

Pray write. I am invited to Lord O.'s and Lord H.'s; but if you wish very much to meet me I can come to town.

I suppose the tythe purchase will be made in my name. What is to be done with Deardon?[1] Mrs. M[assingberd][2] is dead, and I would wish something

1. Deardon was the lessee of the Rochdale coal-pits. "When "Mr. France was here," writes Mrs. Byron to Hanson, July 13, 1811 (Kölbing's *Englische Studien*, vol. xxv. p. 153), "he told me there "had been an injunction procured to prevent Deardin from working "the Coal Pits that was in dispute between Lord Byron and him, "but since France was here, there has been a Man from Lancashire "who says they are worked by Deardin the same as ever. I also "heard that the Person you sent down to take an account of the "Coals was bribed by Deardin, and did not give an account of half "of what was got."

2. For Mrs. Massingberd, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 100, at end of *note* 3. Byron's pecuniary transactions, though not unimportant in their influence on his career, are difficult to unravel. The following statement, in his own handwriting, with regard to the Annuities was apparently prepared for some legal proceedings, and is dated January 16, 1812:—"Lord Byron, to the best of his knowledge "and recollection, in Dec., 1805—January, 1806 applied to King, "in consequence of an advertisement in the papers, who acquainted "Lord Byron that his minority prevented all money transactions

settled for the Daughter who is still responsible. Will you give a glance into that business, and if possible first settle something about the Annuities.

I shall perhaps draw within a £100 next week, but I will delay for your answer on C.'s business.

Ever yours, sincerely and affectionately,

BYRON.

My love to all the family.

I wish to do something for young Rushton, if practicable at *Rochdale;* if not, think of some situation where he might occupy himself to avoid Idleness, in the mean time.

264.—To John Murray.

Cheltenham, Oct. 18, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—Will you have the goodness to get this Parody of a peculiar kind[1] (for all the first lines are

"without the security of competent persons. Through Mr. K. he "became acquainted with Mr. Dellevelly, another of the tribe of "Israel, and subsequently with a Mr. Howard of Golden Square.

"After many delays, during which Lord B. had interviews with "Howard, once, he thinks, in Golden Square, but more frequently "in Piccadilly, Mrs. M[assingberd] agreed to become security jointly "with her daughter. Lord B. knows Howard's person perfectly "well, has not seen him subsequent to the transaction, but recollects "Howard's mentioning to him that he, Lord B., was acting im- "prudently, stating that he made it a rule to advise young men "against such proceedings. Lord B. recollects, on the day on "which the money was paid, that he remained in the next room till "the papers were signed, Mrs. M[assingberd] having stated that the "parties wished him to be kept out of sight during the business, and "wished to avoid even mentioning his name. Mrs. M[assingberd] "deducted the interest for two years and a half, and £100 for "Howard's papers." Two other Annuities were effected, in both of which Mrs. Massingberd figured as a security, and in one the manager of Dorant's Hotel. It was the interest on these minority loans which crippled Byron. Two were still unpaid in 1817.

1. The *Parenthetical Address*, "By Dr. Plagiary," is a parody

Busby's entire), inserted in several of the papers (*correctly*—and copied *correctly; my hand* is difficult)—particularly the *Morning Chronicle*? Tell Mr. Perry I forgive him all he has said, and may say against *my address*, but he will allow me to deal with the Doctor—(*audi alteram partem*)—and not *betray* me. I cannot think what has befallen Mr. Perry, for of yore we were very good friends;—but no matter, only get this inserted.

I have a poem on Waltzing for *you*, of which I make *you* a present; but it must be anonymous. It is in the old style of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers.*

Ever yours,

BYRON.

P.S.—With the next edition of *Childe Harold* you

by Byron of Dr. Busby's *Address*, the original of which will be found in the *Genuine Rejected Addresses*, as well as parodied in *Rejected Addresses* ("Architectural Atoms"). On October 14 young Busby forced his way on to the stage of Drury Lane, attempted to recite his father's address, and was taken into custody. On the next night, Dr. Busby, speaking from one of the boxes, obtained a hearing for his son, who could not, however, make his voice heard in the theatre. Then another "rejected" author tried to recite his composition, but was hooted down. Order was restored by Raymond reminding the audience that the Chamberlain's licence was necessary for all stage speeches. To the failure of the younger Busby (himself a competitor and the author of an "Unalogue" of fifty-six lines) to make himself heard, Byron alludes in the stage direction to the *Parenthetical Address*—"to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by "Master P." The *Parenthetical Address* appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* for October 23, 1812. In the same issue was printed a long statement by Dr. Busby, in which, after paying a compliment to Byron's "poetical genius," he insisted that the Committee of Drury Lane had broken faith by not choosing one of the addresses sent in by competitors. (See references to Dr. Busby in *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 481 and 485, *note* 1.) Dr. Thomas Busby (1755–1838) composed the music for Holcroft's *Tale of Mystery*, the first musical melodrama produced on the English stage (Covent Garden, November 13, 1802). He was for some time assistant editor of the *Morning Post*, and Parliamentary reporter for the *London Courant;* wrote on musical subjects, taught languages and music, and translated Lucretius into rhymed verse (1813).

may print the first fifty or a hundred opening lines of the *Curse of Minerva*,[1] down to the couplet beginning

Mortal ('twas thus she spake), etc.

Of course, the moment the *Satire* begins, there you will stop, and the opening is the best part.

265.—To Robert Rushton.

Cheltenham, Oct. 18th, 1812.

ROBERT,—I hope you continue as much as possible to apply yourself to *Accounts* and Land-Measurement, etc. Whatever change may take place about Newstead, there will be none as to you and Mr. Murray. It is intended to place you in a situation in Rochdale for which your pursuance of the Studies I recommend will best fit you. Let me hear from you; is your health improved since I was last at the Abbey? In the mean time, if any accident occur to me, you are provided for in my will, and if not, you will always find in your Master a sincere Friend.

B.

266.—To John Murray.

Oct. 19, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks, but I *must* pay the *damage*, and will thank you to tell me the amount for the engraving. I think the *Rejected Addresses* by far the best thing of the kind since the *Rolliad*, and wish *you* had published them. Tell the author "I forgive him, were

1. *The Curse of Minerva*, written at Athens, in 1811, was not published as a whole till 1828. But the first fifty-four lines appeared in Canto III. of *The Corsair* (1814). (See *The Curse of Minerva*: Introductory note, *Poems*, 1898, vol. i. p. 453.)

"he twenty times our satirist;" and think his imitations not at all inferior to the famous ones of Hawkins Browne. He must be a man of very lively wit, and much less scurrilous than Wits often are: altogether, I very much admire the performance, and wish it all success. The *Satirist* has taken a *new* tone, as you will see: we have now, I think, finished with *C. H.'s* critics. I have in *hand* a *Satire* on *Waltzing*, which you must publish anonymously: it is not long, not quite 200 lines, but will make a very small boarded pamphlet. In a few days you shall have it.

Ever yours,

BYRON.

P.S.—The editor of the *Satirist* almost ought to be thanked for his revocation; it is done handsomely, after five years' warfare.

267.—To John Hanson.

Octr. 22^{d}, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you Mr. C[laughton]'s letter, from which you yourself will judge of my own. I insisted on the *contract*, and said, *if* I gave up the wines, etc., it would be as a *gift*. He admits the validity, as you perceive. I told him that *I* wished to avoid raising difficulties and in all respects to fulfil the bargain.

I am going to Lord Oxford's, *Eywood*, *Presteigne*, *Hereford*. In my way back I will take Farleigh, if you are not returned to London before.

I wish to take a small *house* for the winter any where not remote from St. James's. Will you arrange this for me?—and think of young Rushton, whom I promised to provide for, and must begin to think of it; he might be a *sub*-Tythe *collector*, or a Bailiff to our agent at Rochdale,

or many other things. He has had a fair education and was well disposed; at all events, he must no longer remain in idleness.

Let the Mule be sold and the dogs.

Pray let me hear from you when convenient, and

Believe me, ever yours truly,

BYRON.

My best remembrances to all.

I shall draw for *fifty* this week.

Is anything done about Miss M[assingberd]? You have not mentioned her.

268.—To John Murray.

Oct. 23, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks, as usual. You go on boldly; but have a care of *glutting* the public, who have by this time had enough of *C.H.* *Waltz* shall be prepared. It is rather above 200 lines, with an introductory letter to the Publisher. I think of publishing, with *C.H.*, the opening lines of the *Curse of Minerva*, as far as the first speech of Pallas,—because some of the readers like that part better than any I have ever written; and as it contains nothing to affect the subject of the subsequent portion, it will find a place as a *descriptive fragment*.

The *plate* is *broken?* between ourselves, it was unlike the picture; and besides, upon the whole, the frontispiece of an author's visage is but a paltry exhibition. At all events, *this* would have been no recommendation to the book. I am sure Sanders would not have *survived* the engraving. By the by, the *picture* may remain with *you* or *him* (which you please), till my return. The *one* of two remaining copies is at your service till I can give you a *better;* the other must be *burned peremptorily*. Again,

do not forget that I have an account with you, and *that* this is *included*. I give you too much TROUBLE to allow you to incur EXPENSE also.

You best know how far this "Address Riot" will affect the future sale of *C. H.* I like the volume of "*rejected A.*" better and better. The other parody which Perry has received is *mine* also (I believe). It is Dr. Busby's speech versified. You are removing to Albemarle Street, I find, and I rejoice that we shall be nearer neighbours. I am going to Lord Oxford's, but letters here will be forwarded. When at leisure, all communications from you will be willingly received by the humblest of your scribes. Did Mr. Ward write the review of H. Tooke's Life?[1] It is excellent.

Yours ever,

B.

269.—To John Hanson.

Eywood, Presteign, Hereford, Octr. 31st, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—The inclosed bill[2] will convince you how anxious I must be for the payment of Claughton's first instalment; though it has been sent in without due

1. See *Quarterly Review*, vol. vii. p. 313. The article alluded to was written by the Hon. J. W. Ward, afterwards Earl of Dudley.

2. The bill was Byron's for £1500, and the enclosure ran as follows:—

"Lord Byron.

"A Bill for £1500, drawn by Scrope B. Davies, lies due at Sir "*James Esdaile* and Co's., No. 21, *Lombard-Street.*

"All Drafts intended for the Payment of Bills, to be brought "before Half past Three o'Clock.

"Please to call between 3 and Five o'Clock."

The same day Byron writes a second letter to Hanson—

"Do pray press Claughton, as Mr. D.'s business must be settled "at all events. I send you his letter, and I am more uncomfortable "than I can possibly express myself upon the subject. Pray "write."

notice, I cannot blame Mr. Davies who must feel very anxious to get rid of the business. Press C., and let me have an answer whenever you can to this Place.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I am at *Lord Oxford's*, Eywood, as above.

270.—To John Hanson.

Presteign, Novr. 8th, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—Not being able (and to-day being Sunday also) to procure a stamp, as the Post town is very remote, I must request this letter to be considered as an Order for paying fifteen hundred pounds to S. B. Davies, Esq., and the same sum to your own account for the Tythe purchase. Mr. D.'s receipt can be indorsed on the bond.

I shall be in London the latter end of the week. I set out from this place on the 12th. As to Mr. C., the Law must decide between us; I shall abide by the Contract. Your answer will not reach me in time, so do not write to me while here.

Pray let Mr. D. be paid and you also—come what may.[1]

1. Byron was prepared to make some sacrifices to extricate himself from debt, or go abroad. The following letter to Hanson is dated December 10, 1812:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have to request that you will pay the bearer (my "Groom) the wages due to him (12 p^ds.^ 10^s.^), and dismiss him "immediately, as I have given up my horses, and place the sum to "my account.

"Ever yours,
"BYRON."

Four days later, December 14, 1812, he writes again to Hanson—

"DEAR SIR,—I request your attention to the enclosed. See "what can be done with Howard, and urge Claughton. If this "kind of thing continues, I must quit a country which my debts "render uninhabitable, notwithstanding every sacrifice on my part.

"Yours ever,
"B."

I always foresaw that C. would *shirk;* but he did it with his eyes open. What question can arise as to the title? has it never been examined? I never heard of it before, and surely, in all our law suits, that question must have come to issue.

I hope we shall meet in town. I will wait on you the moment I arrive.

My best respects to your family; believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,

BYRON.

271.—To John Hanson.

Presteign, Novr. 16th, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—The floods having rendered the road impassable, I am detained here, but trust by the latter end of the week to proceed to Cheltenham, where I shall expect a letter from you to tell me if I am wanted in town.

I shall not be in time for the Prince's address; but I wish you to write down for my *Parliamentary robes* (Mrs. Chaworth had them, at least Mrs. Clarke the mother); though I rather think those were the Coronation and not the House robes. At least enquire.

I hope Mr. D. is paid; and, if Mr. C. demurs, we must bring an action according to Contract.

I trust you are well, and well doing in my behalf and your own.

Ever yours most sincerely,

B.

272.—To John Murray.

Cheltenham, November 22, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—On my return here from Lord Oxford's, I found your obliging note, and will thank you to retain the letters, and any other subsequent ones to the same address, till I arrive in town to claim them, which will probably be in a few days. I have in charge a curious and very long MS. poem, written by Lord Brooke (the *friend* of Sir *Philip Sidney*), which I wish to submit to the inspection of Mr. Gifford, with the following queries: —first, whether it has ever been published, and secondly (if not), whether it is worth publication? It is from Lord Oxford's Library, and must have escaped or been overlooked amongst the MSS. of the Harleian Miscellany. The writing is Lord Brooke's, except a different hand towards the close. It is very long, and in the six-line stanza. It is not for me to hazard an opinion upon its merits; but I would take the Liberty, if not too troublesome, to submit it to Mr. Gifford's judgment, which, from his excellent edition of Massinger, I should conceive to be as decisive on the writings of that age as on those of our own.

Now for a less agreeable and important topic.—How came Mr. Mac-Somebody,[1] without consulting you or me, to prefix the Address to his volume of "*dejected* "*addresses?*" Is not this somewhat larcenous? I think the ceremony of leave might have been asked, though I have no objection to the thing itself; and leave the "hundred and eleven" to tire themselves with "base "comparisons." I should think the ingenuous public tolerably sick of the subject, and, except the parodies,

1. B. McMillan.

I have not interfered, nor shall; indeed I did not know that Dr. Busby had published his apologetical letter and postscript,[1] or I should have recalled them. But, I confess, I looked upon his conduct in a different light before its appearance. I see some mountebank has taken Alderman Birch's name[2] to vituperate the Doctor; he had much better have pilfered his pastry, which I should imagine the more valuable ingredient—at least for a Puff. —Pray secure me a copy of Woodfall's new *Junius*,[3] and believe me,

Dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

B.

273.—To William Bankes.

December 26, [1812].

The multitude of your recommendations has already superseded my humble endeavours to be of use to you; and, indeed, most of my principal friends are returned, Leake from Joannina, Canning and Adair from the city of the Faithful, and at Smyrna no letter is necessary, as the consuls are always willing to do every thing for personages of respectability. I have sent you *three;* one to Gibraltar, which, though of no great necessity, will, perhaps, put you on a more intimate footing with a very pleasant family there. You will very soon find out that a man of any consequence has very little occasion for any letters but to ministers and bankers, and of them we have already plenty, I will be sworn.

1. This probably refers to Busby's apologetic letter in the *Morning Chronicle* for October 23, 1812.

2. Alderman Birch was a pastry-cook in Cornhill.

3. In the Catalogue of Byron's books, sold April 5, 1816, appear two copies of *Junius*:—

"Junius's Letters, 2 vol. *russia*, 1806.

"Junius's Letters, by Woodfall, 3 vol., *Large Paper*, 1812."

It is by no means improbable that I shall go in the spring; and if you will fix any place of rendezvous about August, I will *write* or *join* you.—When in Albania, I wish you would inquire after Dervise Tahiri and Vascillie (or Bazil), and make my respects to the viziers, both there and in the Morea. If you mention my name to Suleyman of Thebes, I think it will not hurt you; if I had my dragoman, or wrote Turkish, I could have given you letters of *real service;* but to the English they are hardly requisite, and the Greeks themselves can be of little advantage. Liston[1] you know already, and I do not, as he was not then minister. Mind you visit Ephesus and the Troad, and let me hear from you when you please. I believe G. Forresti is now at Yanina; but if not, whoever is there will be too happy to assist you. Be particular about *firmauns;* never allow yourself to be bullied, for you are better protected in Turkey than any where; trust not the Greeks; and take some *knicknackeries* for *presents—watches*, *pistols*, etc., etc., to the Beys and Pachas. If you find one Demetrius, at Athens or elsewhere, I can recommend him as a good dragoman. I hope to join you, however; but you will find swarms of English now in the Levant.

Believe me, etc.

274.—To John Murray.

Eywood, Presteign, January 8, 1813.

Dear Sir,—You have been imposed upon by a letter forged in my name to obtain the picture left in your possession. This I know by the confession of the culprit,[2]

1. Robert Liston, afterwards Sir Robert Liston (1742–1836), succeeded Adair as Ambassador at Constantinople in 1811.

2. The culprit was Lady Caroline Lamb, who imitated Byron's handwriting with remarkable skill.

and as she is a woman (and of rank), with whom I have unfortunately been too much connected, you will for the present say very little about it; but if you have the letter *retain* it—write to me the particulars. You will also be more cautious in future, and not allow anything of mine to pass from your hands without my *Seal* as well as Signature.

I have not been in town, nor have written to you since I left it. So I presume the forgery was a skilful performance.—I shall endeavour to get back the picture by fair means, if possible.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—Keep the letter if you have it. I did not receive your parcel, and it is now too late to send it on, as I shall be in town on the 17th. The *delinquent* is one of the first families in this kingdom; but, as Dogberry says, this is "flat burglary."[1] Favour me with an answer. I hear I am scolded in the *Quarterly;* but you and it are already forgiven. I suppose that made you bashful about sending it.

275.—To Francis Hodgson.

February 3, 1813.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—I will join you in any bond for the money you require, be it that or a larger sum. With regard to security, as Newstead is in a sort of abeyance between sale and purchase, and my Lancashire property very unsettled, I do not know how far I can give more than personal security, but what I can I will. At any rate you can try, and as the sum is not very

1. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 2.

considerable, the chances are favourable. I hear nothing of my own concerns, but expect a letter daily. Let me hear from you where you are and will be this month. I am a great admirer of the *R.A.* [*Rejected Addresses*], though I have had so great a share in the cause of their publication, and I like the *C.H.* [*Childe Harold*] imitation one of the best.[1] Lady Oxford has heard me talk much of you as a relative of the Cokes, etc., and desires me to say she would be happy to have the pleasure of your acquaintance. You must come and see me at K[insham]. I am sure you would like *all* here if you knew them.

The "Agnus" is furious. You can have no idea of the horrible and absurd things she has said and done[2] since (really from the best motives) I withdrew my homage. "Great pleasure" is, certes, my object, but "*why brief*, Mr. Wild?"[3] I cannot answer for the future,

1. "Byron often talks of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, "and always in terms of unqualified praise. He says that the imita- "tions, unlike all other imitations, are full of genius. 'Parodies,' "he said, 'always give a bad impression of the original, but in the "*Rejected Addresses* the reverse was the fact;' and he quoted the "second and third stanzas, in imitation of himself, as admirable, "and just what he could have wished to write on a similar subject" (Lady Blessington's *Conversations*, p. 134).

2. "The Bessboroughs," writes Lady H. Leveson Gower to Lady G. Morpeth, September 12, 1812 (*Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville*, vol. i. pp. 40, 41), "have been unpacked about a couple "of hours. My aunt looks stout and well, but poor Caroline most "terribly the contrary. She is worn to the bone, as pale as death "and her eyes starting out of her head. She seems indeed in a "sad way, alternately in tearing spirits and in tears. I hate her "character, her feelings, and herself when I am away from her, but "she interests me when I am with her, and to see her poor careworn "face is dismal, in spite of reason and speculation upon her extra- "ordinary conduct. She appears to me in a state very (little) short "of insanity, and my aunt describes it as at times having been "decidedly so."

3. The context and allusion seem to require another word than "*brief*;" but the sentence is written as printed. In Fielding's *Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild* (Bk. III. chap. viii.) and in "a dialogue "matrimonial, which passed between Jonathan Wild, Esquire, and

but the past is pretty secure; and in it I can number the last two months as worthy of the gods in *Lucretius*. I cannot review in the "*Monthly;*" in fact I can just now do nothing, at least with a pen; and I really think the days of Authorship are over with me altogether. I hear and rejoice in Bland's and Merivale's intentions.[1] Murray has grown great, and has got him new premises in the fashionable part of the town.[2] We live here so shut out of the *monde* that I have nothing of general import to communicate, and fill this up with a "happy new year," and drink to you and Drury.

Ever yours, dear H.,

B.

I have no intention of continuing "*Childe Harold*." There are a few additions in the "body of the book" of description, which will merely add to the number of pages in the next edition. I have taken Kinsham Court. The business of last summer I broke off,[3] and now the amusement of the gentle fair is writing letters literally threatening my life, and much in the style of "Miss Mathews" in "*Amelia*," or "Lucy" in the "*Beggar's* "*Opera*." Such is the reward of restoring a woman to her family, who are treating her with the greatest kindness, and with whom I am on good terms. I am still in *palatia Circes*, and, being no Ulysses, cannot tell into what animal I may be converted; as you are aware of the turn of both parties, your conjectures will be very correct, I daresay, and, seriously, I am very much

"Lætitia his wife" (*née* Lætitia Snap), "Lætitia asks, 'But pray, "Mr. Wild, why b—ch? Why did you suffer such a word to "escape you?'"

1. The republication of the *Anthology*.

2. Murray's removal from 32, Fleet Street, to 50, Albemarle Street.

3. With Lady Caroline Lamb.

attached. She has had her share of the denunciations of the brilliant Phryne, and regards them as much as I do. I hope you will visit me at K. which will not be ready before spring, and I am very sure you would like my neighbours if you knew them. If you come down now to Kington,[1] pray come and see me.

276.—To John Hanson.

3d Febv, 1813.

Dear Sir,—Will you forward the inclosed immediately to Corbet, whose address I do not exactly remember? It is of consequence, relative to a foolish woman[2] I never saw, who fancies I want to marry her.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I wish you would see Corbet and talk to him about it, for she plagues my soul out with her damned letters.

277.—To John Murray.

February 20, 1813.

Dear Sir,—In "*Horace in London*"[3] I perceive some stanzas on Lord Elgin in which (waving the kind compliment to myself[4]) I heartily concur. I wish I had

1. Near Lower Moor, the residence of Hodgson's relatives, the Cokes.

2. The lady in question seems to have been Lady Falkland (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 216, *note* 1, and the letter dated March 5, 1813).

3. *Horace in London; consisting of Imitations of the First Two Books of the Odes of Horace*, by James and Horace Smith (1813), was a collection of imitations, the best of which are by James Smith, republished from Hill's *Monthly Mirror*, where they originally appeared.

4. In Book I. ode xv. of *Horace in London*, entitled "The "Parthenon," Minerva thus speaks—

the pleasure of Mr. Smith's acquaintance, as I could communicate the curious anecdote you read in Mr. T.'s letter. If he would like it, he can have the *substance* for his second Edition; if not, I shall add it to *our* next, though I think *we* already have enough of Lord Elgin.

What I have read of this work seems admirably done. My praise, however, is not much worth the Author's having; but you may thank him in my name for *his*. The idea is new—we have excellent imitations of the Satires, etc. by Pope; but I remember but one imitative Ode in his works, and *none* any where else. I can hardly suppose that *they* have lost any fame by the fate of the Farce;[1] but even should this be the case, the present publication will again place them on their pinnacle.

Yours truly,

B.

278.—To Robert Rushton.

4, Bennet Street, St. James's, Feb. 24th, 1813.

I feel rather surprised to have heard nothing from you or your father in answer to Fletcher's last letter. I wish to know whether you intend taking a share in a farm with your brother, or prefer to wait for some other situation in Lancashire;—the first will be the best, because, at your time of life, it is highly improper to remain idle. If this

"All who behold my mutilated pile
Shall brand its ravager with classic rage,
And soon a titled bard from Britain's Isle,
Thy country's praise and suffrage shall engage,
And fire with Athens' wrongs an angry age!"

1. Horace Smith's unsuccessful comedy, *First Impressions; or, Trade in the West*, was performed at Drury Lane. The prologue, spoken by Powell, beseeches a judgment from the audience—

"Such as mild Justice might herself dispense,
To *Inexperience and a First Offence.*"

marriage which is spoken of for you is at all advantageous, I can have no objection; but I should suppose, after being in my service from your infancy, you will at least let me know the name of your *intended*, and her expectations. If at all respectable, nothing can be better for your settlement in life, and a proper provision will be made for you; at all events let me hear something on the subject, for, as I have some intention of leaving England in the Summer, I wish to make my arrangements with regard to yourself before that period. As you and Mr. Murray have not received any money for some time, if you will draw on *me* for *fifty* pounds (payable at Messrs. Hoare's, Bankers, Fleet Street), and tell Mr. J[oseph] Murray to draw for the *same sum* on his *own* account, both will be paid by me.

Etc., etc.,

B.

279.—To John Hanson.

Fy. 27th, 1813.

Dear Sir,—I have called several times, and you may suppose am very anxious to hear something from or of Mr. Claughton.

It is my determination, on account of a malady to which I am subject, and for other weighty reasons, to go abroad again almost immediately. To this you will object; but, as my intention cannot be altered, I have only to request that you will assist me as far as in your power to make the necessary arrangements.

I have every confidence in you, and will leave the fullest powers to act in my absence. If this man still hesitates, I must sell my part of Rochdale for what it will bring, even at a loss, and fight him out about Newstead;

without this, I have no funds to go on with, and I do not wish to incur further debts if possible.

Pray favour me with a short reply to this, and say when I can see you. Excuse me to Mrs. H. for my non-appearance last night; I was detained in the H. of L. till too late to dress for her party. Compliments to all.

Ever yours,

BN.

280.—To John Hanson.

March 1st, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that I could not call today but will tomorrow. Your objections I anticipated and can only repeat that I cannot act otherwise; so pray hasten some arrangement—for with, or without, I must go.

A person told me yesterday there was one who would give within 10000 of C.'s price and take the title as it was. C. is a fool or is shuffling.

Think of what I said about *Rochdale*, for I will sell it for what I can get, and will not stay three months longer in this country. I again repeat I will leave all with full powers to you. I commend your objection which is a proof of an honourable mind—which however I did not need to convince me of your character.

If you have any news send a few lines.

Ever yours,

BN.

281.—To —— Corbet.

Mh. 5th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Lady F[alkland?] has returned by Mr. Hanson the only two letters I ever wrote her, both some

time ago, and neither containing the least allusion which could make any person suppose that I had any intention further than regards the children of her husband. My servant returned the packet and letter of yesterday at the moment of receiving them; by her letter to Mr. H. it should seem they have not been redelivered. I am sorry for this, but it is not my fault, and they ought never to have been sent. After her Ladyship's mistakes, so often repeated, you will not blame me for declining all further interference in her affairs, and I rely much upon your word in contradicting her foolish assertions, and most absurd imaginations. She now says that "I need "not leave the country on her account." How the devil she knew that I was about to leave it I cannot guess; but, however, for the first time she has *dreamed* right. But *her* being the cause is still more ludicrous than the rest. First, she would have it that I returned here for love of a woman I *never saw*, and now that I am going, for the same whom I *have never seen*, and certainly never wished, nor wish, to see! The maddest *consistency* I ever heard of. I trust that she has regained her senses, as she tells Mr. H. she will not scribble any more, which will also save *you* from the troublesome correspondence of

Your obliged and obedient servant,

BYRON.

282.—To John Hanson.

March 6th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I must be ready in April at whatever risk,—at whatever loss. You will therefore advertize Rochdale; if you decline this, I will sell it for what it will bring, even though but a few thousand pounds.

With regard to Claughton, I shall only say that, if he

knew the ruin,—the misery, he occasions by his delay, he would be sorry for his conduct, and I only hope that he and I may not meet, or I shall say something he will not like to hear. I have called often. I shall call today at three or between three and four; again and again, I can only beg of you to forward my plans, for here no power on earth shall make me remain six weeks longer.

Ever yours,

B.

283.—To Charles Hanson.

Mh. 24th, 1813.

My dear Charles,—This is very evasive and dissatisfactory. What is to be done I cannot tell, but your father had better see his letter and this of mine. A long litigation neither suits my inclination nor circumstances; it were better to take back the estate, and raise it to what it will bear, which must be at least double, to dismantle the house and sell the materials, and sell Rochdale. Something I must determine on and that quickly. I want to go abroad immediately; it is utterly impossible for me to remain here; every thing I have done to extricate myself has been useless. Your father said "*sell;*" I have sold, and see what has become of it! If I go to Law with this fellow, after five years litigation at the present depreciation of money, the *price* will not be worth the *property;* besides how much of it will be spent in the contest! and how am I to live in the interim? Every day land rises and money falls. I shall tell Mr. Cn. he is a *scoundrel*, and have done with him, and I only hope he will have spirit enough to resent the appellation, and defend his own rascally conduct. In the interim of his delay in his journey, I shall leave town; on Sunday

I shall set out for Herefordshire, from whence, when wanted, I will return.

Pray tell your father to get the money on Rochdale, or I must sell it directly. I must be ready by the last week in *May*, and am consequently pressed for time.

I go first to Cagliari in Sardinia, and on to the Levant.

Believe me, dear Charles,

Yours truly,

B.

284.—To Samuel Rogers.[1]

March 25, 1813.

I enclose you a draft for the usurious interest due to Lord B[oringdon]'s *protégé*;—I also could wish you would state thus much for me to his Lordship. Though the transaction speaks plainly in itself for the borrower's folly and the lender's usury, it never was my intention to *quash* the demand, as I *legally* might, nor to withhold payment of principal, or, perhaps, even *unlawful* interest. You know what my situation has been, and what it is. I have

1. The following was Rogers's reply :—

"Friday Morning.

"My dearest Byron,—I have just received your note, but I "*will not* execute your Commission; and, moreover, I will tell "Lord Boringdon that I refused to do it. I know your situation; "and I should never sleep again, if by any interference of mine, "for by so harsh a word I must call it, you should be led by your "generosity, your pride, or any other noble motive, to do more "than you are called upon to do.

"I mentioned the thing to Lord Holland last night, and he "entirely agreed with me, that you are not called upon to do it. "The Principal and the legal interest are all that these extortioners "are entitled to; and, you must forgive me, but I will not do as "you require. I shall keep the draft till I see you.

"Yours ever and ever,

"Saml. Rogers."

parted with an estate (which has been in my family for nearly three hundred years, and was never disgraced by being in possession of a *lawyer*, a *churchman*, or a *woman*, during that period,) to liquidate this and similar demands; and the payment of the purchase is still withheld, and may be, perhaps, for years. If, therefore, I am under the necessity of making those persons *wait* for their money, (which, considering the terms, they can afford to suffer,) it is my misfortune.

When I arrived at majority in 1809, I offered my own security on *legal* interest, and it was refused. *Now*, I will not accede to this. This man I may have seen, but I have no recollection of the names of any parties but the *agents* and the securities. The moment I can, it is assuredly my intention to pay my debts. This person's case may be a hard one; but, under all circumstances, what is mine? I could not foresee that the purchaser of my estate was to demur in paying for it.

I am glad it happens to be in my power so far to accommodate my Israelite, and only wish I could do as much for the rest of the Twelve Tribes.

Ever yours, dear R.,

BN.

285.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

4, Bennet Street, St. James's, March 26th, 1813.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I did not answer your letter, because I could not answer as I wished, but expected that every week would bring me some tidings that might enable me to reply better than by apologies. But Claughton has not, will not, and, I think, cannot pay his money, and though, luckily, it was stipulated that he should never have possession till the whole was paid, the

J. Hoppner P. A. Lux

The Countess of Oxford.

estate is still on my hands, and your brother consequently not less embarrassed than ever. This is the truth, and is all the excuse I can offer for inability, but not unwillingness, to serve you.

I am going abroad again in June, but should wish to see you before my departure. You have perhaps heard that I have been fooling away my time with different "*regnantes;*" but what better can be expected from me? I have but one *relative*, and her I never see. I have no connections to domesticate with, and for marriage I have neither the talent nor the inclination. I cannot fortune-hunt, nor afford to marry without a fortune. My parliamentary schemes are not much to my taste—I spoke twice last Session,[1] and was told it was well enough; but

1. What is generally supposed to have been Byron's second speech (see Appendix II. (2)) was made, April 21, 1813, on Lord Donoughmore's motion for a Committee on Roman Catholic claims.

The following impressions of his short parliamentary career are recorded by Byron himself:—

"I have never heard any one who fulfilled my ideal of an orator. "Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. "Pitt I never heard. Fox but once, and then he struck me as a "debater, which to me seems as different from an orator as an "improvisatore, or a versifier, from a poet. Grey is great, but "it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Windham "I did not admire, though all the world did; it seemed sad "sophistry. Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and "vulgar vehemence, but strong, and English. Holland is im-"pressive from sense and sincerity. Lord Lansdowne good, but "still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly, if he would prune "his speeches down to an hour's delivery. Burdett is sweet and "silvery as Belial himself, and I think the greatest favourite in "Pandemonium; at least I always heard the country gentlemen "and the ministerial devilry praise his speeches *up* stairs, and run "down from Bellamy's when he was upon his legs. I heard Bob "Milnes make his *second* speech; it made no impression. I like "Ward—studied, but keen, and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my "school and form fellow (we sat within two of each other), strange "to say, I have never heard, though I often wished to do so; but, "from what I remember of him at Harrow, he *is*, or *should* be, "among the best of them. Now I do *not* admire Mr. Wilberforce's "speaking; it is nothing but a flow of words—'words, words, alone.'

"I doubt greatly if the English *have* any eloquence, properly

I hate the thing altogether, and have no intention to "strut another hour" on that stage. I am thus wasting the best part of life, daily repenting and never amending.

"so called; and am inclined to think that the Irish *had* a great "deal, and that the French *will* have, and have had in Mirabeau. "Lord Chatham and Burke are the nearest approaches to orators "in England. I don't know what Erskine may have been at the "*bar*, but in the House, I wish him at the bar once more. Lauder- "dale is shrill, and Scotch, and acute. Of Brougham I shall say "nothing, as I have a personal feeling of dislike to the man.

"But amongst all these, good, bad, and indifferent, I never heard "the speech which was not too long for the auditors, and not very "intelligible, except here and there. The whole thing is a grand "deception, and as tedious and tiresome as may be to those who "must be often present. I heard Sheridan only once, and that "briefly, but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit: and he is "the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length.

"The impression of Parliament upon me was, that its members "are not formidable as *speakers*, but very much so as an *audience;* "because in so numerous a body there may be little eloquence, "(after all, there were but *two* thorough orators in all antiquity, "and I suspect still *fewer* in modern times,) but there must be a "leaven of thought and good sense sufficient to make them *know* "what is right, though they can't express it nobly.

"Horne Tooke and Roscoe both are said to have declared that "they left Parliament with a higher opinion of its aggregate inte- "grity and abilities than that with which they entered it. The "general amount of both in most Parliaments is probably about "the same, as also the number of *speakers* and their talent. I "except *orators*, of course, because they are things of ages, and not "of septennial or triennial reunions. Neither House ever struck "me with more awe or respect than the same number of Turks in "a divan, or of Methodists in a barn, would have done. Whatever "diffidence or nervousness I felt (and I felt both, in a great degree) "arose from the number rather than the quality of the assemblage, "and the thought rather of the *public without* than the persons "within,—knowing (as all know) that Cicero himself, and probably "the Messiah, could never have altered the vote of a single lord "of the bedchamber, or bishop. I thought *our* House dull, but "the other animating enough upon great days.

"I have heard that when Grattan made his first speech in the "English Commons, it was for some minutes doubtful whether to "laugh at or cheer him. The *début* of his predecessor, Flood, had "been a complete failure, under nearly similar circumstances. But "when the ministerial part of our senators had watched Pitt (their "thermometer) for the cue, and saw him nod repeatedly his stately "nod of approbation, they took the hint from their huntsman, and "broke out into the most rapturous cheers. Grattan's speech,

On Sunday, I set off for a fortnight for Eywood, near Presteign, in Herefordshire—with the *Oxfords*. I see you put on a *demure* look at the name, which is very becoming and matronly in you; but you won't be sorry to hear that I am quite out of a more serious scrape with another singular personage which threatened me last year, and trouble enough I had to steer clear of it I assure you. I hope all my nieces are well, and increasing in growth and number; but I wish you were not always buried in that bleak common near Newmarket.

I am very well in health, but not happy, nor even comfortable; but I will not bore you with complaints. I am a fool, and deserve all the ills I have met, or may meet with, but nevertheless very *sensibly*, dearest Augusta,

Your most affectionate brother,

BYRON.

"indeed, deserved them; it was a *chef-d'œuvre*. I did not hear "*that* speech of his (being then at Harrow), but heard most of his "others on the same question—also that on the war of 1815. I "differed from his opinions on the latter question, but coincided "in the general admiration of his eloquence.

"When I met old Courtenay, the orator, at Rogers's the poet's, "in 1811–12, I was much taken with the portly remains of his fine "figure, and the still acute quickness of his conversation. It was "*he* who silenced Flood in the English House by a crushing reply "to a hasty *début* of the rival of Grattan in Ireland. I asked "Courtenay (for I like to trace motives) if he had not some personal "provocation; for the acrimony of his answer seemed to me, as "I read it, to involve it. Courtenay said 'he had; that, when in "Ireland (being an Irishman), at the bar of the Irish House of "Commons, Flood had made a personal and unfair attack upon "*himself*, who, not being a member of that House, could not "defend himself, and that some years afterwards, the opportunity "of retort offering in the English Parliament, he could not resist "it.' He certainly repaid Flood with interest, for Flood never "made any figure, and only a speech or two afterwards, in the "English House of Commons. I must except, however, his speech "on Reform in 1790, which Fox called 'the best he ever heard "upon that subject.'"

286.—To John Murray.

March 29th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Westall has, I believe, agreed to illustrate your book,[1] and I fancy one of the engravings will be from the pretty little girl[2] you saw the other day, though without her name, and merely as a model for some sketch connected with the subject. I would also have the portrait (which you saw to-day) of the friend who is mentioned in the text at the close of Canto 1st, and in the notes,—which are subjects sufficient to authorise that addition.

Believe me, yours truly,

B^N.

287.—To John Hanson.

Presteigne, April 15th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you requesting an answer last week, and again apprising you of my determination of leaving England early in May, and proceeding no further with Claughton.

Now, having arrived, I shall write to that person immediately to give up the whole business. I am sick of the delays attending it, and can wait no longer, and I have had too much of *law* already at Rochdale to place Newstead in the same predicament.

1. An edition of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, to be illustrated by Richard Westall (1765–1836), who painted Byron's portrait in 1813–14.

2. Lady Charlotte Harley, daughter of Lord Oxford, to whom, under the name of Ianthe, the introductory lines to *Childe Harold* were afterwards addressed. Lady Charlotte married, in 1820, Brigadier-General Bacon.

I shall only be able to see you for a few days in town, as I shall sail before the 20th of May.

Believe me, yours ever,

B.

P.S.—My best compliments to Mrs. H. and the family.

288.—To John Hanson.

Presteigne, April 17th, 1813.

Dear Sir,—I shall follow your advice and say nothing to our shuffling purchaser, but leave him to you, and the fullest powers of *Attorney*, which I hope you will have ready on my arrival in town early next week. I wish, if possible, the arrangement with Hoare to be made immediately, as I must set off forthwith. I mean to remain *incog.* in London for the short time previous to my embarkation.

I have not written to Claughton, nor shall, of course, after your counsel on the subject. I wish you would turn in your mind the expediency of selling Rochdale. I shall never make any thing of it, as it is.

I beg you will provide (as before my last voyage) the fullest powers to act in my absence, and bring my cursed concerns into some kind of order. You must at least allow that I have acted according to your advice about Newstead, and I shall take no step without your being previously consulted.

I hope I shall find you and Mrs. H., etc., well in London, and that you have heard something from this dilatory gentleman.

Believe me, ever yours truly,

B.

289.—To John Murray.

April 21, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be in town by Sunday next, and will call and have some conversation on the subject of Westall's proposed designs. I am to sit to him for a picture at the request of a friend of mine;[1] and as Sanders's is not a good one, you will probably prefer the other. I wish you to have Sanders's taken down and sent to my lodgings immediately—before my arrival. I hear that a certain malicious publication on Waltzing[2] is attributed to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict, as the Author, I am sure, will not like that I should wear his cap and bells. Mr. Hobhouse's quarto will be out immediately; pray send to the author for an early copy which I wish to take abroad with me.

Dear Sir, I am, yours very truly,

B.

P.S.—I see the *Examiner*[3] threatens some observations upon you next week. What can you have done to share the wrath which has heretofore been principally expended upon the Prince? I presume all your Scribleri will be drawn up in battle array in defence of the modern Tonson—Mr. Bucke,[4] for instance.

1. This picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1815, is now in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

2. Byron's *Waltz* was published anonymously in the spring of 1813, not, apparently, by Murray, but by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row.

3. In the *Examiner* for April, 1813, occurs the paragraph: "A "word or two on Mr. Murray's (the 'splendid bookseller') judg- "ment in the Fine Arts—next week, *if room.*"

4. Charles Bucke (1781–1846), a voluminous writer of verse, plays, and miscellaneous subjects, published, in 1813, his *Philosophy of Nature; or, the Influence of Scenery on the Mind and Heart.* He supported himself by his pen, and that indifferently. Byron seems

Send in my account to Bennet Street, as I wish to settle it before sailing.

to suggest that he was a dependent of Murray's. In 1817 he sent to the Committee of Management at Drury Lane his tragedy, *The Italians; or, the Fatal Accusation*, and it was accepted. In February, 1819, he withdrew the play, in consequence of a quarrel with Edmund Kean, and published it with extracts from the correspondence and a Preface, which sent it through numerous editions. The play itself was, after being withdrawn, played at Drury Lane, April 3, 1819. Bucke and his Preface were answered in *The Assailant Assailed*, and in *A Defence of Edmund Kean, Esq.* (both in 1819), and the opinion of the town condemned both him and his tragedy.

CHAPTER VII.

MAY, 1813—DECEMBER, 1813.

THE *GIAOUR* AND *BRIDE OF ABYDOS.*

290.—To John Murray.

May 13, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I send a corrected, and, I hope, amended copy of the lines for the "fragment" already sent this evening.[1] Let the enclosed be the copy that is sent to the Devil (the printers) and burn the other.

Yours, etc.,

B^N.

291.—To Thomas Moore.

May 19, 1813.

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,[2]—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Twopenny Post Bag;

* * * * *

But now to my letter—to *yours* 'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,

1. *The Giaour*, which was now in the press, was expanded, either in the course of printing, or in the successive editions, from 400 lines to 1400. It was published in May, 1813.

2. Moore's *Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag. By Thomas Brown, the Younger*, was published in 1813.

All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spunge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon [1]—

1. The "wit in the dungeon" was James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), who was educated at Christ's Hospital, and began his literary life with "a collection of poems, written between the ages "of twelve and sixteen," and published in 1801 as *Juvenilia*. In 1808 he and his brother John started a weekly newspaper called the *Examiner*, which advocated liberal principles with remarkable independence. On February 24, 1811, Hunt published an article in defence of Peter Finnerty, convicted for a libel on Castlereagh, and exhorting public writers to be bold in the cause of individual liberty. The same number contained an article on the savagery of military floggings, for which he was prosecuted, defended by Brougham, and acquitted. His acquittal drew from Shelley a letter of congratulation, addressed to Hunt as "one of the most fearless en- "lighteners of the public mind" (Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. i. p. 113).

In March, 1812, the *Morning Post* printed a poem, speaking of the Prince Regent as the "Mæcenas of the Age," the "Exciter of "Desire," the "Glory of the People," an "Adonis of Loveliness," etc. The *Examiner* for March 12, 1812, thus translated this adulation into "the language of truth:" "What person, unacquainted "with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these "astounding eulogies, that this 'Glory of the People' was the "subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! . . . that this "'Exciter of Desire' (bravo! Messieurs of the *Post!*), this 'Adonis "in Loveliness,' was a corpulent man of fifty!—in short, this "*delightful*, *blissful*, *wise*, *pleasureable*, *honourable*, *virtuous*, *true*, "and *immortal* prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over "head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the com- "panion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half "a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country "or the respect of posterity."

Crabb Robinson, who met Leigh Hunt, four days later, at Charles Lamb's, says (*Diary*, vol. i. p. 376), "Leigh Hunt is an enthusiast, "very well intentioned, and, I believe, prepared for the worst. "He said, pleasantly enough, 'No one can accuse me of not writing "a libel. Everything is a libel, as the law is now declared, and our "security lies only in their shame.'" For this libel John and Leigh Hunt were convicted in the Court of King's Bench on December 9, 1812. In the following February they were sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £500 a-piece. John was imprisoned in Coldbath-fields, Leigh in the Surrey County Gaol. They were released on February 2 or 3, 1815.

Shelley, on reading the sentence, proposed a subscription for "the brave and enlightened man . . . to whom the public owes a "debt as the champion of their liberties and virtues" (Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, vol. i. p. 325). Keats wrote a sonnet to Hunt on the day he left his prison, beginning—

Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!

"What though for showing truth to flatter'd state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison."

A political alliance was thus cemented, which, for the time, was disastrous to the literary prospects of Shelley and Keats. To Hunt Shelley dedicated the *Cenci*, and Keats his first volume of *Poems* (1817). He is the "gentlest of the wise" in Shelley's *Adonais;* and, in a suppressed stanza of the same poem, the poet speaks of Hunt's "sweet and earnest looks," "soft smiles," and "dark and "night-like eyes." The words inscribed on Shelley's tomb—"*Cor* "*Cordium*"—were Hunt's choice. In his various papers Hunt zealously championed his friends. In the *Examiner* for September to October, 1819, he defended Shelley's personal character; in the same paper for June to July, 1817, he praised Keats's first volume of *Poems;* he reviewed "Lamia" in the *Indicator* for August 2–9, 1820, and "La Belle Dame sans Merci" in that for May 10, 1820. In his *Foliage* (1818) are three sonnets addressed to Keats.

Shelley believed in Hunt to the end. It was mainly through him that Hunt came to Pisa in June, 1822, to join with Byron in *The Liberal*. But he doubted whether the alliance between the "wren "and the eagle" could continue (*Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 519). Keats, on the other hand, lost his faith in Hunt. In a letter to Haydon (May, 1817), speaking of Hunt, he says, "There is no "greater Sin after the seven deadly than to flatter oneself into an "idea of being a great Poet." Again (March, 1818) he writes, "It is a great Pity that People should, by associating themselves "with the finest things, spoil them. Hunt has damned Hampstead, "and masks, and sonnets, and Italian tales." He writes still more severely (December, 1818—January, 1819), "If I were to follow "my own inclinations, I should never meet any one of that set "again, not even Hunt, who is certainly a pleasant fellow in the "main when you are with him; but in reality he is vain, egotistical, "and disgusting in matters of taste and morals. Hunt does one "harm by making fine things petty, and beautiful things hateful. "Through him I am indifferent to Mozart. I care not for white "Busts—and many a glorious thing when associated with him "becomes a nothing." Haydon considered that Hunt was the "great unhinger" of Keats's best dispositions (*Works of Keats*, ed. H. B. Forman, vol. iv. p. 359); and Severn attributes Keats's temporary "mawkishness" to Hunt's society (*ibid.*, p. 376).

Nathaniel Hawthorne (*Our Old Home*, p. 229, ed. 1884) says of Hunt, and means it as high praise, that "there was not an English "trait in him from head to foot—morally, intellectually, or physically. "Beef, ale or stout, brandy or port-wine, entered not at all into his "composition." He was, in fact, a man of weak fibre, who allowed himself to sponge upon his friends, such as Talfourd, Haydon, and Shelley. Though Dickens denied (*All the Year Round*, Dec. 24, 1859)

I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some
codgers,
And for Sotheby's[2] Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;

that "Harold Skimpole" was intended for Hunt, the picture was recognized as a portrait. On the other hand, Hunt was a man of kindly and genial disposition. "He loves everything," says Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 192), "he catches the sunny side of "everything, and, excepting that he has a few polemical antipathies, "finds everything beautiful." In his essays, the best of which appeared in the *Indicator* (1819–21), he communicates some of his own sense of enjoyment to those of his readers who are content to take him as he is. His circle is limited; but in it his observation is minute and suggestive. The Vale of Health is to him, in a degree proportioned to their respective powers, what the Temple was to Lamb. His style is neat, pretty, and would be affected if it were not the man himself. As a literary journalist, a dramatic critic, and an essayist, he has a place in literature. His poetry is less successful; his affectations, innate vulgarity, and habit of pawing his subjects repel even those who are attracted by its sweetness. Yet his *Story of Rimini* (1816), which he dedicated to Byron, was admired in its day. Byron, though he condemned its affected style, thought the poem a "devilish good one." Moore held the same opinion; and Jeffrey, writing to him May 28, 1816 (*Memoirs, etc., of Thomas Moore*, vol. ii. p. 100), says, "I certainly shall not be "ill-natured to *Rimini*. It is very sweet and very lively in many "places, and is altogether piquant, as being by far the best imita-"tion of Chaucer and some of his Italian contemporaries that "modern times have produced."

No two men could be more unlike than Byron and Hunt, or have less in common. Yet, with a singular capacity for self-delusion, Hunt told his wife that the texture of Byron's mind resembled his to a thread (*Correspondence of L. Hunt*, vol. i. p. 88). The friendship began in political sympathy; but two years later (see Byron's letter to Moore, June 1, 1818) it had, on one side at least, cooled. In June, 1822, Hunt came to Pisa to launch *The Liberal*, with the aid of Shelley and Byron. *The Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South*, started in 1822, lived through four numbers, and died in July, 1823. During that time Byron expressed to Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 77) "a very good opinion of the talents and principle of "Mr. Hunt, though, as he said, 'our tastes are so opposite that we "are totally unsuited to each other . . . in short, we are more "formed to be friends at a distance, than near.'" For the best part of two years Hunt was Byron's guest: he repaid his hospitality by publishing his *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* (1828). Though Lady Blessington said the book "gave, in the main, a fair "account" of Byron (Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, vol. iii. p. 13), its publication was a breach of honour. As such it was justly attacked by Moore in "The 'Living Dog' and the 'Dead Lion'":—

And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote.

"Next week will be published (as 'Lives' are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

"Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call 'sad,'
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how Lions behave—among friends.

"How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the Lion was no such great things after all.

"Though he roared pretty well—this the puppy allows—
It was all, he says, borrowed—all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

"'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,
And judges of Lions by puppy-dog habits.

"Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,
And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

"However, the book's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.
"*Exeter 'Change.* T. PIDCOCK."

For the reply of Hunt or one of his friends, "The Giant and the "Dwarf," see Appendix VI.

2. William Sotheby (1757–1833), once a cavalry officer, afterwards a man of letters and of fortune, published his *Oberon* in 1798, and his *Georgics* in 1800 (see *English Bards*, *etc.*, line 818, and *note*). The following passage from Byron's *Detached Thoughts* (1821) refers to him:—

"Sotheby is a good man; rhymes well (if not wisely), but is a "bore. He seizes you by the button. One night of a rout, at Mrs. "Hope's, he had fastened upon me (something about Agamemnon "or Orestes—or some of his plays), notwithstanding my symptoms "of manifest distress, (for I was in love and had just nicked a minute

But to-morrow at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent, Mamurra.[1]

Dear M.,—having got thus far, I am interrupted by * * * *. 10 o'clock.

Half-past 11. * * * * is gone. I must dress for Lady Heathcote's.—Addio.

292.—To John Murray.

May 22nd, 1813.

Dear Sir,—I return the "*Curiosities of Literature*."[2] Pray is it fair to ask if the "*Twopenny Postbag*" is to be reviewed in this No.? because, if not, I should be glad to undertake it, and leave it to Chance and the Editor for a reception into your pages.

Yours truly,

B.

P.S.—You have not sent me Eustace's *Travels*.[3]

"when neither mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips, were "near my then idol, who was beautiful as the Statues of the Gallery "where we stood at the time). Sotheby, I say, had seized upon "me by the button, and the heart-strings, and spared neither. "W. Spencer, who likes fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my "case, and, coming up to us both, took me by the hand and "pathetically bade me farewell, 'for,' said he, 'I see it is all over "with you.' Sotheby then went away. *Sic me servavit Apollo.*"

1. See Catullus, xxix. 3—

> "Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati,
> Nisi impudicus et vorax, et aleo,
> Mamurram habere, quod Comata Gallia
> Habebat uncti et ultima Britannia?"

See also xli 4, xliii. 5 (compare Horace, *Sat.* i. 5. 37), and lvii. 2.

2. The first volume of Isaac Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* was published in 1791. The remaining volumes were published at intervals: vol. ii., 1793; vol. iii., 1817; vols. iv. and v., in 1823; vol. vi., 1834.

3. John Chetwode Eustace (circ. 1762–1815) published his *Tour through Italy* in 1813.

293.—To John Murray.

May 23rd, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I question whether ever author before received such a compliment from his *master*. I am glad you think the thing is tolerably *vamped* and will be *vendible*.

Pray look over the proof again. I am but a careless reviser, and let me have 12 struck off, and one or two for yourself to serve as MS. for the thing when published in the body of the volume. If Lady Caroline Lamb sends for it, do *not* let her have it, till the copies are all ready, and then you can send her one.

Yours truly,

Μπαιρων.

P.S.—H.'s book is out at last; I have my copy, which I have lent already.

294.—To John Murray.

June 2, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I presented a petition to the house yesterday,[1] which gave rise to some debate, and I wish you to favour me for a few minutes with the *Times* and *Herald* to look on their hostile report.

1. The petition was from Major Cartwright, and was presented June 1, 1813. (For Byron's speech, see Appendix II. (3).) Returning from the House, he called on Moore, and, while the latter was dressing for dinner, walked up and down the next room, "spouting "in a sort of mock heroic voice, detached sentences of the speech "he had just been delivering. 'I told them,' he said, 'that it was "a most flagrant violation of the Constitution—that, if such things "were permitted, there was an end of English freedom, and "that——' 'But what was this dreadful grievance?' asked Moore. "'The grievance?' he repeated, pausing as if to consider, 'oh, "*that* I forget.'"

You will find, if you like to look at my *prose*, my words nearly *verbatim* in the *M. Chronicle*.

B^N.

295.—To Thomas Moore.

MY DEAR MOORE,—"When Rogers"[1] must not see the inclosed, which I send for your perusal. I am ready

1. In the late spring or early summer of 1813, Byron and Moore supped on bread and cheese with Rogers. Their host had just received from Lord Thurlow a copy of his *Poems on Several Occasions* (1813), and, in spite of protests by Rogers, Byron and Moore, in wild spirits, hunted through the volume to find absurdities. Byron lighted upon some lines to Rogers himself, "On the Poem "of Mr. Rogers entitled 'An Epistle to a Friend.'" The first stanza ran thus—

> "When Rogers o'er this labour bent,
> Their purest fire the Muses lent,
> T' illustrate this sweet argument."

But when he began to read them aloud, he could not, for laughing, get beyond the first two words. Two or three times he tried, but always broke down, till he was joined by Moore in a fit of laughter which at last infected Rogers himself. The three were, as Moore tells the story, "in such a state of inextinguishable laughter, that, "had the author himself been of the party, I question much whether "he could have resisted the infection." A day or two afterwards, Byron sent Moore the lines given in Letter 295. On the same day he again returned to the subject, with the following additional lines, in which the last stanza of the same poem is the text :—

> "Then, thus, to form Apollo's crown,
> (Let ev'ry other bring his own,)
> I lay my branch of laurel down."

"TO LORD THURLOW.

I.

"'*I lay my branch of laurel down.*'

"*Thou* 'lay thy branch of *laurel* down!'
Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?

to fix any day you like for our visit. Was not Sheridan good upon the whole? The "Poulterer" was the first and best.[1]

Ever yours, etc.

Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
Or send it back to Dr. Donne—
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He'd have but little, and thou—none.

2.

"'*Then thus to form Apollo's crown.*'

"A crown! why, twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

3.

"'*Let every other bring his own.*'

"When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare."

Edward Hovell (1781–1829) succeeded his uncle in 1806 as second Baron Thurlow. He published several volumes of poetry: *Poems on Several Occasions* (1812); *Ariadne, a Poem* (1814); *Carmen Britannicum, or the Song of Britain: written in honour of the Prince Regent* (1814); *Moonlight, a Poem* (1814); *The Sonnets of Edward, Lord Thurlow* privately printed, 1821); *Angelica, or the Rape of Proteus, a Poem* (1822).

1. Byron had met Sheridan and Moore at dinner with Rogers. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on the *Address* which Whitbread had written and sent in for the opening of Drury Lane. Like many of his competitors, he had introduced the Phœnix. "But Whitbread," said Sheridan, "made more of this "bird than any of them; he entered into particulars, and described "its wings, beak, tail, etc.; in short, it was a *poulterer's* description "of a Phœnix."

1.

When Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent,
(I hope I am not violent),
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

2.

And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise—
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

3.

* * * * *

4.

* * * * *

5.

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!
Hermilda's first and second canto,
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

6.

And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining—
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

296.—To John Hanson.

June 3d, 1813.

Dear Sir,—When you receive this I shall have left town for a week, and, as it is perfectly right we should understand each other, I think you will not be surprised at my persisting in my intention of going abroad. If the Suit can be carried on in my absence,—*well;* if not, it must be given up. One word, one letter, to Cn.

would put an end to it; but this I shall not do, at all events without acquainting you before hand; nor at all, provided I am able to go abroad again. But at all hazards, at all losses, on this last point I am as determined as I have been for the last six months, and you have always told me that you would endeavour to assist me in that intention. Every thing is ordered and ready now. Do not trifle with me, for I am in very solid serious earnest, and if utter ruin *were*, or *is* before me, on the one hand—and wealth at home on the other,—I have made my choice, and go I will.

If you wish to write, address a line before Saturday to Salthill Post Office; Maidenhead, I believe, but am not sure, is the Post town; but I shall not be in town till Wednesday next.

Believe me, yours ever,

BN.

P.S.—Let all the books go to Mr. Murray's immediately, and let the plate, linen, etc., which I find *excepted* by the *contract*, be sold, particularly a large silver vase—with the *contents* not removed as they are curious, and a silver cup (not the skull) be sold also—both are of value.

The Pictures also, and every moveable that is mine, and can be converted into cash; all I want is a few thousand pounds, and then adieu. You shan't be troubled with me these ten years, if ever.

297.—To Francis Hodgson.

June 6, 1813.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—I write to you a few lines on business. Murray has thought proper at his own risk, and peril, and profit (if there be any) to publish *The*

Giaour; and it may possibly come under your ordeal in the *Monthly*.[1] I merely wish to state that in the published copies there are additions to the amount of ten pages, *text* and *margin* (*chiefly* the last), which render it a little less unfinished (but more unintelligible) than before. If, therefore, you review it, let it be from the published copies and not from the first sketch. I shall not sail for this month, and shall be in town again next week, when I shall be happy to hear from you but more glad to see you. You know I have no time or turn for correspondence (!). But you also know, I hope, that I am not the less

Yours ever,
ΜΠΑΙΡΩΝ.

298.—To Francis Hodgson.

June 8th, 1813.

My dear Hodgson,—In town for a night I find your card. I had written to you at Cambridge merely to say that Murray has thought it expedient to publish *The Giaour* at his own risk (and reimbursement, if he can), and that, as it will probably be in your department in the *Monthly*, I wished to state that, in the published copies, there are additions to the tune of 300 lines or so towards the end, and, if reviewed, it should *not* be from the privately printed copy. So much for scribbling.

I shall manage to see you somewhere before I sail, which will be next month; till then I am yours here, and afterwards any where and every where,

Dear H., *tutto tuo*,
Bn.

1. *The Giaour* was reviewed in the *Monthly Review* for June, 1813 (N.S. vol. lxxi. p. 202). In the Editor's copy is added in MS. at the end of the article, as indicating the author of the review, the word "Den."

299.—To John Murray.

J^e. 9, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I regret much that I have no profane garment to array you with for the masquerade. As my motions will be uncertain, you need not write nor send the proofs till my return.

Yours truly,

B^N.

P.S.—My wardrobe is out of town—or I could have dressed you as an Albanian—or a Turk—or an officer —or a Waggoner.

300.—To John Murray.

June 12, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Having occasion to send a servant to London, I will thank you to inform me whether I left with the other things 3 miniatures in your care (—if not —I know where to find them), and also to "report "progress" in unpacking the books? The bearer returns this evening.

How does Hobhouse's work go on, or rather off—for that is the essential part? In yesterday's paper, immediately under an advertisement on "Strictures in the "Urethra," I see—most appropriately consequent—a poem with "*strictures* on Ld B., Mr. Southey and others,"[1]

1. In the *Morning Chronicle* (June 10, 1813) appeared advertisements of the two following books:—*Practical Observations on the best mode of curing Strictures, etc., with Remarks on Inefficacy, etc., of Caustic Applications.* By William Wadd. Printed for J. Callow, Soho. *Modern Poets; a Dialogue in Verse, containing some Strictures on the Poetry of Lord Byron, Mr. Southey, and Others.* Printed for White, Cochrane, and Co., Fleet Street.

In a note on *Modern Poets* (p. 7) occurs the following passage: "In *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* the same respectable

though I am afraid neither "Mr. S.'s" poetical distemper, nor "mine," nor "others," is of the suppressive or stranguary kind. You may read me the prescription of this kill or cure physician. The medicine is compounded at White and Cochrane's, Fleet Street. As I have nothing else to do, I may enjoy it like Sir Fretful, or the Archbishop of Grenada, or any other personage in like predicament.

Recollect that my lacquey returns in the Evening, and that I set out for Portsmouth[1] to-morrow. All here are very well, and much pleased with your politeness and attention during their stay in town.

Believe me, yours truly,

B.

P.S.—Are there anything but books? If so, let those *extras* remain untouched for the present. I trust you have not stumbled on any more "Aphrodites," and have burnt those. I send you both the advertisements, but don't send me the first treatise—as I have no occasion for *Caustic* in that quarter.

"corps of critics is successively exhibited, in the course of only ten "lines, under the following significant but somewhat incongruous "forms, viz. (1) Northern Wolves, (2) Harpies, (3) Bloodhounds." In proof the writer quotes lines 426–437 of the Satire. Then follows a long review of *Childe Harold*, in which the critic condemns Harold, the hero, as "an uncouth incumbrance of this flighty Lord;" the want of "plot . . . action and fable, interest, order, end;" and asks—

> "Shall he immortal bays aspire to wear
> Who immortality from man would tear,
> Repress the sigh which hopes a happier home,
> And chase the visions of a life to come?"

1. For Byron's intention to go abroad with Lord and Lady Oxford, see p. 164, *note* 3.

301.—To John Murray.

[Maidenhead], June 13, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Amongst the books from Bennet S^t^. is a small vol. of abominable poems by the Earl of Haddington which must not be in ye Catalogue on Sale—also—a vol. of French Epigrams in the same predicament.

On the title page of Meletius is an inscription in writing which must be *erased* and made illegible.

I have read the strictures, which are just enough, and not grossly abusive, in very fair couplets. There is a note against Massinger near the end, but one cannot quarrel with one's company, at any rate. The author detects some incongruous figures in a passage of *E. Bds.*, page 23., but which edition I do not know. In the *sole* copy in your possession—I mean the *fifth* edition —you may make these alterations, that I may profit (though a little too late) by his remarks:—For "*hellish* "instinct," substitute "*brutal* instinct;" "*harpies*" alter to "*felons;*" and for "blood-hounds" write "hell-"hounds." These be "very bitter words, by my troth," and the alterations not much sweeter; but as I shall not publish the thing, they can do no harm, but are a satisfaction to me in the way of amendment. The passage is only 12 lines.

You do not answer me about H.'s book; I want to write to him, and not to say anything unpleasing. If you direct to Post Office, Portsmouth, till *called* for, I will send and receive your letter. You never told me of the forthcoming critique on *Columbus*,[1] which is not *too* fair; and I do not think justice quite done to the *Pleasures*,

1. Rogers's *Columbus* was reviewed by Ward in the *Quarterly* for March, 1813. The reviewer detects "evident marks of haste" in the poem.

which surely entitles the author to a higher rank than that assigned to him in the *Quarterly*. But I must not cavil at the decisions of the *invisible infallibles;* and the article is very well written. The general horror of "*fragments*"[1] makes me tremulous for "*The Giaour;*" but you would publish it—I presume, by this time, to your repentance. But as I consented, whatever be its fate, I won't now quarrel with you, even though I detect it in my pastry; but I shall not open a pye without apprehension for some weeks.

The Books which may be marked G. O. I will carry out. Do you know Clarke's *Naufragia?*[2] I am told

1. *The Giaour*, like *Columbus*, was written in fragments.

2. James Stanier Clarke, a Navy Chaplain (1765–1834), published, in 1805, *Naufragia, or Historical Memoirs of Shipwrecks*. In that work he does not himself attribute the *first* volume of *Robinson Crusoe* to Lord Oxford. The following is the passage to which Byron refers (*Naufragia*, vol. i. pp. 12, 13): "But before I conclude this "Section, I wish to make the admirers of this Nautical Romance "mindful of a Report, which prevailed many years ago; that Defoe, "after all, was not the real author of Robinson Crusoe. This "assertion is noticed in an article in the seventh volume of the "*Edinburgh Magazine* [vol. vii. p. 269]. Dr. Towers, in his *Life* of "Defoe in the *Biographia*, is inclined to pay no attention to it; but "was that writer aware of the following letter, which also appeared "in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788? [vol. lviii. part i. p. 208]. "At least no notice is taken of it in his *Life* of Defoe:—

"'Dublin, February 25.

"'MR. URBAN,—In the course of a late conversation with a noble- "man of the first consequence and information in this kingdom, he "assured me, that Mr. Benjamin Holloway, of Middleton Stony, "assured him, some time ago: that he knew for fact, that the cele- "brated Romance of 'Robinson Crusoe' was really written by the "Earl of Oxford, when confined in the Tower of London: that his "Lordship gave the manuscript to Daniel Defoe, who frequently "visited him during his confinement: and that Defoe, having after- "wards added the second volume, published the whole as his own "production. This anecdote I would not venture to send to your "valuable magazine, if I did not think my information good, and "imagine it might be acceptable to your numerous readers, not- "withstanding the work has heretofore been generally attributed to "the latter.

"'W. W.'

that he asserts the *first* volume of *Robinson Crusoe* was written by the first Lord Oxford, when in the Tower, and given by him to Defoe; if true, it is a curious anecdote. Have you got back Lord Brooke's MS.? and what does Heber say of it? Write to me at Portsmouth.

Ever yours, etc.,

B^N^.

302.—To John Murray.

June 18, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Will you forward the enclosed answer to the kindest letter I ever received in my life, my sense

"It is impossible for me to enter on a discussion of this literary "subject; though I thought the circumstance ought to be more "generally known. And yet I must observe, that I always discerned "a very striking falling off between the composition of the first and "second volumes of this Romance—they seem to bear evident marks "of having been the work of different writers."

A volume of memoranda in the handwriting of Warton, the Laureate, preserved in the British Museum, contains the following:—

"Mem. Jul. 10, 1774. In the year 1759, I was told by the "Rev. Mr. Benjamin Holloway, rector of Middleton Stony, in "Oxfordshire, then about 70 years old, and in the early part of "his life domestic Chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often "heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, while a prisoner in "the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the History of "Robinson Crusoe, merely as an amusement under confinement; "and gave it to Daniel De Foe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford "in the Tower, and was one of his Pamphlet writers. That De Foe, "by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged "by its extraordinary success, added himself the second volume, the "inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. Mr. Holloway "also told me, from Lord Sunderland, that Lord Oxford dictated "some parts of the manuscript to De Foe. Mr. Holloway was "a grave conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes, "very learned, particularly a good orientalist, author of some "theological tracts, bred at Eton School, and a Master of Arts at "St. John's College, Cambridge. He lived many years with great "respect in Lord Sunderland's family, and was like to the late Duke "of Marlborough. He died, as I remember, about the year "1761."

of which I can neither express to Mr. Gifford himself nor to any one else?

Ever yours,

B^N.

303.—To W. Gifford.

June 18, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I feel greatly at a loss how to write to you at all—still more to thank you as I ought. If you knew the veneration with which I have ever regarded you, long before I had the most distant prospect of becoming your acquaintance, literary or personal, my embarrassment would not surprise you.

Any suggestion of yours, even were it conveyed in the less tender shape of the text of the *Baviad*, or a Monk Mason note in Massinger,[1] would have been obeyed; I should have endeavoured to improve myself by your censure: judge then if I shall be less willing to profit by your kindness. It is not for me to bandy compliments with my elders and my betters: I receive your approbation with gratitude, and will not return my brass for your Gold by expressing more fully those sentiments of admiration, which, however sincere, would, I know, be unwelcome.

To your advice on Religious topics, I shall equally attend. Perhaps the best way will be by avoiding them altogether. The already published objectionable passages have been much commented upon, but certainly have been rather *strongly* interpreted. I am no Bigot to Infidelity, and did not expect that, because I doubted the immortality of Man, I should be charged with denying

1. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 198.

the existence of a God. It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves and *our world*, when placed in competition with the mighty whole, of which it is an atom, that first led me to imagine that our pretensions to eternity might be over-rated.

This, and being early disgusted with a Calvinistic Scotch school, where I was cudgelled to Church for the first ten years of my life, afflicted me with this malady; for, after all, it is, I believe, a disease of the mind as much as other kinds of hypochondria.

I regret to hear you talk of ill-health. May you long exist! not only to enjoy your own fame, but outlive that of fifty such ephemeral adventurers as myself.

As I do not sail quite so soon as Murray may have led you to expect (not till July) I trust I have some chance of taking you by the hand before my departure, and repeating in person how sincerely and affectionately I am

Your obliged servant,

BYRON.

304.—To John Murray.

June 22, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a *corrected copy* of the lines with several *important* alterations,—so many that this had better be sent for proof rather than subject the other to so many blots.

You will excuse the eternal trouble I inflict upon you. As you will see, I have attended to your Criticism, and softened a passage you proscribed this morning.

Yours veritably,

B.

305.—To Thomas Moore.

June 22, 1813.

Yesterday I dined in company with Stael, the "Epi-"cene,"[1] whose politics are sadly changed. She is for

1. "'And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien,
Guide of the world, preferment's golden queen,
Neckar's fair daughter, Staël the *Epicene!*
Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and pumple nose
The bloom of young desire unceasing glows!
Fain would the Muse—but ah! she dares no more,
A mournful voice from lone *Guyana's* shore,
Sad Quatremer, the bold presumption checks,
Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.'

"These lines contain the Secret History of Quatremer's depor-"tation. He presumed, in the Council of Five Hundred, to "arraign Madame de Staël's conduct, and even to hint a doubt "of her sex. He was sent to *Guyana*. The transaction naturally "brings to one's mind the dialogue between Falstaff and Hostess "Quickly in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*"—*Canning's New Morality*, lines 293–301 (Edmonds' edition of the *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, pp. 282, 283).

Anne Louise Germaine Necker (1766–1817), only child of the Minister Necker and his wife Suzanne Curchod, Gibbon's early love, married, in 1786, the Swedish Ambassador Baron de Staël Holstein, who died in 1802. She married, as her second husband, in 1811, M. de Rocca, a young French officer, who had been severely wounded in Spain, but survived her by a year (Madame de Récamier, *Souvenirs*, vol. i. p. 272). Her book, *De l'Allemagne*, seized and destroyed by Napoleon, was brought out in June, 1813, by John Murray. Byron thought her "certainly the cleverest, though "not the most agreeable woman he had ever known. 'She de-"claimed to you instead of conversing with you,' said he, 'never "pausing except to take breath; and if during that interval a "rejoinder was put in, it was evident that she did not attend to it, "as she resumed the thread of her discourse as though it had not "been interrupted'" (Lady Blessington's *Conversations*, p. 26). Croker (*Croker Papers*, vol. i. p. 327) describes her as "ugly, and "not of an intellectual ugliness. Her features were coarse, and the "ordinary expression rather vulgar, she had an ugly mouth, and "one or two irregularly prominent teeth, which perhaps gave her "countenance an habitual gaiety. Her eye was full, dark, and "expressive; and when she declaimed, which was almost whenever "she spoke, she looked eloquent, and one forgot that she was "plain."

Madame de Staël "did not affect to conceal her preference for the

the Lord of Israel and the Lord of Liverpool—a vile antithesis of a Methodist and a Tory—talks of nothing but devotion and the ministry, and, I presume, expects that God and the government will help her to a pension.

Murray, the *ανaξ* of publishers, the Anak of stationers, has a design upon you in the paper line. He wants you to become the staple and stipendiary editor of a

"society of men to that of her own sex," and was entirely above, or below, studying the feminine arts of pleasing. In 1802 Miss Berry called on her in Paris. "Found her in an excessively dirty *cabinet*—"sofa singularly so; her own dress, a loose spencer with a bare "neck" (*Journal*, vol. ii. p. 145). A similar experience is mentioned by Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, 1804). "On the 28th of January," he writes, "I first waited on Madame de Staël. I was shown into her "bedroom, for which, not knowing Parisian customs, I was un-"prepared. She was sitting, most decorously, *in* her bed, and "writing. She had her night-cap on, and her face was not made up "for the day. It was by no means a captivating spectacle; but I "had a very cordial reception, and two bright black eyes smiled "benignantly on me."

Of her political opinions Sir John Bowring (*Autobiographical Recollections*, pp. 375, 376) has left a sketch. "Madame de Staël "was a perfect aristocrat, and her sympathies were wholly with the "great and prosperous. She saw nothing in England but the luxury, "stupidity, and pride of the Tory aristocracy, and the intelligence "and magnificence of the Whig aristocracy. These latter talked about "truth, and liberty and herself, and she supposed it was all as it should "be. As to the millions, the people, she never inquired into their "situation. She had a horror of the *canaille*, but anything of *sangre* "*azul* had a charm for her. When she was dying she said, 'Let me "die in peace; let my last moments be undisturbed.' Yet she "ordered the cards of every visitor to be brought to her. Among "them was one from the Duc de Richelieu. 'What!' exclaimed "she indignantly, 'What! have you sent away the *Duke?* Hurry! "Fly after him. Bring him back. Tell him that, though I die for "all the world, I live for *him*.'"

Napoleon's hatred of her was intense. "Do not allow that jade, "Madame de Staël," he writes to Fouché, December 31, 1806 (*New Letters of Napoleon I.*, p. 35), "to come near Paris." Again, March 15, 1807 (*ibid.*, p. 39), "You are not to allow Madame de Staël to "come within forty leagues of Paris. That wicked schemer ought to "make up her mind to behave herself at last." In a third letter, April 19, 1807 (*ibid.*, p. 40), he speaks of her as "paying court, one "day to the great—a patriot, a democrat, the next! . . . a fright, ". . . a worthless woman" (Léon Lecestre's *Lettres inédites de Napoléon Ier*, 2nd ed. vol. i. pp. 84, 88, 93).

periodical work. What say you? Will you be bound, like "Kit Smart, to write for ninety-nine years in the "*Universal Visitor?*"[1] Seriously, he talks of hundreds a year, and—though I hate prating of the beggarly elements—his proposal may be to your honour and profit, and, I am very sure, will be to our pleasure.

I don't know what to say about "friendship." I never was in friendship but once, in my nineteenth year, and then it gave me as much trouble as love. I am afraid, as Whitbread's sire said to the king, when he wanted to knight him, that I am "too old;"[2] but nevertheless, no one wishes you more friends, fame, and felicity, than

Yours, etc.

306.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

4, Bennet Street, June 26th, 1813.

My dearest Augusta,—Let me know when you arrive, and when, and where, and how, you would like to see me,—any where in short but at *dinner*. I have put off going into ye country on purpose to *waylay* you.

Ever yours,

Bn.

1. "Old Gardner the bookseller employed Rolt and Smart to "write a monthly miscellany called the *Universal Visitor*. There "was a formal written contract, which Allen the printer saw. . . . "They were bound to write nothing else; they were to have, I "think, a third of the profits of his sixpenny pamphlet; and the "contract was for ninety-nine years" (Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, ed. Birrell, vol. iii. p. 192).

2. "But first the Monarch, so polite,
Ask'd Mister Whitbread if he'd be a *Knight*.
Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,
Whitbread contemplated the Knights of *Peg*,
Then to his generous Sov'reign made a leg,
And said, 'He was afraid he was *too old*,'" etc.
Peter Pindar's *Instructions to a Laureat*.

307.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[June, 1813.]

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—And if you knew *whom* I had put off besides my journey—you would think me grown strangely fraternal. However I won't overwhelm you with my *own praises*.

Between one and two be it—I shall, in course, prefer seeing you all to myself without the incumbrance of third persons, even of *your* (for I won't own the relationship) fair cousin of *eleven page* memory,[1] who, by the bye, makes one of the finest busts I have seen in the Exhibition, or out of it. Good night!

Ever yours,

BYRON.

P.S.—Your writing is grown like my Attorney's, and gave me a qualm, till I found the remedy in your signature.

308.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Sunday], June 27th, 1813.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—If you like to go with me to ye Lady Davy's[2] to-night, I *have* an invitation for you.

1. *Letters*, vol. i. p. 54, Lady Gertrude Howard married, in 1806, William Sloane Stanley, and died in 1870.

2. Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1829), the son of a wood-carver of Penzance, was apprenticed to John Borlase, a surgeon at Penzance, in whose dispensary he became a chemist. He wrote poetry as a young man, but soon abandoned the pursuit for science. Two poems on Byron by Davy, one written in 1823, the other in 1824, will be found in Dr. Davy's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir H. Davy*, vol. ii. pp. 168, 169. In October, 1798, he joined Dr. Beddoes at Bristol, where he superintended the laboratory at his Pneumatic Institution. His *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical* (1799), made him famous. At the Royal Institution in London, founded in 1799, Davy became assistant-lecturer in chemistry, and director of the chemical laboratory. There his lecture-room was crowded by some

There you will see the *Stael*, some people whom you know, and *me* whom you do *not* know,—and you can talk to which you please, and I will watch over you as if you were unmarried and in danger of always being so. Now do as you like; but if you chuse to array yourself before or after half past ten, I will call for you. I think our being together before 3[d] people will be a new *sensation* to *both*.

Ever yours,

B.

of the most distinguished men and women of the day. Within the next few years his discoveries in electricity and galvanism, (1806–7) brought him European celebrity; his lectures on agricultural chemistry (1810) marked a fresh era in farming, and inaugurated the new movement of "science with practice." His famous discovery of the Safety Lamp was made in 1816. He was created a baronet in 1818. A skilful fisherman, he wrote, when in declining health, *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing*, published in 1827. Ticknor (*Life*, vol. i. p. 57), speaking of Davy in 1815, says, "He is now "about thirty-three, but with all the freshness and bloom of five-and-"twenty, and one of the handsomest men I have seen in England. "He has a great deal of vivacity, talks rapidly, though with great "precision, and is so much interested in conversation, that his excite-"ment amounts to nervous impatience, and keeps him in constant "motion."

Davy married, in 1812, a rich widow, Jane Apreece, *née* Kerr (1780–1855). The marriage brought him wealth; but it also, it is said, impaired the simplicity of his character, and made him ambitious of social distinction. Miss Berry (*Journal*, vol. ii. p. 535) supped with Lady Davy in May, 1813, to meet the Princess of Wales, and notes that among the other guests was Byron. Lady Davy, who was so dark a brunette that Sydney Smith said she was as brown as a dry toast, was for many years a prominent figure in the society of London and Rome. It was of her that Madame de Staël said that she had "all Corinne's talents without her faults or "extravagances." Ticknor, who called on her in June, 1815, "found "her in her parlour, working on a dress, the contents of her basket "strewed about the table, and looking more like home than anything "since I left it. She is small, with black eyes and hair, a very "pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile, and, when she speaks, "has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her con-"versation is agreeable, particularly in the choice and variety of "her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have "ever heard before from a lady" (*Life of George Ticknor*, vol. i. p. 57).

309.—To John Murray.

July 1st, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—There is an error in my dedication.[1] The word "*my*" must be struck out—"my" admiration, etc.; it is a false construction and disagrees with the signature. I hope this will arrive in time to prevent a *cancel* and serve for a proof; recollect it is only the "my" to be erased throughout.

There is a critique in the *Satirist*,[2] which I have read, —fairly written, and, though *vituperative*, very fair in judgment. One part belongs to you, *viz.*, the 4*s.* and 6*d.* charge; it is unconscionable, but you have no conscience.

Yours truly,

B.

310.—To Thomas Moore.

4, Benedictine Street, St. James's, July 8, 1813.

I presume by your silence that I have blundered into something noxious in my reply to your letter, for the which I beg leave to send beforehand a sweeping apology

1. The dedication was originally printed thus: "To Samuel "Rogers, Esq., as a slight but most sincere token of my admiration "of his genius."

2. The *Satirist* for July 1, 1813 (pp. 70–88), reviews the *Giaour* at length. It condemns it for its fragmentary character and consequent obscurity, its carelessness and defects of style; but it also admits that the poem "abounds with proofs of genius:"—

"A word in conclusion. The noble lord appears to have an "aristocratical solicitude to be read only by the opulent. Four "shillings and sixpence for forty-one octavo pages of poetry! and "those pages verily happily answering to Mr. Sheridan's image of a "rivulet of text flowing through a meadow of margin. My good "Lord Byron, while you are revelling in all the sensual and intel-"lectual luxury which the successful sale of Newstead Abbey has "procured for you, you little think of the privations to which you "have subjected us unfortunate Reviewers, . . . in order to enable "us to purchase your lordship's expensive publication."

which you may apply to any, or all, parts of that unfortunate epistle. If I err in my conjecture, I expect the like from you in putting our correspondence so long in quarantine. God he knows what I have said; but he also knows (if he is not as indifferent to mortals as the *nonchalant* deities of Lucretius), that you are the last person I want to offend. So, if I have,—why the devil don't you say it at once, and expectorate your spleen?

Rogers is out of town with Madame de Stael, who hath published an Essay against Suicide,[1] which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself;—as a sermon by Blenkinsop, in *proof* of Christianity, sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist. Have you found or founded a residence yet? and have you begun or finished a poem? If you won't tell me what *I* have done, pray say what you have done, or left undone, yourself. I am still in equipment for voyaging, and anxious to hear from, or of, you *before* I go, which anxiety you should remove more readily, as you think I sha'n't cogitate about you afterwards. I shall give the lie to that calumny by fifty foreign letters, particularly from any place where the plague is rife,—without a drop of vinegar or a whiff of sulphur to save you from infection.

The Oxfords have sailed almost a fortnight, and my sister is in town, which is a great comfort,—for, never

1. "Madame de Staël treats me as the person whom she most "delights to honour; I am generally ordered with her to dinner, "as one orders beans and bacon: she is one of the few persons who "surpass expectation; she has every sort of talent, and would be "universally popular, if, in society, she were to confine herself to "her inferior talents—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature. I have "reviewed her *Essay on Suicide* in the last *Edinburgh Review*: "it is not one of her best, and I have accordingly said more of the "author and the subject than of the work."—Sir J. Mackintosh (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 269).

having been much together, we are naturally more attached to each other. I presume the illuminations have conflagrated to Derby (or wherever you are) by this time.[1] We are just recovering from tumult and train oil, and transparent fripperies, and all the noise and nonsense of victory. Drury Lane had a large *M.W.*, which some thought was Marshal Wellington; others, that it might be translated into Manager Whitbread; while the ladies of the vicinity of the saloon conceived the last letter to be complimentary to themselves. I leave this to the commentators to illustrate. If you don't answer this, I sha'n't say what *you* deserve, but I think *I* deserve a reply. Do you conceive there is no Post-Bag but the Twopenny?[2] Sunburn me, if you are not too bad.

311.—To Thomas Moore.

July 13, 1813.

Your letter set me at ease; for I really thought (as I hear of your susceptibility) that I had said—I know not what—but something I should have been very sorry for, had it, or I, offended you;—though I don't see how a man with a beautiful wife—*his own* children,—quiet—fame—competency and friends, (I will vouch for a thousand, which is more than I will for a unit in my own behalf,) can be offended with any thing.

Do you know, Moore, I am amazingly inclined—remember I say but *inclined*—to be seriously enamoured with Lady A[delaide] F[orbes][3]—but this * * has ruined

1. One result of the illuminations in honour of the battle of Vittoria (June 21, 1813), which took place July 7, was a great fire at Woolwich. Moore was at this time living at Mayfield Cottage near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.

2. Moore's *Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag* was published, without his name, in 1813.

3. "Lady A. F— *was* also very handsome. It is melancholy to

all my prospects. However, you know her; is she *clever*, or sensible, or good-tempered? either *would* do—I scratch out the *will*. I don't ask as to her beauty—that I see; but my circumstances are mending, and were not my other prospects blackening, I would take a wife, and that should be the woman, had I a chance. I do not yet know her much, but better than I did.

I want to get away, but find difficulty in compassing a passage in a ship of war. They had better let me go; if I cannot, patriotism is the word — "nay, an they'll "mouth, I'll rant as well as they."[1] Now, what are you doing? — writing, we all hope, for our own sakes. Remember you must edit my posthumous works, with a Life of the Author, for which I will send you Confessions, dated "Lazaretto," Smyrna, Malta, or Palermo—one can die any where.

There is to be a thing on Tuesday ycleped a national

"talk of women in the past tense. What a pity, that of all flowers, "none fade so soon as beauty! Poor Lady A. F— has not got "married. Do you know, I once had some thoughts of her as a "wife; not that I was in love, as people call it, but I had argued "myself into a belief that I ought to marry, and, meeting her very "often in society, the notion came into my head, not heart, that "she would suit me. Moore, too, told me so much of her good "qualities—all which was, I believe, quite true—that I felt tempted "to propose to her, but did not, whether *tant mieux* or *tant pis*, "God knows, supposing my proposal accepted" (Lady Blessington's *Conversations*, pp. 108, 109).

Lady Adelaide Forbes, whom Byron in Rome compared to the "Belvedere Apollo," was the daughter of George, sixth Earl of Granard, and his wife, Lady Selina Rawdon, daughter of the first Earl of Moira. Born in 1789, she died at Dresden, in 1858, unmarried. Lord Moira was Moore's patron, and, through this connection and political sympathies, Moore was acquainted with Lord Granard and his family.

1. Byron possibly quoted the actual words from *Hamlet* (act v. sc. 1), referring to Moore's attack on the Regent in *The Twopenny Post-bag*—

"Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou."

But the letter is destroyed.

fête.[1] The Regent and * * * are to be there, and every body else, who has shillings enough for what was once a guinea. Vauxhall is the scene—there are six tickets issued for the modest women, and it is supposed there will be three to spare. The passports for the lax are beyond my arithmetic.

P.S.—The Stael last night attacked me most furiously —said that I had "no right to make love—that I had "used * * barbarously—that I had no feeling, and was "totally *in*sensible to *la belle passion*, and *had* been all my "life." I am very glad to hear it, but did not know it before. Let me hear from you anon.

312.—To John Hanson.

Sunday, July 18th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—A Report is in general circulation (which has distressed my friends, and is not very pleasing to me), that the Purchaser of Newstead is a *young* man, who has been over-reached, ill-treated, and ruined, by me in this transaction of the sale, and that I take an unfair advantage of the *law* to enforce the contract. This must be contradicted by a true and open statement of the circumstances attending, and subsequent to, the sale, and that immediately and publicly. Surely, if anyone is ill treated it is myself. He bid his own price; he took time before he bid at all, and now, when I am actually granting him

1. The *Morning Chronicle* for July 12 contains the announcement that "the Prince Regent has projected a *Grand National Fête* in "honour of the battle of Vittoria. It is to be held at Vauxhall "Gardens." The *fête* was held on Tuesday, July 20, beginning with a banquet, at which such toasts were drunk as "The Marquis of "Wellington," "Sir Thomas Graham and the other officers en- "gaged," "The Spanish Armies and the brave Guerillas." The *bâton* of Marshal Jourdan was "disposed among the plate, so as to "be obvious to all." The proceedings ended with illuminations and dancing.

further time as a favour, I hear from all quarters that I have acted unfairly. Pray do not delay on this point; see him, and let a proper and true statement be drawn up of the sale, etc., and inserted in the papers.

Ever yours,

B.

P.S.—Mr. C. himself, if he has either honour or feeling, will be the first to vindicate me from so unfounded an implication. It is surely not for his credit to be supposed *ruined* or *over-reached*.

313.—To John Murray.

July 22nd, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in accepting your invitation to meet anybody or nobody as you like best.

Pray what should you suppose the book in the inclosed advertisement to be? is it anything relating to Buonaparte or Continental Concerns? If so, it may be worth looking after, particularly if it should turn out to be your purchase—Lucien's *Epic*.

Believe me, very truly yours,

BYRON.

314.—To Thomas Moore.

July 25, 1813.

I am not well versed enough in the ways of single woman to make much matrimonial progress.

I have been dining like the dragon of Wantley[1] for

1. Under the title of "An excellent Ballad of a most dreadful "combat, fought between Moore of Moore-Hall and the Dragon of "Wantley," this ballad forms (in the 12th edition) the Argument of *The Dragon of Wantley, a Burlesque Opera*, performed at

this last week. My head aches with the vintage of various cellars, and my brains are muddled as their dregs. I met your friends the Daltons :—she sang one of your best songs so well, that, but for the appearance of affectation, I could have cried; he reminds me of Hunt, but handsomer, and more musical in soul, perhaps. I wish to God he may conquer his horrible anomalous complaint. The upper part of her face is beautiful, and she seems much attached to her husband. He is right, nevertheless, in leaving this nauseous town. The first winter would infallibly destroy her complexion,—and the second, very probably, every thing else.

I must tell you a story. Morris[1] (of indifferent

Covent Garden, the libretto of which is by Sig. Carini, *i.e.* Henry Carey :—

"Have you not heard of the *Trojan* Horse
With Seventy Men in his Belly ?
This Dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell you ;
Devoured he poor Children three,
That could not with him grapple ;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an Apple.

"All sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some say he eat up Trees,
And that the Forest sure he would
Devour by degrees.
For Houses and Churches were to him Geese and Turkies ;
He eat all, and left none behind,
But some Stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack,
Which on the Hills you'll find."

1. Charles Morris (1745–1838) served in the 17th Foot, the Royal Irish Dragoons, and finally in the Second Life Guards. He was laureate and punch-maker to the Beef-steak Club, founded in 1735 by John Rich, patentee of Covent Garden Theatre. The Prince of Wales became a member of the Club in 1785, and Morris was a frequent guest at Carlton House. Another member of the Club was the Duke of Norfolk, who gave Morris the villa at Brockham, near Betchworth, where he lived and died.

Morris, who was an admirable song-writer and singer, attached himself politically to the Prince's party, and attacked Pitt in such

memory) was dining out the other day, and complaining of the Prince's coldness to his old wassailers. D'Israeli (a learned Jew) bored him with questions—why this? and why that? "Why did the Prince act thus?"—"Why, sir, on account of Lord * *, who ought to be "ashamed of himself."—"And why ought Lord * * to be "ashamed of himself?"—"Because the Prince, sir, * * * * "* * * * *."—"And why, sir, did the Prince cut *you?*"—"Because, G—d d—mme, sir, I stuck to my principles."—"And *why* did you stick to your principles?"

Is not this last question the best that was ever put, when you consider to whom? It nearly killed Morris. Perhaps you may think it stupid, but, as Goldsmith said about the peas,[1] it was a very good joke when I heard it—as I did from an ear-witness—and is only spoilt in my narration.

The season has closed with a dandy ball;[2]—but I

popular ballads as "Billy's too young to drive us," and "Billy "Pitt and the Farmer." He was, however, disappointed in his hope of reward from his political patrons, and vented his spleen in his ode, "The Old Whig Poet to his Old Buff Waistcoat"—

> "Farewell, thou poor rag of the Muse!
> In the bag of the clothesman go lie;
> A farthing thou'lt fetch from the Jews,
> Which the hard-hearted Christians deny," etc.

Some of his poems deserve the censure of *The Shade of Pope* (line 225)—

> "There reeling Morris and his bestial songs."

But others, in their ease and vivacity, hold their own with all but the best of Moore's songs. A collection of them was printed in two volumes by Bentley, in 1840, under the title of *Lyra Urbanica*.

1. Byron alludes to the following anecdote, told by Beauclerk. A wag whispered in Goldsmith's ear at a dinner, that a dish of discoloured peas before them ought to be sent to Hammersmith, because that was "the way to Turnham Green." Goldsmith was so pleased with the jest that he tried, at a subsequent party, to repeat it as his own. Unfortunately, he substituted the words "the "way to make 'em green." No one laughed. He tried again with the words "the road to Turnham Green." Again no one laughed. Thoroughly discomfited, he abruptly left the table.

2. "I liked the Dandies," says Byron, in his *Detached Thoughts*,

have dinners with the Harrowbys, Rogers, and Frere and Mackintosh,[1] where I shall drink your health in a silent

"they were always very civil to *me*, though in general they disliked "literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madme. de Staël, "Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like, damnably. They persuaded "Madme. de Staël that Alvanley had a hundred thousand a year, "etc., etc., till she praised him to his *face* for his *beauty!* and made "a set at him for Albertine (*Libertine*, as Brummell baptized her, "though the poor girl was, and is, as correct as maid or wife can "be, and very amiable withal), and a hundred other fooleries besides. "The truth is, that, though I gave up the business early, I had a "tinge of Dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough "of it to conciliate the great ones at four and twenty. I had gamed "and drunk and taken my degrees in most dissipations, and, having "no pedantry, and not being overbearing, we ran quietly together. I "knew them all more or less, and they made me a member of Watier's "(a superb club at that time), being, I take it, the only literary "man (except *two* others, both men of the world, M[oore] and "S[pencer]) in it. Our Masquerade was a grand one; so was the "Dandy Ball too—at the Argyle,—but *that* (the latter) was given "by the four chiefs—B[rummell?], M[ildmay?], A[lvanley?], and "P[ierrepoint?], if I err not."

1. Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832), after studying medicine, was called to the English Bar in 1795. Originally a supporter of the French Revolution, he answered Burke's *Reflections* with his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* (1791). He is "Mr. Macfungus" in the *Anti-Jacobin's* account of the "Meeting of the Friends of Freedom." But his revolutionary sympathies rapidly cooled, and he publicly disavowed them in his *Introductory Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and Nations* (1799). He remained, however, throughout his life, a Whig. His lectures on "*The Law of Nature "and Nations*," delivered at Lincoln's Inn, in 1799, brought him into prominence, both at the Bar and in society. In 1803 he was knighted on accepting the Recordership of Bombay. He returned to England in 1812, entered Parliament as member for Nairn, advocated some useful measures, became a Privy Councillor in 1828, and held office in the Whig Ministry of 1830 as Commissioner of the Board of Control. In politics, as well as in literature, he disappointed expectation. His principal works, besides those mentioned above, were his *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy* (1830), and his *History of the Revolution in England in* 1688 (1834).

His great intellectual powers were shown to most advantage in society. Rogers (*Table-Talk*, pp. 197, 198) thought him one of the three acutest men he had ever known. "He had a prodigious "memory, and could repeat by heart more of Cicero than you could "easily believe. . . . I never met a man with a fuller mind than "Mackintosh,—such readiness on all subjects, such a talker." "Till subdued by age and illness," wrote Sydney Smith (*Life of Mackintosh*, vol. ii. p. 500), "his conversation was more brilliant

bumper, and regret your absence till "too much canaries" wash away my memory, or render it superfluous by a vision of you at the opposite side of the table. Canning has disbanded his party by a speech from his * * * *— the true throne of a Tory.[1] Conceive his turning them off in a formal harangue, and bidding them think for themselves. "I have led my ragamuffins where they are "well peppered. There are but three of the 150 left "alive,"[2] and they are for the *Townsend* (*query*, might not

"and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good "fortune to be acquainted with." As in political life, so in society, he was too much of the lecturer. Ticknor (*Life*, vol. i. p. 265) thought him "a little too precise, a little too much made up in his "manners and conversation." But on all sides there is evidence to confirm the testimony of Rogers (*Table-Talk*, p. 207) that he was a man "who had not a particle of envy or jealousy in his nature."

1. George Canning (1770–1827) had been offered the Foreign Office in 1812 after the assassination of Perceval, on condition that Castlereagh should lead the House of Commons. He refused the offer. Elected M.P. for Liverpool in 1812, he had, in July, 1813, disbanded his followers, and in 1814 left England. He supported Lord Liverpool in carrying the repressive measures known as the Six Acts (1817–20), and, on the death of Lord Londonderry, in 1822, entered the Government as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It is to the private speech to his followers, in July, 1813, that Byron refers.

The *Morning Chronicle* for July 29, 1813, has the following paragraph: "Mr. Canning it seems has (to use a French phrase) "*reformed* his political corps. He assembled them at the close of "the Session, and with many expressions of regret for the failure of "certain negociations, which might have been favourable to them "as a body, relieved them from their oaths of allegiance, and "recommended them to pursue in future their objects separately. "The Right Honourable gentleman, perhaps, finds it more con- "venient for himself to act unencumbered; and both he and one or "two others may find their interest in disbanding the squad; but "some of them are turned off *without a character*." The *Courier* for July 29, quoting the first part of the statement, adds, "We "believe . . . that Mr. Canning is not indisposed to join the "present Cabinet, and may wish one or two of his particular friends "to come in with him."

2. "I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's "but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for "the town's end, to beg during life" (*Henry IV.*, Part I. act v. sc. 3). Townshend, the Bow Street officer, is described by Gronow

Falstaff mean the Bow Street officer? I dare say Malone's posthumous edition will have it so) for life.

Since I wrote last, I have been into the country. I journeyed by night—no incident, or accident, but an alarm on the part of my valet on the outside, who, in crossing Epping Forest, actually, I believe, flung down his purse before a mile-stone, with a glow-worm in the second figure of number XIX—mistaking it for a footpad and dark lantern. I can only attribute his fears to a pair of new pistols wherewith I had armed him; and he thought it necessary to display his vigilance by calling out to me whenever we passed any thing—no matter whether moving or stationary. Conceive ten miles, with a tremor every furlong. I have scribbled you a fearfully long letter. This sheet must be blank, and is merely a wrapper, to preclude the tabellarians[1] of the post from peeping. You once complained of my *not* writing;—I will "heap coals of fire upon your head" by *not* complaining of your *not* reading. Ever, my dear Moore, your'n (isn't that the Staffordshire termination?),

BYRON.

315.—To Thomas Moore.

July 27, 1813.

When you next imitate the style of "Tacitus," pray add, *de moribus Germannorum;*—this last was a piece of barbarous silence, and could only be taken from the *Woods*, and, as such, I attribute it entirely to your sylvan

(*Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 286) as "a little fat man with a flaxen "wig, Kersey-mere breeches, a blue straight-cut coat, and a broad-"brimmed white hat. To the most daring courage he added great "dexterity and cunning; and was said, *in propriâ personâ*, to have "taken more thieves than all the other Bow Street officers put "together."

1. "Epistolam, quam attulerat Phileros tabellarius" (Cic., *Fam.*, 9, 15).

sequestration at Mayfield Cottage. You will find, on casting up accounts, that you are my debtor by several sheets and one epistle. I shall bring my action;—if you don't discharge, expect to hear from my attorney. I have forwarded your letter to Ruggiero;[1] but don't make a postman of me again, for fear I should be tempted to violate your sanctity of wax or wafer.

Believe me, ever yours *indignantly*,

BN.

316.—To Thomas Moore.

July 28, 1813.

Can't you be satisfied with the pangs of my jealousy of Rogers, without actually making me the pander of your epistolary intrigue? This is the second letter you have enclosed to my address, notwithstanding a miraculous long answer, and a subsequent short one or two of your own. If you do so again, I can't tell to what pitch my fury may soar. I shall send you verse or arsenic, as likely as any thing,—four thousand couplets on sheets beyond the privilege of franking; that privilege, sir, of which you take an undue advantage over a too susceptible senator, by forwarding your lucubrations to every one but himself. I won't frank *from* you, or *for* you, or *to* you—may I be curst if I do, unless you mend your manners. I disown you—I disclaim you—and by all the powers of Eulogy, I will write a panegyric upon you —or dedicate a quarto—if you don't make me ample amends.

P.S.—I am in training to dine with Sheridan[2] and

1. *I.e.* Samuel Rogers.

2. In his *Detached Thoughts* Byron has noted the following impressions of Sheridan:—

"In society I have met Sheridan frequently: he was superb!

Rogers this evening. I have a little spite against R., and will shed his "Clary wines pottle-deep."[2] This is

"He had a sort of liking for me, and never attacked me, at least "to my face, as he did every body else—high names, and wits, "and orators, some of them poets also. I have seen him cut up "Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do "little less by some others (whose names, as friends, I set not down) "of good fame and ability. Poor fellow! he got drunk very "thoroughly and very soon. It occasionally fell to my lot to pilot "him home—no sinecure, for he was so tipsy that I was obliged to "put on his cocked hat for him. To be sure, it tumbled off again, "and I was not myself so sober as to be able to pick it up again.

"The last time I met him was, I think, at Sir Gilbert Elliot's, "where he was as quick as ever—no, it was not the last time; the "last time was at Douglas Kinnaird's. I have met him in all "places and parties—at Whitehall with the Melbournes, at the "Marquis of Tavistock's, at Robins's the auctioneer's, at Sir "Humphry Davy's, at Sam Rogers's,—in short, in most kinds of "company, and always found him very convivial and delightful.

"I have seen Sheridan weep two or three times. It may be that "he was maudlin; but this only renders it more impressive, for who "would see

> "'From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
> And Swift expire a driveller and a show'?

"Once I saw him cry at Robins's the auctioneer's, after a splendid "dinner, full of great names and high spirits. I had the honour of "sitting next to Sheridan. The occasion of his tears was some "observation or other upon the subject of the sturdiness of the "Whigs in resisting office and keeping to their principles: Sheridan "turned round: 'Sir, it is easy for my Lord G. or Earl G. or "Marquis B. or Lord H. with thousands upon thousands a year, "some of it either *presently* derived, or *inherited* in sinecure or "acquisitions from the public money, to boast of their patriotism "and keep aloof from temptation; but they do not know from what "temptation those have kept aloof who had equal pride, at least "equal talents, and not unequal passions, and nevertheless knew not "in the course of their lives what it was to have a shilling of their "own.' And in saying this he wept.

"There was something odd about Sheridan. One day, at dinner, "he was slightly praising that pert pretender and impostor, Lyttel- "ton (the Parliamentary puppy, still alive, I believe). I took the "liberty of differing from him; he turned round upon me, and "said, 'Is that your real opinion?' I confirmed it. Then said "he, 'Fortified by this concurrence, I beg leave to say that it, in "fact, is *my* opinion also, and that he is a person whom I do abso- "lutely and utterly despise, abhor, and detest.' He then launched "out into a description of his despicable qualities, at some length, "and with his usual wit, and evidently in earnest (for he hated

nearly my ultimate or penultimate letter; for I am quite equipped, and only wait a passage. Perhaps I may wait a few weeks for Sligo, but not if I can help it.

"Lyttelton). His former compliment had been drawn out by some "preceding one, just as its reverse was by my hinting that it was "unmerited.

"I have more than once heard him say, 'that he never had a "shilling of his own.' To be sure, he contrived to extract a good "many of other people's.

"In 1815 I had occasion to visit my lawyer in Chancery Lane; "he was with Sheridan. After mutual greetings, etc., Sheridan "retired first. Before recurring to my own business, I could not "help inquiring *that* of Sheridan. 'Oh,' replied the attorney, 'the "usual thing! to stave off an action from his wine-merchant, my "client.'—'Well,' said I, 'and what do you mean to do?'—'Nothing "at all for the present,' said he: 'would you have us proceed "against old Sherry? what would be the use of it?' and here he "began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gifts of con-"versation.

"Now, from personal experience, I can vouch that my attorney "is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to "any kind of impression out of the statute or record; and yet "Sheridan, in half an hour, had found the way to soften and seduce "him in such a manner, that I almost think he would have thrown "his client (an honest man, with all the laws, and some justice, "on his side) out of the window, had he come in at the moment.

"Such was Sheridan! he could soften an attorney! There has "been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus.

"One day I saw him take up his own '*Monody on Garrick*.' "He lighted upon the Dedication to the Dowager Lady Spencer. "On seeing it, he flew into a rage, and exclaimed 'that it must "be a forgery, that he had never dedicated any thing of his to such "a damned canting bitch,' etc., etc.—and so went on for half an "hour abusing his own dedication, or at least the object of it. If "all writers were equally sincere, it would be ludicrous.

"He told me that, on the night of the grand success of his *School "for Scandal* he was knocked down and put into the watch-house "for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the "watchmen. Latterly, when found drunk one night in the kennel, "and asked his name by the watchmen, he answered, 'Wilberforce.'

"When dying he was requested to undergo 'an operation.' He "replied that he had already submitted to *two*, which were enough "for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, "'having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture.'

"I have met George Colman occasionally, and thought him "extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour, or rather "wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage; he never laughed "(at least that *I* saw, and I watched him), but Colman did. If I had

317.—To John Murray.

July 31, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—As I leave town early tomorrow, the proof must be sent to-night, or many days will be lost. If you have any *reviews* of the *Giaour* to send, let me have them now. I am not very well to day. I thank you for the *Satirist*, which is short but savage on this unlucky affair, and *personally* facetious on me which is much more to the purpose than a tirade upon other peoples' concerns.[3]

Ever yours,

B.

"to *choose*, and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'Let "me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.' "Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or "port, but Colman for every thing, from the madeira and champagne "at dinner, the claret with a *layer* of *port* between the glasses, up "to the punch of the night, and down to the grog, or gin and water, "of daybreak;—all these I have threaded with both the same. "Sheridan was a grenadier company of life guards, but Colman a "whole regiment—of *light infantry*, to be sure, but still a regiment."

2. "Potations pottle-deep."—*Othello*, act ii. sc. 3, line 54.

3. In the *Satirist* (vol. xiii. pp. 150, 151) is an article headed "Scandalum Magnatum," with the motto from *Rejected Addresses*—

"With horn-handled knife,
To kill a tender lamb as dead as mutton."

"A short time back (say the newspapers, and newspapers never "say *the thing which is not*) Lady H. gave a ball and supper. "Among the company were Lord B—n, Lady W—, and Lady C. "L—b. Lord B., it would appear, is a favourite with the latter "Lady; on this occasion, however, he seemed to lavish his atten- "tion on another fair object. This preference so enraged Lady C. "L. that, in a paroxysm of jealousy, she took up a dessert-knife, "and stabbed herself. The gay circle was, of course, immediately "plunged in confusion and dismay, which, however, was soon suc- "ceeded by levity and scandal. The general cry for medical assist- "ance was from Lady W—d: Lady W—d!!! And why? Because "it was said that, early after her marriage, Lady W— also took a "similar liberty with her person for a similar cause, and was, there- "fore, considered to have learned from experience the most effica- "cious remedy for the complaint. It was also whispered that the

318.—To John Wilson Croker.[1]

Bt. Str., August 2, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I was honoured with your unexpected and very obliging letter, when on the point of leaving London, which prevented me from acknowledging my obligation as quickly as I felt it sincerely. I am endeavouring all in my power to be ready before Saturday —and even if I should not succeed, I can only blame my own tardiness, which will not the less enhance the benefit I have lost. I have only to add my hope of forgiveness for all my trespasses on your time and patience, and with my best wishes for your public and private welfare, I have the honour to be, most truly,

Your obliged and most obedient servant

BYRON.

319.—To John Murray.

If you send more proofs, I shall never finish this infernal story—"*Ecce signum*"—thirty-three more lines

"Lady's husband had most to grieve, that the attempt had not fully "succeeded. Lady C. L. is still living.

"The poet has told us how 'Ladies wish to be who love their "Lords;' but this is the first public demonstration in our times to "show us how Ladies wish to be who love, not their own, but others' "Lords. 'Better be with the dead than thus,' cried the jealous "fair; and, casting a languishing look at Lord B—, who, Heaven "knows, is more like Pan than Apollo, she whipt up as pretty a "little dessert-knife as a Lady could desire to commit suicide with,

"'And stuck it in her wizzard.'

"The desperate Lady was carried out of the room, and the affair "endeavoured to be hushed up," etc., etc.

1. J. W. Croker (1780–1857), the "Wenham" of Thackeray, the "Rigby" of Disraeli, and the "Con Crawley" of Lady Morgan's *Florence Macarthy*, had been made Secretary to the Admiralty in 1809. At his request Captain Carlton of the *Boyne*, "just then "ordered to re-enforce Sir Edward Pellew" in the Mediterranean, "had consented to receive Byron into his cabin for the voyage."

enclosed! to the utter discomfiture of the printer, and, I fear, not to your advantage.

B.

320.—To John Murray.

Half-past two in the morning, Aug. 10, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Pray suspend the *proofs*, for I am *bitten* again, and have *quantities* for other parts of the bravura.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—You shall have them in the course of the day.

321.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

August 12, 1813.

MY DEAR WEBSTER,—I am, you know, a detestable correspondent, and write to no one person whatever; you therefore cannot attribute my silence to any thing but want of good breeding or good taste, and not to any more atrocious cause; and as I confess the fault to be entirely mine—why—you will pardon it.

I have ordered a copy of the *Giaour* (which is nearly doubled in quantity in this edition) to be sent, and I will first scribble my name in the title page. Many and sincere thanks for your good opinion of book, and (I hope to add) author.

Rushton shall attend you whenever you please, though I should like him to stay a few weeks, and help my other people in forwarding my chattels. Your taking him is no less a favor to me than him; and I trust he will behave well. If not, your remedy is very simple; only don't let him be idle; honest I am sure he is, and I believe good-hearted and quiet. No pains has been

spared, and a good deal of expense incurred in his education; accounts and mensuration, etc., he ought to know, and I believe he does.

I write this near London, but your answer will reach me better in Bennet Street, etc. (as before). I am going very soon, and if you would do the same thing—as far as Sicily—I am sure you would not be sorry. My sister, Mrs. L. goes with me—her spouse is obliged to retrench for a few years (but *he* stays at home); so that his *link boy* prophecy (if ever he made it) recoils upon himself.

I am truly glad to hear of Lady Frances's good health. Have you added to your family? Pray make my best respects acceptable to her Ladyship.

Nothing will give me more pleasure than to hear from you as soon and as fully as you please.

Ever most truly yours,

BYRON.

322.—To Thomas Moore.

Bennet Street, August 22, 1813.

As our late—I might say, deceased—correspondence had too much of the town-life leaven in it, we will now, *paulo majora*, prattle a little of literature in all its branches; and first of the first—criticism. The Prince is at Brighton, and Jackson, the boxer, gone to Margate, having, I believe, decoyed Yarmouth to see a milling in that polite neighbourhood.[1] Mad^e^. de Stael Holstein has

1. The fight, in which Harry Harmer, "the Coppersmith" (1784–1834), beat Jack Ford, took place at St. Nicholas, near Margate, August 23, 1813.

Francis Charles Seymour Conway, Earl of Yarmouth (1777–1842), succeeded his father as second Marquis of Hertford in 1822. The colossal libertinism and patrician splendour of his life inspired Disraeli to paint him as "Monmouth" in *Coningsby*, and Thackeray as "Steyne" in *Vanity Fair*. He married, in 1798, Maria Fagniani, claimed as a daughter by George Selwyn and by "Old Q.," and

lost one of her young barons,[1] who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant,—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhawsen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be,—but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an Essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance—and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.

In a "mail-coach copy" of the *Edinburgh*,[2] I perceive *The Giaour* is second article. The numbers are

enriched by both. Yarmouth, as an intimate friend of the Regent, and the son of the Prince's female favourite, was the butt of Moore and the Whig satirists. Byron gibes at Yarmouth's red whiskers, which helped to gain him the name of "Red Herrings" in the *Waltz*, line 142, *note* 1. Yarmouth, like Byron, patronized the fancy, and, like him also, was a frequenter of Manton's shooting-gallery in Davies Street; but there is no record of their being acquainted, though the house, which Byron occupied (13, Piccadilly Terrace) during his brief married life, was in the occupation of Lord Yarmouth before Byron took it from the Duchess of Devonshire.

1. Albert de Staël "led an irregular life, and met a deplorable "death at Doberan, a small city of the duchy of Mecklenburg-"Schwerin, on the coast of the Baltic Sea, a favourite resort in "summer for bathing, gambling, etc. Some officers of the état-"major of Bernadotte had gone to try their luck in this place of "play and pleasure. They quarrelled over some louis, and a duel "immediately ensued. I well remember that the Grand-Duke Paul "of Mecklenburg-Schwerin told me he was there at the time, and, "while walking with his tutors in the park, suddenly heard the "clinking of swords in a neighbouring thicket. They ran to the "place, and reached it just in time to see the head of Albert fall, "cleft by one of those long and formidable sabres which were "carried by the Prussian cavalry." The above passage is quoted from the unpublished *Souvenirs* of M. Pictet de Sergy, given by A. Stevens in his *Life of Madame de Staël*, vol. ii. pp. 204, 205.

2. Only special copies of books published in Edinburgh came to London by coach; the bulk was forwarded in Leith smacks.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1813, the *Giaour* was reviewed as a poem "full of spirit, character, and originality," and producing an effect at once "powerful and pathetic." But the reviewer considers that "energy of character and intensity of emotion . . . pre-"sented in combination with worthlessness and guilt," are "most "powerful corrupters and perverters of our moral nature," and he deplores Byron's exclusive devotion to gloomy and revolting subjects

still in the Leith smack—*pray which way is the wind?* The said article is so very mild and sentimental, that it must be written by Jeffrey *in love;* [1]—you know he is

1. Francis Jeffrey (1773–1850) succeeded Sidney Smith as editor of the *Edinburgh Review* (founded 1802), and held the editorship till 1829. The first number of the *Review*, says Francis Horner, brought to light "the genius of that little man." During the first six years of its existence, he wrote upwards of seventy articles. At the same time, he was a successful lawyer. Called to the Scottish Bar in 1794, he became successively Dean of the Faculty of Advocates (1829), Lord Advocate (1830), and a Judge of the Court of Sessions (1834) with the title of Lord Jeffrey. He married, as his second wife, at New York, in October, 1813, Charlotte Wilkes, a grandniece of John Wilkes.

Jeffrey is described at considerable length by Ticknor, in a letter, dated February 8, 1814 (*Life of G. Ticknor*, vol. i. pp. 43–47): "You are to imagine, then, before you a short, stout, little gentle-"man, about five and a half feet high, with a very red face, black "hair, and black eyes. You are to suppose him to possess a very "gay and animated countenance, and you are to see in him all the "restlessness of a will-o'-wisp. . . . He enters a room with a "countenance so satisfied, and a step so light and almost fantastic, "that all your previous impressions of the dignity and severity of "the *Edinburgh Review* are immediately put to flight. . . . It is "not possible, however, to be long in his presence without under-"standing something of his real character, for the same promptness "and assurance which mark his entrance into a room carry him at "once into conversation. The moment a topic is suggested—no "matter what or by whom—he comes forth, and the first thing you "observe is his singular fluency," etc., etc.

By the side of this description may be set that given of Jeffrey by Francis Horner (*Life of Jeffrey*, 2nd edition, vol. i. p. 212): "His "manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast "which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity "and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man whose real "character is so much the reverse."

The secret of his success, both as editor and critic, is that he made the *Review* the expression of the Whig character, both in its excellences and its limitations. A man of clear, discriminating mind, of cool and placid judgment, he refused to accept the existing state of things, was persuaded that it might be safely improved, saw the practical steps required, and had the courage of his convictions. He was suspicious of large principles, somewhat callous to enthusiasm or sentiment, intolerant of whatever was incapable of precise expression. His intellectual strength lay not in the possession of one great gift, but in the simultaneous exercise of several well-adjusted talents. His literary taste was correct; but it consisted rather in recognizing compliance with accepted rules of proved utility than

gone to America to marry some fair one, of whom he has been, for several *quarters*, *éperdument amoureux*. Seriously —as Winifred Jenkins[1] says of Lismahago—Mr. Jeffrey (or his deputy) "has done the handsome thing by me," and I say *nothing*. But this I will say, if you and I had knocked one another on the head in this quarrel, how he would have laughed, and what a mighty bad figure we should have cut in our posthumous works. By the by, I was call'd *in* the other day to mediate between two gentlemen bent upon carnage, and—after a long struggle between the natural desire of destroying one's fellow-creatures, and the dislike of seeing men play the fool for nothing,—I got one to make an apology, and the other to take it, and left them to live happy ever after.[2] One

in the readiness to appreciate novelties of thought and treatment. Hence his criticism, though useful for his time, has not endured beyond his day. It may be doubted whether more could be expected from a man who was eminently successful in addressing a jury. "He might not know his subject, but he knew his readers" (Bagehot's *Literary Studies*, vol. i. p. 30).

Byron, believing him to have been the author of the famous article on *Hours of Idleness*, attacked him bitterly in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (lines 460–528). He afterwards recognized his error. *Don Juan* (Canto X. stanza xvi.) expresses his mature opinion of a critic who, whatever may have been his faults, was as absolutely honest as political prejudice would permit—

> "And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
> Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe
> (As far as rhyme and criticism combine
> To make such puppets of us things below),
> Are over; Here's a health to 'Auld Lang Syne!'
> I do not know you, and may never know
> Your face—but you have acted, on the whole,
> Most nobly; and I own it from my soul."

Jeffrey reviewed *Childe Harold* in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 38, art. 10; the *Giaour*, No. 42, art. 2; the *Corsair* and *Bride of Abydos*, No. 45, art. 9; Byron's *Poetry*, No. 54, art. 1; *Manfred*, No. 56, art. 7; *Beppo*, No. 58, art. 2; *Marino Faliero*, No. 70, art. 1; Byron's *Tragedies*, No. 72, art. 5.

1. Winifred Jenkins is the maid to Miss Tabitha Bramble, who marries Captain Lismahago, in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*.

2. Lord Foley and Scrope Davies.

was a peer, the other a friend untitled, and both fond of high play;—and one, I can swear for, though very mild, "not fearful," and so dead a shot, that, though the other is the thinnest of men, he would have split him like a cane. They both conducted themselves very well, and I put them out of *pain* as soon as I could.

There is an American *Life* of G. F. Cooke,[1] *Scurra* deceased, lately published. Such a book!—I believe, since *Drunken Barnaby's Journal*,[2] nothing like it has drenched the press. All green-room and tap-room—

1. G. F. Cooke (1755–1812), from 1794 to 1800 was the hero of the Dublin stage, with the exception of an interval, during which he served in the army. On October 31, 1800, he appeared at Covent Garden as "Richard III.," and afterwards played such parts in tragedy as "Iago" and "Shylock" with great success. In comedy he was also a favourite, especially as "Kitely" in *Every Man in his Humour*, and "Sir Pertinax MacSycophant" in *The Man of the World*. His last appearance on the London stage was as "Falstaff," June 5, 1810. In that year he sailed for New York, and, September 26, 1812, died there from his "incorrigible habits of "drinking."

Byron uses the word *scurra*, which generally means a "parasite," in its other sense of a "buffoon." *Memoirs of George Frederic Cooke, late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden*, by W. Dunlap, in 2 vols., was published in 1813.

2. The original edition of *Drunken Barnaby's Journal*, a small square volume, without date, was probably printed about 1650. The author was supposed to be Barnaby Harrington of Queen's College, Oxford. But Joseph Haslewood, whose edition (1818) is the best, attributed it to Richard Brathwait (circ. 1588–1673). The title of the second edition (1716) runs as follows: *Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys to the North of England. In Latin and English Verse. Wittily and merrily* (*tho' near one hundred years ago*) *composed; found among some old musty books, that had a long time lain by in a corner; and now at last made publick. To which is added, Bessy Bell.*

"Drunken Barnaby" was also the burden of an old ballad quoted by Haslewood—

> "Barnaby, Barnaby, thou'st been drinking,
> I can tell by thy nose, and thy eyes winking;
> Drunk at Richmond, drunk at Dover,
> Drunk at Newcastle, drunk all over.
> Hey, Barnaby! tak't for a warning,
> Be no more drunk, nor dry in a morning!"

drams and the drama—brandy, whisky-punch, and, *latterly*, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous,—first, that a man should live so long drunk, and, next, that he should have found a sober biographer. There are some very laughable things in it, nevertheless;—but the pints he swallowed, and the parts he performed, are too regularly registered.

All this time you wonder I am not gone; so do I; but the accounts of the plague are very perplexing—not so much for the thing itself as the quarantine established in all ports, and from all places, even from England. It is true, the forty or sixty days would, in all probability, be as foolishly spent on shore as in the ship; but one likes to have one's choice, nevertheless. Town is awfully empty; but not the worse for that. I am really puzzled with my perfect ignorance of what I mean to do;—not stay, if I can help it, but where to go? Sligo is for the North;—a pleasant place, Petersburgh, in September, with one's ears and nose in a muff, or else tumbling into one's neckcloth or pocket-handkerchief! If the winter treated Buonaparte with so little ceremony, what would it inflict upon your solitary traveller?—Give me a *sun*, I care not how hot, and sherbet, I care not how cool, and *my* Heaven is as easily made as your Persian's.[1] *The Giaour* is now a thousand and odd lines. "Lord Fanny "spins a thousand such a day,"[2] eh, Moore?—thou wilt needs be a wag, but I forgive it.

Yours ever.

BYRON.

P.S.—I perceive I have written a flippant and rather

1. "A Persian's Heav'n is easily made—
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

2. Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, Satire I. line 6.

cold-hearted letter! let it go, however. I have said nothing, either, of the brilliant sex; but the fact is, I am at this moment in a far more serious, and entirely new, scrape[1] than any of the last twelve months,—and that is saying a good deal. It is unlucky we can neither live with nor without these women.

I am now thinking of regretting that, just as I have left Newstead, you reside near it. Did you ever see it? *do*—but don't tell me that you like it. If I had known of such intellectual neighbourhood, I don't think I should have quitted it. You could have come over so often, as a bachelor,—for it was a thorough bachelor's mansion—plenty of wine and such sordid sensualities—with books enough, room enough, and an air of antiquity about all (except the lasses) that would have suited you, when pensive, and served you to laugh at when in glee. I had built myself a bath and a *vault*—and now I sha'n't even be buried in it. It is odd that we can't even be certain of a *grave*, at least a particular one. I remember, when about fifteen, reading your poems there, which I can repeat almost now,—and asking all kinds of questions about the author, when I heard that he was not dead according to the preface; wondering if I should ever see him—and though, at that time, without the smallest poetical propensity myself, very much taken, as you may imagine, with that volume. Adieu—I commit you to the care of the gods—Hindoo, Scandinavian, and Hellenic!

P.S. 2d.—There is an excellent review of Grimm's *Correspondence* and Mad^e^. de Stael in this N^o^. of the *E*[*dinburgh*] *R*[*eview*].[2] Jeffrey, himself, was my critic

1. With Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster.
2. The review of Madame de Staël's *Germany* was by Mackintosh.

last year; but this is, I believe, by another hand. I hope you are going on with your *grand coup*—pray do—or that damned Lucien Buonaparte will beat us all. I have seen much of his poem in MS., and he really surpasses every thing beneath Tasso. Hodgson is translating him *against* another bard. You and (I believe Rogers,) Scott, Gifford, and myself, are to be referred to as judges between the twain,—that is, if you accept the office. Conceive our different opinions! I think we, most of us (I am talking very impudently, you will think —*us*, indeed!) have a way of our own,—at least, you and Scott certainly have.

323.—To John Murray.

August 26, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have looked over and corrected one proof, but not so carefully (God knows if you can read it through, but I can't) as to preclude your eye from discovering some *o*mission of mine or *com*mission of ye Printer. If you have patience, look it over. Do you know any body who can *stop*—I mean *point*—commas, and so forth? for I am, I hear, a sad hand at your punctuation. I have, but with some difficulty, *not* added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month. It is now fearfully long, being more than a canto and a half of *C. H.*, which contains but 882 lines per book, with all late additions inclusive.

The last lines Hodgson likes—it is not often he does —and when he don't, he tells me with great energy, and I fret and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel, and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself.

Do you think you shall get hold of the *female* MS. you spoke of to day? if so, you will let me have a glimpse; but don't tell our *master* (not W's), or we shall be buffeted.

I was quite sorry to hear you say you stayed in town on my account, and I hope sincerely you did not mean so superfluous a piece of politeness.

Our *six* critiques!—they would have made half a *Quarterly* by themselves; but this is the age of criticism.

Ever yours,

B.

324.—To Thomas Moore.

August 28, 1813.

Ay, my dear Moore, "there *was* a time"—I have heard of your tricks, when "you was campaigning at the "King of Bohemy."[1] I am much mistaken if, some fine London spring, about the year 1815, that time does not come again. After all, we must end in marriage; and I can conceive nothing more delightful than such a state in the country, reading the county newspaper, etc., and kissing one's wife's maid. Seriously, I would incorporate with any woman of decent demeanour to-morrow—that is, I would a month ago, but, at present, * * *

Why don't you "parody that Ode?"[2]—Do you think

1. Jerry Sneak, in Foote's *Mayor of Garratt* (act ii.), says to Major Sturgeon, "I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy."

2. "The Ode of Horace—

"'Natis in usum lætitiæ,' etc.;

"some passages of which I told him might be parodied, in allusion "to some of his late adventures—

"'Quanta laboras in Charybdi!
Digne puer meliore flammâ!'"

(Moore.)

I should be *tetchy*? or have you done it, and won't tell me?—You are quite right about Giamschid, and I have reduced it to a dissyllable within this half hour.[1] I am glad to hear you talk of Richardson,[2] because it tells me what you won't—that you are going to beat Lucien. At least tell me how far you have proceeded. Do you think me less interested about your works, or less sincere than our friend Ruggiero? I am not—and never was. In that thing of mine, the *English Bards*, at the time when I was angry with all the world, I never "disparaged your "parts," although I did not know you personally;—and have always regretted that you don't give us an *entire* work, and not sprinkle yourself in detached pieces—beautiful, I allow, and quite *alone* in our language, but still giving us a right to expect a *Shah Nameh*[3] (is that

1. "In his first edition of *The Giaour* he had used this word as "a trisyllable—'Bright as the gem of Giamschid'—but on my "remarking to him, upon the authority of Richardson's Persian "Dictionary, that this was incorrect, he altered it to 'Bright as the "ruby of Giamschid.' On seeing this, however, I wrote to him, "'that, as the comparison of his heroine's eye to a "ruby" might "unluckily call up the idea of its being bloodshot, he had better "change the line to "Bright as the jewel of Giamschid;"' which "he accordingly did in the following edition" (Moore).

In the *Sháh Náméh*, Giamschid is the fourth sovereign of the ancient Persians, and ruled seven hundred years. His jewel was a green chrysolite, the reflection of which gives to the sky its blue-green colour. Byron probably changed to "ruby" on the authority of *Vathek* (p. 58, ed. 1856), where Beckford writes, "Then all "the riches this place contains, as well as the carbuncle of Giam-"schid, shall be hers."

2. Moore's reference (see *note* 1) to John Richardson's *Dictionary of Persian, Arabic, and English* (1777), suggests to Byron that Moore was at work on an Oriental poem, probably *Lalla Rookh*, which would surpass the *Charlemagne* of Lucien Buonaparte.

3. *The Sháh Náméh* is a rhymed history of Persia, in which occurs the famous episode of Sohrab and Rustem. It was written in thirty years by Abul Kásim Firdausí, the last name being given to him by Sultan Mahmúd because he had shed over the court at Ghizni the delights of "Paradise." Firdausí is said to have lived about 950 to 1030. (See *The Sháh Náméh*, translated and abridged by James Atkinson.)

the name?) as well as gazelles. Stick to the East;—the oracle, Stael, told me it was the only poetical policy. The North, South, and West, have all been exhausted; but from the East, we have nothing but Southey's unsaleables,—and these he has contrived to spoil, by adopting only their most outrageous fictions. His personages don't interest us, and yours will. You will have no competitor; and, if you had, you ought to be glad of it. The little I have done in that way is merely a "voice in "the wilderness" for you; and if it has had any success, that also will prove that the public are orientalising, and pave the path for you.

I have been thinking of a story, grafted on the amours of a Peri and a mortal—something like, only more *philanthropical* than, Cazotte's *Diable Amoureux*.[1] It would require a good deal of poesy, and tenderness is not my forte. For that, and other reasons, I have given up the idea, and merely suggest it to you, because, in intervals of your greater work, I think it a subject you might make much of.[2] If you want any more books, there is

1. Jacques Cazotte (1720–1792) wrote *La Patte du Chat* (1741); *Mille et une Fadaises* (1742); *Observations sur la lettre de Rousseau au sujet de la Musique Française* (1754); and other works. *Le Diable Amoureux* appeared in 1772. Cazotte escaped the September Massacres at the Abbaye in 1792, through the heroism of his daughter, but was executed on the twenty-fifth of the same month.

2. "I had already, singularly enough, anticipated this suggestion, "by making the daughter of a Peri the heroine of one of my stories, "and detailing the love adventures of her aërial parent in an "episode. In acquainting Lord Byron with this circumstance, in "my answer to the above letter, I added, 'All I ask of your friend-"ship is—not that you will abstain from Peris on my account, for "that is too much to ask of human (or, at least, author's) nature—"but that, whenever you mean to pay your addresses to any of "these aërial ladies, you will, at once, tell me so, frankly and "instantly, and let me, at least, have my choice whether I shall be "desperate enough to go on, with such a rival, or at once surrender "the whole race into your hands, and take, for the future, to "Antediluvians with Mr. Montgomery'" (Moore).

"Castellan's *Mœurs des Ottomans*," the best compendium of the kind I ever met with, in six small tomes.[1] I am really taking a liberty by talking in this style to my "elders and my betters;"—pardon it, and don't *Rochefoucault*[2] my motives.

325.—To Thomas Moore.

August—September, I mean—1, 1813.

I send you, begging your acceptance, Castellan, and three vols. on Turkish literature,[3] not yet looked into. The *last* I will thank you to read, extract what you want, and return in a week, as they are lent to me by that brightest of Northern constellations, Mackintosh,[4]—amongst many other kind things into which India has warmed him; for I am sure your *home* Scotsman is of a less genial description.

Your Peri, my dear M., is sacred and inviolable; I have no idea of touching the hem of her petticoat. Your affectation of a dislike to encounter me is so flattering, that I begin to think myself a very fine fellow. But you are laughing at me—"Stap my vitals, Tam! thou art a

1. Brunet, *s.v.* "Breton de la Martinière," gives the title of the work: *Mœurs, usages costumes des Othomans, et abrégé de leur histoire.* Par A. L. Castellan, Paris, 1812.

2. Maxime LXXXV.: "Nous nous persuadons souvent d'aimer les "gens plus puissans que nous, et néanmoins c'est l'interêt seul qui "produit notre amitié; nous ne nous donnons pas à eux pour le "bien que nous leur voulons faire, mais pour celui que nous en "voulons recevoir."

3. Giovanni Battista Toderini (1728–1799) published his work *Della Letteratura Turchesca*, at Venice in 1787. Brunet says, "Cet "ouvrage curieux a été traduit en Français, par Cournand. Paris, 1789 (*De La Littérature des Turcs*)."

4. "Yes, his manner was cold; his shake of the hand came "under the genus 'mortmain;' but his heart was overflowing "with benevolence" (Lady Holland's *Memoir of Sydney Smith*, 4th edition, vol. i. p. 440).

"very impudent person;"[1] and, if you are not laughing at me, you deserve to be laughed at. Seriously, what on earth can you, or have you, to dread from any poetical flesh breathing? It really puts me out of humour to hear you talk thus.

The Giaour I have added to a good deal; but still in foolish fragments. It contains about 1200 lines, or rather more—now printing. You will allow me to send you a copy. You delight me much by telling me that I am in your good graces, and more particularly as to temper; for, unluckily, I have the reputation of a very bad one. But they say the devil is amusing when pleased, and I must have been more venomous than the old serpent, to have hissed or stung in your company. It may be, and would appear to a third person, an incredible thing, but I know *you* will believe me when I say, that I am as anxious for your success as one human being can be for another's,—as much as if I had never scribbled a line. Surely the field of fame is wide enough for all; and if it were not, I would not willingly rob my neighbour of a rood of it. Now you have a pretty property of some thousand acres there, and when you have passed your present Inclosure Bill, your income will be doubled, (there's a metaphor, worthy of a Templar, namely, pert and low,) while my wild common is too remote to incommode you, and quite incapable of such fertility. I send you (which return per post, as the printer would say) a curious letter from a friend of mine,[2]

1. A reminiscence of Sheridan's *Trip to Scarborough* (act v. sc. 2), itself borrowed from Vanbrugh's *Relapse* (act iv. sc. 6), in both of which passages Lord Foppington says, "Strike me dumb, "Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow."

2. The following is the letter to which Byron refers :—

"Albany, Monday, August 31, 1813.

"MY DEAR BYRON,—You have requested me to tell you all that "I heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near

which will let you into the origin of *The Giaour*. Write soon.

Ever, dear Moore, yours most entirely, etc.

P.S.—This letter was written to me on account of a *different story* circulated by some gentlewomen of our acquaintance, a little too close to the text. The part erased contained merely some Turkish names, and circumstantial evidence of the girl's detection, not very important or decorous.

"being put an end to while you were there; you have asked me to "remember every circumstance, in the remotest degree relating to "it, which I heard. In compliance with your wishes, I write "to you all I heard, and I cannot imagine it to be very far from the "fact, as the circumstances happened only a day or two before I "arrived at Athens, and, consequently, was a matter of common "conversation at the time.

"The new governor, unaccustomed to have the same intercourse "with the Christians as his predecessor, had, of course, the bar- "barous Turkish ideas with regard to women. In consequence, "and in compliance with the strict letter of the Mohammedan law, "he ordered this girl to be sewed up in a sack, and thrown into the "sea—as is, indeed, quite customary at Constantinople. As you "were returning from bathing in the Piræus, you met the procession "going down to execute the sentence of the Waywode on this un- "happy girl. Report continues to say, that on finding out what "the object of their journey was, and who was the miserable "sufferer, you immediately interfered; and on some delay in obey- "ing your orders, you were obliged to inform the leader of the "escort that force should make him comply; that, on further hesita- "tion, you drew a pistol, and told him, that if he did not immedi- "ately obey your orders, and come back with you to the Aga's "house, you would shoot him dead. On this the man turned about "and went with you to the governor's house; here you succeeded, "partly by personal threats, and partly by bribery and entreaty, in "procuring her pardon, on condition of her leaving Athens. I was "told that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent, and "despatched her off at night to Thebes, where she found a safe "asylum. Such is the story I heard, as nearly as I can recollect it "at present. Should you wish to ask me any further questions "about it, I shall be very ready and willing to answer them.

"I remain, my dear Byron,

"Yours very sincerely,

"SLIGO."

326.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

September 2nd, 1813.

My dear Webster,—You are just the same generous and I fear careless gentleman of the years of *indifferent* memory 1806. I—; but I must not burthen you with my entire household. Joe[1] is, I believe, necessary for the present as a fixture, to keep possession till every thing is arranged; and were it otherwise, you don't know what a perplexity he would prove—honest and faithful, but fearfully superannuated: now *this I* ought and do bear, but as he has not been fifty years in your family, it would be rather hard to convert your mansion into a hospital for decayed domestics. Rushton is, or may be made useful, and I am less *compunctious* on his account.

"Will I be Godfather?"[2] Yea, verily! I believe it is the only species of parentage I shall ever encounter, for all my acquaintance, Powerscourt, Jocelyn, yourself, Delawarr, Stanhope, with a long list of happy *etceteras*, are married; most of them my juniors too, and I as single and likely to remain so as, nay more than, if I were seventy.

If it is a *girl* why not also? Georgina, or even *Byron* will make a classical name for a spinster, if Mr. Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison* is any authority in your estimation.

My ship is not settled. My passage in the *Boyne* was only for *one* Servant, and would not do, of course. You ask after the expense, a question no less interesting

1. Joseph Murray.

2. Webster's eldest son was christened "Byron Wedderburn." He died young, and when his father told Byron of the child's death, the godfather "almost chuckled with joy or irony," and said, "Well, I cautioned you, and told you that my name would almost "damn any thing or creature." (*MS. note* by Wedderburn Webster.)

to the married than the single. Unless things are much altered, no establishment in the Mediterranean Countries could amount to the quarter of the expenditure requisite in England for the same or an inferior household.

I am interrupted, and have only time to offer my best thanks for all your good wishes and intentions, and to beg you will believe me,

Equally yours ever,

B.

P.S.—Rushton shall be sent on Saturday next.

327.—To Thomas Moore.

Sept. 5, 1813.

You need not tie yourself down to a day with Toderini, but send him at your leisure, having anatomised him into such annotations as you want; I do not believe that he has ever undergone that process before, which is the best reason for not sparing him now.

Rogers has returned to town, but not yet recovered of the *Quarterly*. What fellows these reviewers are! "these bugs do fear us all."[1] They made you fight, and me (the milkiest of men) a satirist, and will end by making Rogers madder than Ajax. I have been reading *Memory* again, the other day, and *Hope* together, and retain all my preference of the former.[2] His elegance is really wonderful—there is no such thing as a vulgar line in his book.

What say you to Buonaparte? Remember, I back him

1. "Warwick was a bug that feared us all" (*Henry VI.*, Part III. act v. sc. 2).

2. Byron quoted to Lady Blessington "some passages from the "*Pleasures of Hope*, which he said was a poem full of beauties. . . . "'The *Pleasures of Memory* is a very beautiful poem' (said Byron), "'harmonious, finished, and chaste; it contains not a single mere-"tricious ornament'" (*Conversations*, pp. 352, 353).

against the field, barring catalepsy and the Elements. Nay, I almost wish him success against all countries but this,—were it only to choke the *Morning Post*, and his undutiful father-in-law, with that rebellious bastard of Scandinavian adoption, Bernadotte. Rogers wants me to go with him on a crusade to the Lakes, and to besiege you on our way. This last is a great temptation, but I fear it will not be in my power, unless you would go on with one of us somewhere—no matter where. It is too late for Matlock, but we might hit upon some scheme, high life or low,—the last would be much the best for amusement. I am so sick of the other, that I quite sigh for a cider-cellar,[1] or a cruise in a smuggler's sloop.

You cannot wish more than I do that the Fates were a little more accommodating to our parallel lines, which prolong *ad infinitum* without coming a jot nearer. I almost wish I were married, too—which is saying much. All my friends, seniors and juniors, are in for it, and ask me to be godfather,—the only species of parentage which, I believe, will ever come to my share in a lawful way; and, in an unlawful one, by the blessing of Lucina, we can never be certain,—though the parish may. I suppose I shall hear from you to-morrow. If not, this goes as it is; but I leave room for a P.S., in case any thing requires an answer.

Ever, etc.

1. No. 20, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, was a tavern called the *Cider Cellars*. Over the entrance was the motto, *Honos erit huic quoque homo*, supplied by Porson, who frequented the house. There Lord Campbell heard him "recite from memory to delighted "listeners the whole of Anstey's *Pleader's Guide*" (*Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. iii. p. 271, *note*). Mr. Wheatley, in *London Past and Present*, *sub voce* "Maiden Lane," says that the "tavern continued to "be frequented by young men, and 'much in vogue for devilled "kidneys, oysters, and Welch rabbits, cigars, "goes" of brandy, "and great supplies of London stout' (also for comic songs), till it "was absorbed in the extensions of the Adelphi Theatre."

No letter—*n'importe*. Rogers thinks the *Quarterly* will be at *me* this time; if so, it shall be a war of extermination—no *quarter*. From the youngest devil down to the oldest woman of that review, all shall perish by one fatal lampoon. The ties of nature shall be torn asunder, for I will not even spare my bookseller; nay, if one were to include readers also, all the better.

328.—To Thomas Moore.

September 8, 1813.

I am sorry to see Toderini again so soon, for fear your scrupulous conscience should have prevented you from fully availing yourself of his spoils. By this coach I send you a copy of that awful pamphlet *The Giaour*, which has never procured me half so high a compliment as your modest alarm. You will (if inclined in an evening) perceive that I have added much in quantity,—a circumstance which may truly diminish your modesty upon the subject.

You stand certainly in great need of a "lift" with Mackintosh. My dear Moore, you strangely under-rate yourself. I should conceive it an affectation in any other; but I think I know you well enough to believe that you don't know your own value. However, 'tis a fault that generally mends; and, in your case, it really ought. I have heard him speak of you as highly as your wife could wish; and enough to give all your friends the jaundice.

Yesterday I had a letter from *Ali Pacha!* brought by Dr. Holland, who is just returned from Albania.[1] It is in Latin, and begins "Excellentissime *nec non* Carissime,"

1. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 246, and *note*. Dr., afterwards Sir Henry, Holland (1788-1873) published his *Travels in the Ionian Islands, Albania, etc.*, in 1815.

and ends about a gun he wants made for him;—it is signed "Ali Vizir." What do you think he has been about? H. tells me that, last spring, he took a hostile town, where, forty-two years ago, his mother and sisters were treated as Miss Cunigunde[1] was by the Bulgarian cavalry. He takes the town, selects all the survivors of this exploit—children, grandchildren, etc. to the tune of six hundred, and has them shot before his face. Recollect, he spared the rest of the city, and confined himself to the Tarquin pedigree,[2]—which is more than I would. So much for "dearest friend."

329.—To Thomas Moore.

Sept. 9, 1813.

I write to you from Mr. Murray's, and I may say, from Murray, who, if you are not predisposed in favour of any other publisher, would be happy to treat with you, at a fitting time, for your work. I can safely recommend him as fair, liberal, and attentive, and certainly, in point of reputation, he stands among the first of "the trade." I am sure he would do you justice. I have written to you so much lately, that you will be glad to see so little now.

Ever, etc., etc.

330.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

September 15th, 1813.

My dear Webster,—I shall not resist your second invitation, and shortly after the receipt of this you may

1. Voltaire's *Candide*, ch. vii.: "On ne vous a donc pas violé? "on ne vous a point fendu le ventre, comme le philosophe Pangloss "me l'avait assuré? Si fait, dit la belle Cunégonde; mais on ne "meurt pas toujours de ces deux accidents."

2. The "false Sextus . . . that wrought the deed of shame," and violated Lucretia.

expect me. You will excuse me from the races. As a guest I have no "antipathies" and few preferences. . . . You won't mind, however, my *not* dining with you—every day at least. When we meet, we can talk over our respective plans: mine is very short and simple; viz. to sail when I can get a passage. If I remained in England I should live in the Country, and of course in the vicinity of those whom I knew would be most agreeable.

I did not know that Jack's graven image[1] was at Newstead. If it be, pray transfer it to Aston. It is my hope to see you so shortly, tomorrow or next day, that I will not now trouble you with my speculations.

Ever yours very faithfully,

BYRON.

P.S.—I don't know how I came to sign myself with the "i." It is the old spelling, and I sometimes slip into it. When I say I can't *dine* with you, I mean that sometimes I don't dine at all. Of course, when I do, I conform to all hours and domestic arrangements.

331.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Wednesday], Septr. 15th, 1813.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—I joined my friend Scrope about 8, and before eleven we had swallowed six bottles of his burgundy and Claret, which left him very unwell and me rather feverish; we were *tête à tête*. I remained with him next day and set off last night for London, which I reached at three in the morning. Tonight I shall leave it again, perhaps for Aston or Newstead. I have not yet determined, nor does it much matter. As you perhaps

1. "Jack's graven image" means the portrait of John Jackson the pugilist.

care more on the subject than I do, I will tell you when I know myself.

When my departure is arranged, and I can get this long-evaded passage, you will be able to tell me whether I am to expect a visit or not, and I can come for or meet you as you think best. If you write, address to Bennet Street.

Yours very truly,

B.

332.—To John Murray.

Sept. 15, 1813.

Dear Sir,—Will you pray enquire after any ship with a convoy *taking passengers* and get me one if possible? I mean not in a ship of war, but anything that may be *paid* for. I have a friend and 3 servants—Gibraltar or Minorca—or Zante.

Yours ever,

B.

333.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

Stilton, September 25th, 1813.

My dear W.,—Thus far can I "report progress," and as a solid token of my remembrance I send you a *cheese* of 13 lbs. to enable your digestion to go through the race week. It will go to night; pray let your retainers enquire after it. The date of this letter will account for so homely a present. On my arrival in town I will write more on our different concerns. In the mean time I wish you and yours all the gratification on Doncaster you can wish for yourselves. My love to the faithless Nettle[1] (who I dare say is *wronging* me during

1. A dog given by Webster to Byron. (*Note* by J. W. W.)

my absence), and my best Compliments to all in your house who will receive them.

Ever, dear W., yours truly,

B.

334.—To Sir James Mackintosh.

Sept. 27, 1813.

DEAR SIR JAMES,—I was to have left London on Friday, but will certainly remain a day longer (and believe I *would a year*) to have the honour of meeting you. My best respects to Lady Mackintosh.

Ever your obliged and faithful servant,

BYRON.

335.—To Thomas Moore.

September 27, 1813.

THOMAS MOORE,—(Thou wilt never be called "*true* "Thomas,"[1] like he of Ercildoune,) why don't you write to me?—as you won't, I must. I was near you at Aston the other day, and hope I soon shall be again. If so, you must and shall meet me, and go to Matlock and elsewhere, and take what, in *flash* dialect, is poetically termed "a lark," with Rogers and me for accomplices. Yesterday, at Holland House, I was introduced to Southey—the best-looking bard I have seen for some time. To have that poet's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his Sapphics. He is certainly a prepossessing person to look on, and a man of talent, and all that, and —*there* is his eulogy.

1. Thomas Learmont, of Ercildoune, called "Thomas the "Rhymer," is to reappear on earth when Shrove Tuesday and Good Friday change places. He sleeps beneath the Eildon Hills.

* * read me *part* of a letter from you. By the foot of Pharaoh, I believe there was abuse, for he stopped short, so he did, after a fine saying about our correspondence, and *looked*—I wish I could revenge myself by attacking you, or by telling you that I have *had* to defend you—an agreeable way which one's friends have of recommending themselves by saying—"Ay, ay, *I* gave "it Mr. Such-a-one for what he said about your being a "plagiary, and a rake, and so on." But do you know that you are one of the very few whom I never have the satisfaction of hearing abused, but the reverse;—and do you suppose I will forgive *that?*

I have been in the country, and ran away from the Doncaster races. It is odd,—I was a visitor in the same house[1] which came to my sire as a residence with Lady Carmarthen (with whom he adulterated before his majority—by the by, remember *she* was not my mamma), —and they thrust me into an old room, with a nauseous picture over the chimney, which I should suppose my papa regarded with due respect, and which, inheriting the family taste, I looked upon with great satisfaction. I stayed a week with the family, and behaved very well—though the lady of the house is young, and religious, and pretty, and the master is my particular friend. I felt no wish for any thing but a poodle dog, which they kindly gave me. Now, for a man of my courses not even to have *coveted*, is a sign of great amendment. Pray pardon all this nonsense, and don't "snub me when I'm in "spirits."[2]

Ever yours,

BN.

1. Aston Hall, Rotherham, at that time rented by J. Wedderburn Webster.

2. In *She Stoops to Conquer* (act ii.) Tony Lumpkin says, "I "wish you'd let me and my good alone, then—snubbing this way "when I'm in spirits."

Here's an impromptu for you by a "person of "quality," written last week, on being reproached for low spirits—

When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye:
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink;
My Thoughts their dungeon know too well—
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And bleed within their silent cell.

336.—To John Murray.

Sept. 29, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Pray suspend the *proofs* for I am bitten again and have quantities for other parts of *The Giaour*.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—You shall have these in the course of the day.

337.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

September 30th, 1813.

MY DEAR WEBSTER,—Thanks for your letter. I had answered it by *anticipation* last night, and this is but a postscript to my reply. My yesterday's contained some advice, which I now see you don't want, and hope you never will.

So! Petersham[1] has not joined you. I pity the poor

1. Lord Petersham was one of the chief dandies of the day. Gronow in 1814 (*Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 285) found him "making

women. No one can properly repair such a deficiency; but rather than such a chasm should be left utterly unfathomable, I, even I, the most awkward of attendants and deplorable of danglers, would have been of your forlorn hope, on this expedition. Nothing but business, and the notion of my being utterly superfluous in so numerous a party, would have induced me to resign so soon my quiet apartments never interrupted but by the sound, or the more harmonious barking of Nettle, and clashing of billiard balls.

On Sunday I shall leave town and mean to join you immediately. I have not yet had my sister's answer to Lady Frances's very kind invitation, but expect it to-morrow. Pray assure Lady Frances that I never can forget the obligation conferred upon me in this respect, and I trust that even Lady Catherine [1] will, in this instance, not question my "stability."

I yesterday wrote you rather a long tirade about La Comptesse, but you seem in no immediate peril; I will therefore burn it. Yet I don't know why I should, as you may relapse: it shall e'en go.

I have been passing my time with Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh; and once at Holland House I met Southey; he is a person of very *epic* appearance, and has

"a particular sort of blacking, which he said would eventually "supersede every other." His snuff-mixture was famous among tobacconists, and he gave his name to a fashionable great-coat. In his collection of snuff-boxes, one of the finest in England, he was supposed to have a box for every day in the year. Gronow (*ibid.*) "heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light-blue Sèvres "box he was using being admired, say, in his lisping way, 'Yes, it "is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear.'" Lord Petersham, who never went out of doors before 6 p.m., was celebrated for his brown carriages, brown horses, brown harness, and brown liveries.

1. Lady Catherine Annesley, sister of Lady F. W. Webster, afterwards Lady John Somerset.

a fine head—as far as the outside goes, and wants nothing but taste to make the inside equally attractive.

Ever, my dear W., yours,

BIRON.

P.S.—I read your letter thus: "the Countess is "*miserable*," instead of which it is "*inexorable*," a very different thing. The best way is to let her alone; she must be a *diablesse* by what you told me. You have probably not *bid* high enough. *Now* you are not, perhaps, of my opinion; but I would not give the tithe of a Birmingham farthing for a woman who could or would be purchased, nor indeed for any woman *quoad mere woman;* that is to say, unless I loved her for something more than her sex. If she *loves*, a little *pique* is not amiss, nor even if she don't; the next thing to a woman's *love* in a man's favour is her *hatred*,—a seeming paradox but true. Get them once out of *indifference* and circumstance, and their passions will do wonders for a *dasher* which I suppose you are, though I seldom had the impudence or patience to follow them up.

338.—To Francis Hodgson.

October 1, 1813.

MY DEAR H.,—I leave town again for Aston on Sunday, but have messages for you. Lord Holland desired me repeatedly to bring you; he wants to know you much, and begged me to say so: you will like him. I had an invitation for you to dinner there this last Sunday, and Rogers is perpetually screaming because you don't call, and wanted you also to dine with him on Wednesday last. Yesterday we had Curran there—who is beyond all conception! and Mackintosh and the wits are to be seen at H. H. constantly, so that I think you

would like their society. I will be a judge between you and the attorneo. So B[utler] may mention me to Lucien if he still adheres to his opinion. Pray let Rogers be one; he has the best taste extant. Bland's nuptials delight me; if I had the least hand in bringing them about it will be a subject of selfish satisfaction to me these three weeks. Desire Drury—if he loves me—to kick Dwyer thrice for frightening my horses with his flame-coloured whiskers last July. Let the kicks be hard, etc.

339.—To Thomas Moore.

October 2, 1813.

You have not answered some six letters of mine. This, therefore, is my penultimate. I will write to you once more, but, after that—I swear by all the saints—I am silent and supercilious. I have met Curran[1] at

1. Rogers (*Table-Talk, etc.*, p. 161) regretted "that so little of "Curran's brilliant talk has been preserved." John Philpot Curran (1750–1817), after accepting the Mastership of the Rolls in Ireland (1806), spent much of his time in England. He retired from the Bench, where he never shone, in 1814.

In Byron's *Detached Thoughts* (1821) occurs the following passage: "I was much struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manners in pri-"vate life. They were odd, but they were natural. Curran used to "take him off, bowing to the very ground, and 'thanking God that he "had no peculiarities of gesture or appearance,' in a way irresistibly "ludicrous. Rogers used to call him a 'Sentimental Harlequin;' "but Rogers backbites everybody, and Curran, who used to quiz his "great friend Godwin to his very face, would hardly respect a fair "mark of mimicry in another. To be sure, Curran *was* admirable! "to hear his description of the examination of an Irish witness was "next to hearing his own speeches; the latter I never heard, but I "have the former." Elsewhere (*ibid.*) he returns to the subject: "Curran! Curran's the man who struck me most—such imagina-"tion! There never was anything like it, that ever I saw or heard "of. His *published* life—his published speeches—give you no idea "of the man; none at all. He was a *Machine* of imagination, as "some one said that Piron was an 'Epigrammatic Machine.' I did "not see a great deal of Curran,—only in 1813; but I met him at

Holland House—he beats every body;—his imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics—I never met his equal. Now, were I a woman, and eke a virgin, that is the man I should make my Scamander.[1] He is quite fascinating. Remember, I have met him but once; and you, who have known him long, may probably deduct from my

"home (for he used to call on me), and in society, at Mackintosh's, "Holland House, etc., etc. And he was wonderful, even to me, "who had seen many remarkable men of the time."

The following notes on this passage are in the handwriting of Walter Scott: "When Mathews first began to imitate Curran in "Dublin—in society, I mean,—Curran sent for him and said, the "moment he entered the room, 'Mr. Mathews, you are a first-rate "artist, and, since you are to do my picture, pray allow me to "give you a sitting.' Every one knows how admirably Mathews "succeeded in furnishing at last the portraiture begun under these "circumstances. No one was more aware of the truth than Curran "himself. In his latter and feeble days, he was riding in Hyde "Park one morning, bowed down over the saddle and bitterly "dejected in his air. Mathews happened to observe and saluted "him. Curran stopped his horse for a moment, squeezed Charles "by the hand, and said in that deep whisper which the comedian "so exquisitely mimics, 'Don't speak to me, my dear Mathews; "you are the only Curran now!'"

"Did you know Curran?" asked Byron of Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 176); "he was the most wonderful person I ever "saw. In him was combined an imagination the most brilliant and "profound, with a flexibility and wit that would have justified the "observation applied to ——, that his heart was in his head." Moore (*Journal, etc.*, vol. i. p. 40) quotes a couplet by Mrs. Battier upon Curran, which "commemorates in a small compass two of "his most striking peculiarities, namely, his very unprepossessing "personal appearance, and his great success, notwithstanding, in "pursuits of gallantry . . . ;—

> "'For though his monkey face might fail to woo her,
> Yet, ah! his monkey tricks would quite undo her.'"

1. In the spurious letters of Æschines (Letter x.) is a passage which explains the allusion. "It is the custom of maidens, on the "eve of their marriage, to wash in the waters of the Scamander, and "then to utter this almost sacred formula, 'Take, O Scamander, "my virginity' (τὸ ἔπος τοῦτο ὥσπερ ἱερόν τι ἐπιλέγειν, 'Λαβέ μου "Σκάμανδρε τὴν παρθένιαν')."

panegyric. I almost fear to meet him again, lest the impression should be lowered. He talked a great deal about you—a theme never tiresome to me, nor any body else that I know. What a variety of expression he conjures into that naturally not very fine countenance of his! He absolutely changes it entirely. I have done—for I can't describe him, and you know him. On Sunday I return to Aston, where I shall not be far from you. Perhaps I shall hear from you in the mean time. Good night.

Saturday morn.—Your letter has cancelled all my anxieties. I did *not suspect* you in *earnest*. Modest again! Because I don't do a very shabby thing, it seems, I "don't fear your competition." If it were reduced to an alternative of preference, I *should* dread you, as much as Satan does Michael. But is there not room enough in our respective regions? Go on—it will soon be my turn to forgive. To-day I dine with Mackintosh and Mrs. *Stale*—as John Bull may be pleased to denominate Corinne—whom I saw last night, at Covent Garden, yawning over the humour of Falstaff.

The reputation of "gloom," if one's friends are not included in the *reputants*, is of great service; as it saves one from a legion of impertinents, in the shape of common-place acquaintance. But thou know'st I can be a right merry and conceited fellow, and rarely *larmoyant*. Murray shall reinstate your line forthwith.[1] I believe the blunder in the motto was mine;—and yet I have, in general, a memory for *you*, and am sure it was rightly printed at first.

1. "The motto to *The Giaour*—

"'One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,' etc.

"which is taken from one of the *Irish Melodies*, had been quoted "by him incorrectly in the first editions of the poem" (Moore).

I do "blush" very often, if I may believe Ladies H. and M.;—but luckily, at present, no one sees me. Adieu.

340.—To John Murray.

Stilton, Oct. 3, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have just recollected an alteration you may make in the proof to be sent to Aston.—Among the lines on Hassan's Serai, not far from the beginning, is this—

Unmeet for Solitude to share.

Now to share implies more than *one*, and Solitude is a single gentlewoman; it must be thus—

For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear;

and so on.—My address is Aston Hall, Rotherham.

Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a cheese from me for your trouble.

Ever yours,

B.

P.S.—I leave this to your discretion; if any body thinks the old line a good one or the cheese a bad one, don't accept either. But, in that case, the word *share* is repeated soon after in the line—

To share the Master's "bread and salt;"

and must be altered to—

To break the Master's bread and salt.

This is not so well, though—confound it!

If the old line stands, let the other run thus—

Nor there will weary traveller halt,
To bless the sacred "bread and salt."

Note.—To partake of food—to break bread and taste salt with your host—ensures the safety of the guest; even though an enemy, his person from that moment becomes sacred.

There is another additional note sent yesterday—on the Priest in the Confessional.

341.—To John Hanson.

Nottingham, Octr. 10th, 1813.

Dear Sir,—I am disposed to advance a loan of £1000 to James Webster Wedderburne Webster, Esqre., of Aston Hall, York County, and request you will address to me *there* a *bond* and *judgement* to be signed by the said as soon as possible. Of Claughton's payments I know nothing further, and the demands on myself I know also; but W. is a very old friend of mine, and a man of property, and, as I can command the money, he shall have it. I do not at all wish to inconvenience you, and I also know that, when we balance accounts, it will be much in your favour; but if you could replace the sum at Hoare's from my advance of two thousand eight hundred in July, it would be a favour; or, still better, if C. makes further payments, which will render it unnecessary. Don't let the first part of the last sentence embarrass you at all; the last part about Claughton I would wish you to attend to. I have written this day—about his opening the cellar.

Pray send the bond and judgement to Aston as directed.

Ever, dear Sir,

B.

P.S.—Many, many thanks for your kind invitation; but it was too late. I was in this county before it

arrived. My best remembrances to Mrs. H. and all the family.

342.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Sunday], October 10th, 1813.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I have only time to say that I am not in the least angry, and that my silence has merely arisen from several circumstances which I cannot now detail. I trust you are better, and will continue *best*. Ever, my dearest,

Yours,
B.

343.—To John Murray.

Oct. 12, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—You must look *The Giaour* again over carefully; there are a few lapses, particularly in the last page,—"I *know* 'twas false; she could not die;" it was, and ought to be—"*knew*." Pray observe this and similar mistakes.

I have received and read the *British Review*.[1] I really think the writer in most parts very right. The only mortifying thing is the accusation of imitation.

1. The *British Review* (No. ix.) criticized *The Giaour* severely (pp. 132–145). "Lord Byron," it says, "has had the bad taste to "imitate Mr. Walter Scott" (p. 135). Further on (p. 139) it charges him with borrowing a simile from Crabbe's *Resentment*. The passage to which the reviewer alludes will be found in lines 11–16 of that poem—

> "Those are like wax—apply them to the fire,
> Melting, they take th' impressions you desire:
> Easy to mould, and fashion as you please,
> And again moulded with an equal ease:
> Like smelted iron these the forms retain;
> But, once impress'd, will never melt again."

Crabbe's passage I never saw; and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric* measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who likes it. *The Giaour* is certainly a bad character, but not dangerous: and I think his fate and his feelings will meet with few proselytes. I shall be very glad to hear from or of you, when you please; but don't put yourself out of your way on my account.

Yours ever,

B.

344.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Monday], Novr. 8th, 1813.

My dearest Augusta,—I have only time to say that I shall write tomorrow, and that my present and long silence has been occasioned by a thousand things (with which *you* are not concerned). It is not L^y^ C. nor O.; but perhaps you may *guess*, and, if you do, do not tell.

You do not know what mischief your being with me might have prevented. You shall hear from me tomorrow; in the mean time don't be alarmed. I am in *no immediate* peril.

Believe me, ever yours,

B.

345.—To John Murray.

[Nov. 12, 1813. With first proof of *Bride of Abydos* correct.]

Dear Sir,—I have looked over—corrected—and added—*all* of which you may do too—at least *certainly* the *two* first. There is more MS. *within*. Let me know tomorrow at your leisure *how* and *when* we shall

proceed! It looks better than I thought at first. *Look over* again. I suspect some omissions on my part and on the printers'.

Yours ever,

B.

Always print "een" "even." I utterly abhor "een" —if it must be contracted, be it "ev'n."

346.—To William Gifford.

November 12, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will consider, when I venture on any request, that it is the reverse of a certain Dedication, and is addressed, *not* to "The Editor of the "*Quarterly Review*," but to Mr. Gifford. You will understand this, and on that point I need trouble you no farther.

You have been good enough to look at a thing of mine in MS.—a Turkish story, and I should feel gratified if you would do it the same favour in its probationary state of printing. It was written, I cannot say for amusement, nor "obliged by hunger and request of friends,"[1] but in a state of mind, from circumstances which occasionally occur to "us youth," that rendered it necessary for me to apply my mind to something, any thing but reality; and under this not very brilliant inspiration it was composed. Being done, and having at least diverted me from myself, I thought you would not perhaps be offended if Mr. Murray forwarded it to you. He has done so, and to apologise for his doing so a second time is the object of my present letter.

I beg you will *not* send me any answer. I assure you very sincerely I know your time to be occupied, and it is

1. Pope, *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, l. 44.

enough, more than enough, if you read; you are not to be bored with the fatigue of answers.

A word to Mr. Murray will be sufficient, and send it either to the flames or

> "A hundred hawkers' load,
> On wings of wind to fly or fall abroad."

It deserves no better than the first, as the work of a week, and scribbled *stans pede in uno*[1] (by the by, the only foot I have to stand on); and I promise never to trouble you again under forty cantos, and a voyage between each. Believe me ever,

Your obliged and affectionate servant,

BYRON.

347.—To John Murray.

Nov. 12, 1813.

Two friends of mine (Mr. Rogers and Mr. Sharpe) have advised me not to risk at present any single publication separately, for various reasons. As they have not seen the one in question, they can have no bias for or against the merits (if it has any) or the faults of the present subject of our conversation. You say all the last of *The Giaour*[2] are gone—at least out of your hands. Now,

1. Horace, *Sat.* I. iv. 10.

2. In *Accepted Addresses; or, Prœmium Poetarum*, pp. 50–52 (1813), Address xvii. is from "Lord B——n to J. M——y, Book-seller." The address itself runs as follows :—

> "A Turkish tale I shall unfold,
> A sweeter tale was never told;
> But then the facts, I must allow,
> Are in the east not common now;
> Tho' in the 'olden time,' the scene
> My Goaour (*sic*) describes had often been.
> What is the cause? Perhaps the fair
> Are now more cautious than they were;

if you think of publishing any new edition with the last additions which have not yet been before the reader (I mean distinct from the two-volume publication), we can add "*The Bride of Abydos*," which will thus steal quietly into the world:[1] if liked, we can then throw off some copies for the purchasers of former "Giaours;" and, if

Perhaps the Christians not so bold,
So enterprising as of old.
No matter what the cause may be,
It is a subject fit for me.

"Take my disjointed fragments then,
The offspring of a willing pen.
And give them to the public, pray,
On or before the month of May.
Yes, my disjointed fragments take,
But do not ask *how much they'll make.*
Perhaps not fifty pages—well,
I in a little space can tell
Th' adventures of an infidel;
Of *quantity* I never boast,
For *quality*'s approved of most.

"It is a handsome sum to touch,
Induces authors to write much;
But in this much, alas! my friend,
How little is there to commend.
So, Mr. M——y, I disdain,
To sacrifice my muse for gain.
I wish it to be understood,
The little which I write is good.

"I do not like the quarto size,
Th' octavo, therefore, I advise.
Then do not, Mr. M——y, fail,
To publish this, my Turkish Tale;
For tho' the volume may be thin,
A thousand readers it will win;
And when my pages they explore,
They'll gladly read them o'er and o'er;
And all the ladies, I engage,
With tears will moisten every page."

1. John Murray writes, in an undated letter to Byron, "Mr. "Canning returned the poem to-day with very warm expressions of "delight. I told him your delicacy as to separate publication, of "which he said you should remove every apprehension."

not, I can omit it in any future publication. What think you? I really am no judge of those things; and, with all my natural partiality for one's own productions, I would rather follow any one's judgment than my own.

P.S.—Pray let me have the proofs. I sent *all* to-night. I have some alterations that I have thought of that I wish to make speedily. I hope the proof will be on separate pages, and not all huddled together on a mile-long, ballad-singing sheet, as those of *The Giaour* sometimes are: for then I can't read them distinctly.

348.—To John Murray.

Nov. 13, 1813.

Will you forward the letter to Mr. Gifford with the proof? There is an alteration I may make in Zuleika's speech, in second canto (the only one of *hers* in that canto). It is now thus—

> And curse—if I could curse—the day.

It must be—

> And mourn—I dare not curse—the day,
> That saw my solitary birth, etc., etc.

Ever yours,

B.

In the last MS. lines sent, instead of "living heart," correct to "quivering heart." It is in line 9th of the MS. passage.

Ever yours again,

B.

349.—To John Murray.

Alteration of a line in Canto 2nd.
Instead of—

And tints to-morrow with a *fancied* ray

Print—

And tints to-morrow with *prophetic* ray.

The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray;

Or,

And {*gilds* / tints} the hope of Morning with its ray;

Or,

And gilds to-morrow's hope with heavenly ray.

DEAR SIR,—I wish you would ask Mr. G. which of them is best, or rather *not worst*.

Ever yours,
B.

You can send the request contained in this at the same time with the *revise*, *after* I have seen the *said revise*.

350.—To John Murray.

Nov. 13, 1813.

Certainly. Do you suppose that no one but the Galileans are acquainted with *Adam*, and *Eve*, and *Cain*,[1] and *Noah*?—Surely, I might have had Solomon, and

1. "Some doubt had been expressed by Murray as to the "propriety of his putting the name of Cain into the mouth of "a Mussulman" (Moore).

Abraham, and David, and even Moses, or the other. When you know that *Zuleika* is the *Persian poetical* name for *Potiphar's* wife, on whom and Joseph there is a long poem in the Persian, this will not surprise you. If you want authority look at Jones, D'Herbelot, *Vathek*, or the notes to the *Arabian Nights;* and, if you think it necessary, model this into a *note*.

Alter, in the inscription, "the most affectionate "respect," to "with every sentiment of regard and "respect."

351.—To John Murray.

Nov. 14, 1813.

I send you a note for the *ignorant*, but I really wonder at finding *you* among them. I don't care one lump of Sugar for my *poetry;* but for my *costume*, and my *correctness* on those points (of which I think the *funeral* was a proof), I will combat lustily.

Yours ever,

B.

352.—To John Murray.

November 15, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hodgson has looked over and *stopped*, or rather *pointed*, this revise, which must be the one to print from. He has also made some suggestions, with most of which I have complied, as he has always, for these ten years, been a very sincere, and by no means (at times) flattering critic of mine. *He* likes it (you will think *flatteringly*, in this instance) better than *The Giaour*, but doubts (and so do I) its being so popular; but, contrary to some others, advises a separate publication. On this we can easily decide. I confess I like the *double* form

better. Hodgson says, it is *better versified* than any of the others; which is odd, if true, as it has cost me less time (though more *hours* at a time) than any attempt I ever made.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—Do attend to the punctuation: I can't, for I don't know a comma—at least where to place one.

That Tory of a printer has omitted two lines of the opening, and *perhaps more*, which were in the MS. Will you, pray, give him a hint of accuracy? I have reinserted the 2, but they were in the manuscript, I can swear.

353.—To John Murray.

November 17, 1813.

My dear Sir,—That you and I may distinctly understand each other on a subject, which, like "the dreadful "reckoning when men smile no more,"[1] makes conversation not very pleasant, I think it as well to *write* a few lines on the topic.—Before I left town for Yorkshire, you said that you were ready and willing to give five hundred guineas for the copyright of *The Giaour;* and my answer was—from which I do not mean to recede—that we would discuss the point at Christmas. The new story may or may not succeed; the probability, under present circumstances, seems to be, that it may at least pay its expences—but even that remains to be proved, and till it is proved one way or the other, we will say nothing about it. Thus then be it: I will postpone all arrangement about it, and *The Giaour* also, till Easter, 1814; and you shall then,

1. *The What d'ye call't?* by John Gay (act ii. sc. 9)—
"So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more."

according to your own notions of fairness, make your own offer for the two. At the same time, I do not rate the last in my own estimation at half *The Giaour;* and according to your own notions of its worth and its success within the time mentioned, be the addition or deduction to or from whatever sum may be your proposal for the first, which has already had its success.[1]

My account with you since my last payment (which I believe cleared it off within five pounds) I presume has not *much* increased—but whatever it is have the goodness to send it to me—that I may at least meet you on even terms.

The pictures of Phillips I consider as *mine*, all three; and the one (not the Arnaut) of the two best is much at *your service*, if you will accept it as a present, from

Yours very truly,

BIRON.

P.S.—The expence of engraving from the miniature send me in my account, as it was destroyed by my desire; and have the goodness to burn that detestable print from it immediately.

354.—To John Murray.

November 20, 1813.

More work for the *Row*. I am doing my best to beat "*The Giaour*"—*no* difficult task for any one but the author.

Yours truly,

B.

1. Murray replies, November 18, 1813, "I restore the *Giaour* "to your Lordship entirely, and for *it*, the *Bride of Abydos*, and the "miscellaneous poems intended to fill up the volume of the small "edition, I beg leave to offer you the sum of One Thousand Guineas, "and I shall be happy if you perceive that my estimation of your "talents in my character of a man of business is not much under "my admiration of them as a man."

355.—To John Murray.

November 22, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have no time to *cross*-investigate, but I believe and hope all is right. I care less than you will believe about its success, but I can't survive a single *misprint;* it *choaks* me to see words misused by the Printers. Pray look over, in case of some eyesore escaping me.

Ever yours,

B.

P.S.—Send the earliest copies to Mr. Frere, Mr. Canning, Mr. Heber, Mr. Gifford, Lord Holland, Lady Melbourne (Whitehall), Lady C. L. (Brocket), Mr. Hodgson (Cambridge), Mr. Merivale, Mr. Ward, from the author.

356.—To John Murray.

November 23, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—You wanted some *reflections*, and I send you *per Selim* (see his speech in Canto 2d, page 46.), eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an *ethical* tendency. One more revise—poz. the *last*, if decently done—at any rate the *pen*ultimate. Mr. Canning's approbation (*if* he did approve) I need not say makes me proud.[1] As to printing, print as you will and how you

1. Canning wrote the following note to Murray: "I received the "books, and, among them, *The Bride of Abydos*. It is very, very "beautiful. Lord Byron (when I met him, one day, at dinner at "Mr. Ward's) was so kind as to promise to give me a copy of it. "I mention this, not to save my purchase, but because I should be "really flattered by the present. I can now say that I have read "enough of Mad. de Staël to be highly pleased and instructed by "her. The second volume delights me particularly. I have not "yet finished the third, but am taking it with me on my journey to "Liverpool."

will—by itself, if you like; but let me have a few copies in *sheets*.

Ever yours,

B.

357.—To John Murray.

November 24, 1813.

You must pardon me once more, as it is all for your good: it must be thus—

He makes a Solitude, and calls it Peace.

"*Makes*" is closer to the passage of Tacitus,[1] from which the line is taken, and is, besides, a stronger word than "*leaves*."

Mark where his carnage and his conquests cease—
He makes a Solitude, and calls it—peace.

You will perceive that the sense is now clearer, the "*He*" refers to "*Man*" in the preceding couplet.

Yours ever,

B.

358.—To John Murray.

November 27, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—If you look over this carefully by the *last proof* with my corrections, it is probably right; this *you* can *do* as well or better;—I have not now time. The copies I mentioned to be sent to different friends last night, I should wish to be made up with the new Giaours, if it also is ready. If not, send *The Giaour* afterwards.

1. "Solitudinem faciunt—pacem appellant."—Tacitus, *Agricola*, 30.

The *Morning Post* says *I* am the author of *Nourjahad*!![1] This comes of lending the drawings for their dresses; but it is not worth a *formal contradiction*. Besides, the criticisms on the *supposition* will, some of them, be quite amusing and furious. The *Orientalism*—which I hear is very splendid—of the Melodrame (whosever it is, and I am sure I don't know) is as good as an Advertisement for your Eastern Stories, by filling their heads with glitter.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—You will of course *say* the truth, that I am *not* the Melo-dramatist—if any one charges me in your presence with the performance.

359.—To John Murray.

November 28, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—Send another coɪ ʏ (if not too much of a request) to Lady Holland of the *Journal*,[2] in my name, when you receive this; it is for *Earl Grey*—and I will relinquish my *own*. Also to Mr. Sharpe, Lady Holland, and Lady Caroline Lamb, copies of *The Bride*, as soon as convenient.

Ever yours,

BIRON.

1. The same charge is made in the *Satirist* (vol. xiii. p. 508). *Illusion, or the Trances of Nourjahad*, was acted at Drury Lane, November 25, 1813. It is described by Genest (*The English Stage*, vol. viii. p. 403) as "a Melo-dramatic spectacle in three acts by an "anonymous author." "Nourjahad" was acted by Elliston; "Mandane," his wife, by Mrs. Horn.

2. The Rev. John Eagles (1783–1855), scholar, artist, and contributor (1831–55) to *Blackwood's Magazine*, edited *The Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman*, which Murray published in 1815.

P.S.—Mr. W. and myself still continue our purpose; but I shall not trouble you on any arrangement on the score of *The Giaour* and *The Bride* till our return,—or, at any rate, before *May*, 1814,—that is, six months from hence: and before that time you will be able to ascertain how far your offer may be a losing one: if so, you can deduct proportionably; and if not, I shall not at any rate allow you to go higher than your present proposal, which is very handsome, and more than fair.

I have had—but this must be *entre nous*—a very kind note, on the subject of *The Bride*, from Sir James Mackintosh, and an invitation to go there this evening, which it is now too late to accept.[1]

360.—To John Murray.

November 29, 1813.
Sunday—Monday morning—three o'clock—in my doublet and hose,—*swearing*.

DEAR SIR,—I send you in time an Errata page, containing an omission of mine,[2] which must be thus added, as it is too late for insertion in the text. The passage is an imitation altogether from Medea in Ovid, and is incomplete without these two lines. Pray let this be done, and directly; it is necessary, will add one page to your book (*-making*), and can do no harm, and is yet in time for the *public*. Answer me, thou Oracle, in the affirmative. You can send the loose pages to those who have

1. "Lord Byron is the author of the day; six thousand of his "*Bride of Abydos* have been sold within a month."—Sir James Mackintosh (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 271).

2. *The Bride of Abydos*, Canto II. stanza xx. The lines were—

"Then, if my lip once murmurs, it must be
No sigh for Safety, but a prayer for thee."

copies already, if they like; but certainly to all the *Critical* copyholders.

Ever yours,

BIRON.

P.S.—I have got out of my bed (in which, however, I could not sleep, whether I had amended this or not), and so good morning. I am trying whether *De l'Allemagne* will act as an opiate, but I doubt it.

361.—To John Murray.

November 29, 1813.

"*You have looked at it!*" to much purpose, to allow so stupid a blunder to stand; it is *not* "*courage*" but "*carnage;*" and if you don't want me to cut my own throat, see it altered.

I am very sorry to hear of the fall of Dresden.

362.—To John Murray.

Nov. 29, 1813, Monday.

DEAR SIR,—You will act as you please upon that point; but whether I go or stay, I shall not say another word on the subject till May—nor then, unless quite convenient to yourself. I have many things I wish to leave to your care, principally papers. The *vases* need not be now sent, as Mr. W. is gone to Scotland. You are right about the Er[rata] page; place it at the beginning. Mr. Perry is a little premature in his compliments:[1] these may do harm by exciting expectation, and I think *we* ought to be above it—though I see the next paragraph is on the

1. In the *Morning Chronicle*, November 29, 1813, appeared the following paragraph: "Lord Byron's muse is extremely fruitful. "He has another poem coming out, entitled *The Bride of Abydos*, "which is spoken of in terms of the highest encomium."

Journal,[1] which makes me suspect *you* as the author of both.

Would it not have been as well to have said in 2 cantos in the advertisement? they will else think of *fragments*, a species of composition very well for *once*, like *one ruin* in a *view;* but one would not build a town of them. *The Bride*, such as it is, is my first *entire* composition of any length (except the Satire, and be damned to it), for *The Giaour* is but a string of passages, and *Childe Harold* is, and I rather think always will be, unconcluded. I return Mr. Hay's note, with thanks to him and you.

There have been some epigrams on Mr. W[ard]: one I see to-day.[2] The first I did not see, but heard yesterday. The second seems very bad and Mr. P[erry] has placed it over *your* puff. I only hope that Mr. W. does not believe that I had any connection with either. The Regent is the only person on whom I ever expectorated an epigram, or ever should; and even if I were disposed that way, I like and value Mr. W. too well to allow my politics to contract into spleen, or to admire any thing intended to annoy him or his. You need not take the trouble to answer this, as I shall see you in the course of the afternoon.

Yours very truly,

B.

P.S.—I have said this much about the epigrams, because I live so much in the *opposite camp*, and, from my post as an Engineer, might be suspected as the flinger of these hand Grenadoes; but with a worthy foe I am all for open war, and not this bush-fighting, and have [not]

1. *Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman.*

2. "Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

had, nor will have, any thing to do with it. I do not know the author.

363.—To John Murray.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—For the sake of correctness, particularly in an Errata page, the alteration of the couplet I have just sent (half an hour ago) must take place, in spite of delay or cancel; let me see the *proof* early to-morrow. I found out *murmur* to be a neuter *verb*, and have been obliged to alter the line so as to make it a substantive, thus—

> The deepest murmur of this life shall be
> No sigh for Safety, but a prayer for thee!

Don't send the copies to the *country* till this is all right.

Yours,

B.

364.—To Thomas Moore.

November 30, 1813.

Since I last wrote to you, much has occurred, good, bad, and indifferent,—not to make me forget you, but to prevent me from reminding you of one who, nevertheless, has often thought of you, and to whom *your* thoughts, in many a measure, have frequently been a consolation. We were once very near neighbours this autumn; and a good and bad neighbourhood it has proved to me. Suffice it to say, that your French quotation[1] was

1. Moore wrote to Byron in 1813 an undated letter, in which the following passage occurs: "I am sorry I must wait till 'we are "veterans' before you will open to me 'the story of your wandering "life, wherein you find more hours *due to repentance* . . . than

confoundedly to the purpose,—though very *unexpectedly* pertinent, as you may imagine by what I *said* before, and my silence since. However, "Richard's himself again," [1] and except all night and some part of the morning, I don't think very much about the matter.

All convulsions end with me in rhyme; and to solace my midnights, I have scribbled another Turkish story [2]—not a Fragment—which you will receive soon after this. It does not trench upon your kingdom in the least, and if it did, you would soon reduce me to my proper boundaries. You will think, and justly, that I run some risk of losing the little I have gained in fame, by this further experiment on public patience; but I have really ceased to care on that head. I have written this, and published it, for the sake of the *employment*,—to wring my thoughts from reality, and take refuge in "imaginings," however "horrible;" [3] and, as to success! those who succeed will console me for a failure—excepting yourself and one or two more, whom luckily I love too well to wish one leaf of their laurels a tint yellower. This is the work of a week, and will be the reading of an hour to you, or even less,—and so, let it go * * * *.

P.S.—Ward and I *talk* of going to Holland. I want to see how a Dutch canal looks after the Bosphorus. Pray respond.

"time hath told you yet.' Is it so with you, or are you, like me, "reprobate enough to look back with complacency on what you "have done? I suppose repentance *must bring up the rear* with us "all; but at present I should say with old Fontenelle, *Si je "recommençais ma carrière, je ferais tout ce que j'ai fait.*"

1. Colley Cibber's *Richard III.*, act v. sc. 3—

"Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again."

2. *The Bride of Abydos* was published December, 1813.

3. "Horrible imaginings."

Macbeth, act i. sc. 3

365.—To Francis Hodgson.

Nov^r—Decr 1st, 1813.

I have just heard that *Knapp* is acquainted with what I was but too happy in being enabled to do for you.[1] Now, my dear Hn., you, or Drury, must have told this, for, upon my own honour, not even to Scrope, nor to one soul, (Drury knew it before) have I said one syllable of the matter. So don't be out of humour with me about it, but you can't be more so than I am. I am, however, glad of one thing; if you ever conceived it to be in the least an obligation, this disclosure most fairly and fully releases you from it:

> "To John I owe some obligation,
> But John unluckily thinks fit
> To publish it to all the nation,
> So John and I are more than quit."

And so there's an end of the matter.

Ward *wavers* a little about the Dutch, till matters are more sedative, and the French more sedentary.

The *Bride* will blush upon you in a day or two; there is *much*, at least a *little* addition. I am happy to say that Frere and Heber, and some other "good men and true," have been kind enough to adopt the same opinion that you did.

Pray write when you like, and believe me,

Ever yours,

BYRON.

1. Hodgson, now engaged to Miss Tayler, was anxious to clear off his father's liabilities. Byron gave him from first to last the sum of £1500 for the purpose. Hodgson, in a letter to his uncle, thus describes the gift (*Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. i. pp. 268, 269): "My noble-hearted friend, Lord Byron, after many offers of "a similar kind, which I felt bound to refuse, has irresistibly in my "present circumstances . . . volunteered to pay all my debts, and "within a few pounds it is done! Oh, if you knew (but *you* do

P.S.—Murray has *offered* me a thousand guineas for the *two* (*Giaour* and *Bride*), and told M^e^. de Stael that he had *paid* them to me!! I should be glad to be able to tell her so too. But the truth is, he would; but I thought the fair way was to decline it till May, and, at the end of 6 months, he can safely say whether he can afford it or not—without running any risk by Speculation. If he paid them now and lost by it, it would be hard. If he gains, it will be time enough when he has already funded his profits. But he needed not have told "*la Baronne*" such a devil of an uncalled for piece of—premature *truth*, perhaps—but, nevertheless, a *lie* in the mean time.

366.—To John Murray.

Dec. 2, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—When you can, let the couplet enclosed be inserted either in the page, or in the Errata page. I trust it is in time for some of the copies. This alteration is in the same part—the page *but one* before the last correction sent.

Yours, etc.,

B.

P.S.—I am afraid, from all I hear, that people are rather inordinate in their expectations, which is very unlucky, but cannot now be helped. This comes of Mr. Perry and one's wise friends; but do not *you* wind *your* hopes of success to the same pitch, for fear of accidents, and I can assure you that my philosophy will stand the test very fairly; and I have done every thing to ensure you, at all events, from positive loss, which will be some satisfaction to both.

"know) the exultation of heart, aye, and of head too, I feel at being "free from these depressing embarrassments, you would, as I do, "bless my dearest friend and brother Byron."

367.—To Leigh Hunt.

4, Bennet St., Dec. 2, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—Few things could be more welcome than your note, and on Saturday morning I will avail myself of your permission to thank you for it in person. My time has not been passed, since we met, either profitably or agreeably. A very short period after my last visit, an incident occurred with which, I fear, you are not unacquainted, as report, in many mouths and more than one paper, was busy with the topic. That, naturally, gave me much uneasiness. Then I nearly incurred a lawsuit on the sale of an estate; but that is now arranged: next—but why should I go on with a series of selfish and silly details? I merely wish to assure you that it was not the frivolous forgetfulness of a mind, occupied by what is called pleasure (*not* in the true sense of Epicurus), that kept me away; but a perception of my, then, unfitness to share the society of those whom I value and wish not to displease. I hate being *larmoyant*, and making a serious face among those who are cheerful.

It is my wish that our acquaintance, or, if you please to accept it, friendship, may be permanent. I have been lucky enough to preserve some friends from a very early period, and I hope, as I do not (at least now) select them lightly, I shall not lose them capriciously. I have a thorough esteem for that independence of spirit[1] which

1. The following is Leigh Hunt's answer :—

"MY DEAR LORD,—I need not tell you how much your second "letter has gratified me, for I am apt to speak as sincerely as I think "(you must suffer me to talk in this way after what you have been "kind enough to say of my independence), and it always rejoices me "to find that those whom I wish to regard will take me at my word. "But I shall grow egotistical upon the strength of your Lordship's "good opinion. I shall be heartily glad to see you on Saturday "morning, and perhaps shall prevail upon you to take a luncheon

you have maintained with sterling talent, and at the expense of some suffering. You have not, I trust, abandoned the poem you were composing, when Moore and I partook of your hospitality in the summer. I hope a time will come when he and I may be able to repay you in kind for the *latter*—for the rhyme, at least in *quantity*, you are in arrear to both.

Believe me, very truly and affectionately yours,

BYRON.

368.—To John Murray.

Dec. 3, 1813.

I send you a *scratch* or *two*, the which *heal*. The *Christian Observer*[1] is very savage, but certainly uncommonly well written—and quite uncomfortable at the

"with us at our dinner-time (3). The nature of your letter would "have brought upon you a long answer, filled perhaps with an "enthusiasm that might have made you smile; but I am keeping "your servant in the cold, and so, among other good offices, you see "what he has done for you. However, I would not make a light "thing of so good a matter as I mean my enthusiasm to be, and "intend, before I have done, that you shall have as sound a regard "for it, as I have for the feelings on your Lordship's part that have "called it forth.

"Yours, my dear Lord, most sincerely and cordially,

"LEIGH HUNT.

"Surrey Jail, 2d Decr., 1813."

1. The *Christian Observer* for November, 1813 (pp. 731–737) felt compelled to review *The Giaour*, because of its extraordinary popularity; but it found that some of the passages savoured "too much of "Newgate and Bedlam for our expurgated pages." It acknowledged one obligation to Byron. "He never attempts to deceive the world "by representing the profligate as happy. . . . And his testimony "is of the more value, as his situation in life must have permitted "him to see the experiment tried under the most favourable circum-"stances. He has probably seen more than one example of young "men of high birth, talents, and expectancies, . . . sink under the "burden of unsubdued tempers, licentious alliances, and ennervating "indulgence. . . . He has *seen* all this; nay, perhaps—— But we "check our pen," etc., etc.

naughtiness of book and author. I rather suspect you won't much like the *present* to be more moral, if it is to share also the usual fate of your virtuous volumes.

Let me see a proof of the *six* before *incorporation*.

369.—To John Murray.

Dec. 3, 1813.

My dear Sir,—Look out the Encyclopedia article *Mecca* whether it is there or at *Medina* the Prophet is entombed, if at Medina the first lines of my alteration must run—

> Blest as the call which from Medina's dome
> Invites Devotion to her Prophet's tomb, etc.

If at "Mecca" the lines may stand as before. Page 45, C°. 2nd, *Bride of Abydos*.

Yours,
B.

You will find this out either by Article *Mecca*, *Medina* or *Mahommed*. I have no book of reference by me.

370.—To John Murray.

[No date.]

Did you look out? is it *Medina* or *Mecca* that contains the *holy* Sepulchre? don't make me blaspheme by your negligence. I have no books of reference or I would save you the trouble. I *blush* as a good Mussulman to have confused the point.

Yours,
B.

371.—To John Murray.

Dec. 4, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have redde through your Persian Tales,[1] and have taken the liberty of making some remarks on the *blank* pages. There are many beautiful passages, and an interesting story; and I cannot give you a stronger proof that such is my opinion, than by the *date* of the *hour—two o'clock*,—till which it has kept me awake *without a yawn*.

The conclusion is not quite correct in *costume:* there is no *Mussulman suicide* on record—at least for *love*. But this matters not. The tale must have been written by some one who has been on the spot, and I wish him, and he deserves, success. Will you apologise to the author for the liberties I have taken with his MS.? Had I been less awake to, and interested in, his theme, I had been less obtrusive; but you know *I* always take this in good part, and I hope he will. It is difficult to say what *will* succeed, and still more to pronounce what *will not*. *I* am at this moment in *that uncertainty* (on your *own* score); and it is no small proof of the author's powers to be able to *charm* and *fix* a *mind's* attention on similar subjects and climates in such a predicament. That he

1. Henry Gally Knight (1786–1846), who was with Byron at Trinity, Cambridge, and afterwards distinguished himself by his architectural writings (*e.g. The Normans in Sicily*, 1838), began his literary career with *Ilderim, a Syrian Tale* (1816). *Phrosyne, a Grecian Tale; Alashtar, an Arabian Tale* (1817), was followed, after a considerable interval, by *Eastern Sketches* (about 1829–30). If the manuscript of the first-mentioned volume is that to which Byron refers, he seems to have changed his mind as to its merits (March 25, 1817)—

> "I tried at 'Ilderim;'
> Ahem!"

may have the same effect upon all his readers is very sincerely the wish, and hardly the *doubt*, of

Yours truly,

B.

372.—To John Murray.

Monday evening, Dec. 6, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—It is all very well, except that the lines are not numbered properly, and a diabolical mistake, page 67., which *must* be corrected with the *pen*, if no other way remains; it is the omission of "*not*," before "*disagreeable*," in the *note* on the *amber* rosary. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the Threshold—I mean the *misnomer* of bride. Pray do not let a copy go without the "*not;*" it is nonsense, and worse than nonsense, as it now stands. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—It is still *hath* instead of *have* in page 20.; never was any one so *misused* as I am by your Devils of printers.

P.S.—I hope and trust the "*not*" was inserted in the first Edition. We must have something—any thing—to set it right. It is enough to answer for one's own bulls, without other people's.

373.—To Thomas Moore.

December 8, 1813.

Your letter, like all the best, and even kindest things in this world, is both painful and pleasing. But, first, to what sits nearest. Do you know I was actually about

to dedicate to you,—not in a formal inscription, as to one's *elders*,—but through a short prefatory letter, in which I boasted myself your intimate, and held forth the prospect of *your* poem; when, lo! the recollection of your strict injunctions of secrecy as to the said poem, more than *once* repeated by word and letter, flashed upon me, and marred my intents. I could have no motive for repressing my own desire of alluding to you (and not a day passes that I do not think and talk of you), but an idea that you might, yourself, dislike it. You cannot doubt my sincere admiration, waving personal friendship for the present, which, by the by, is not less sincere and deep rooted. I have you by rote and by heart; of which *ecce signum!* When I was at Aston, on my first visit, I have a habit, in passing my time a good deal alone, of—I won't call it singing, for that I never attempt except to myself—but of uttering, to what I think tunes, your "Oh "breathe not," "When the last glimpse," and "When he "who adores thee," with others of the same minstrel;—they are my matins and vespers. I assuredly did not intend them to be overheard, but, one morning, in comes, not *La Donna*, but *Il Marito*, with a very grave face, saying, "Byron, I must request you won't sing any more, "at least of *those* songs." I stared, and said, "Certainly, "but why?"—"To tell you the truth," quoth he, "they "make my wife *cry*, and so melancholy, that I wish her "to hear no more of them."

Now, my dear M., the effect must have been from your words, and certainly not my music. I merely mention this foolish story to show you how much I am indebted to you for even my pastimes. A man may praise and praise, but no one recollects but that which pleases—at least, in composition. Though I think no one equal to you in that department, or in satire,—and

surely no one was ever so popular in both,—I certainly am of opinion that you have not yet done all *you* can do, though more than enough for any one else. I want, and the world expects, a longer work from you; and I see in you what I never saw in poet before, a strange diffidence of your own powers, which I cannot account for, and which must be unaccountable, when a *Cossac* like me can appal a *cuirassier*. Your story I did not, could not, know,—I thought only of a Peri. I wish you had confided in me, not for your sake, but mine, and to prevent the world from losing a much better poem than my own, but which, I yet hope, this *clashing* will not even now deprive them of.[1] Mine is the work of a week, written, *why* I have partly told you, and partly I cannot tell you by letter—some day I will.

Go on—I shall really be very unhappy if I at all interfere with you. The success of mine is yet problematical; though the public will probably purchase a certain quantity, on the presumption of their own propensity for *The Giaour* and such "horrid mysteries."

1. "Among the stories intended to be introduced into *Lalla* "*Rookh*, which I had begun, but, from various causes, never "finished, there was one which I had made some progress in, at "the time of the appearance of *The Bride*, and which, on reading "that poem, I found to contain such singular coincidences with "it, not only in locality and costume, but in plot and characters, "that I immediately gave up my story altogether, and began "another on an entirely new subject—the Fire-worshippers. To "this circumstance, which I immediately communicated to him, "Lord Byron alludes in this letter. In my hero (to whom I had "even given the name of 'Zelim,' and who was a descendant of "Ali, outlawed, with all his followers, by the reigning Caliph) it "was my intention to shadow out, as I did afterwards in another "form, the national cause of Ireland. To quote the words of my "letter to Lord Byron on the subject: 'I chose this story because "one writes best about what one feels most, and I thought the "parallel with Ireland would enable me to infuse some vigour into "my hero's character. But to aim at vigour and strong feeling "after *you* is hopeless;—that region "was made for Cæsar."'" (Moore).

The only advantage I have is being on the spot; and that merely amounts to saving me the trouble of turning over books which I had better read again. If *your chamber* was furnished in the same way, you have no need to *go there* to describe—I mean only as to *accuracy* —because I drew it from recollection.

This last thing of mine *may* have the same fate, and I assure you I have great doubts about it. But, even if not, its little day will be over before you are ready and willing. Come out—"screw your courage to the sticking-"place."[1] Except the *Post Bag* (and surely you cannot complain of a want of success there), you have not been *regularly* out for some years. No man stands higher,—whatever you may think on a rainy day, in your provincial retreat. "Aucun homme, dans aucune langue, n'a été, "peut-être, plus complètement le poëte du cœur et le "poëte des femmes. Les critiques lui reprochent de "n'avoir représenté le monde ni tel qu'il est, ni tel qu'il "doit être; *mais les femmes répondent qu'il l'a représenté* "*tel qu'elles le désirent.*"—I should have thought Sismondi[2] had written this for you instead of Metastasio.

Write to me, and tell me of *yourself.* Do you remember what Rousseau said to some one—"Have we "quarrelled? you have talked to me often, and never "once mentioned yourself."

P.S.—The last sentence is an indirect apology for my egotism,—but I believe in letters it is allowed. I wish it was *mutual.* I have met with an odd reflection in Grimm; it shall not—at least the bad part—be applied to you or me, though *one* of us has certainly an indifferent name—but this it is:—"Many people have the

1. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7.
2. *De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*, ed. 1813, tom. ii. p. 436.

"reputation of being wicked, with whom we should be "too happy to pass our lives." I need not add it is a woman's saying—a Mademoiselle de Sommery's.[1]

374.—To John Galt.[2]

Dec. 11, 1813.

MY DEAR GALT,—There was no offence—there *could* be none. I thought it by no means impossible that we

1. Grimm (*Correspondance Littéraire*, ed. 1813, part iii. tom ii. p. 126) says of Mlle. de Sommery, who died of apoplexy in 1790, "Que de gens ont la réputation d'être méchans, avec lesquels on "serait trop heureux de passer sa vie."

The *Biographie Universelle* says of her, "Elle avait du talent "pour écrire ; mais elle ne l'exerça que fort tard. . . . Le premier "livre qu'elle publia, n'étant plus très jeune, fut un recueil de "pensées détachées, dédié aux mânes de Saurin, qu'elle intitula "*Doutes sur différentes Opinions reçues dans la Societé.* Ce recueil "eut un véritable succés."

Mlle. de Sommery also published, besides the *Doutes* (1782), *Lettres de Madame la Comtesse de L. à M. le Comte de R.* (1785) ; *Lettres de Mlle. de Tourville à Madame la Comtesse de Lénoncourt* (1788) ; *L'Oreille, conte Asiatique* (1789).

2. For John Galt, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 243, and vol. ii. p. 101, *note* 1. Galt wrote to Byron in 1813, pointing out that "there was a "remarkable coincidence in the story" (of *The Bride of Abydos*) "with a matter in which I had been interested" (*Life of Byron*, p. 180, ed. 1830). Byron, imagining himself charged with plagiarism, wrote a somewhat angry reply, to which Galt answered by stating that the coincidence was not one of ideas, sentiment, or story, but of real fact. He received the above answer (*Life of Byron*, pp. 181, 182).

On this poem Byron seems to have been particularly sensitive. He is accused of borrowing the opening lines from Mignon's song in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*—

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn ?"

Cyrus Redding (*Yesterday and To-day*, vol. ii. pp. 14, 15) suggests that Byron used the translation of the poem which he himself had made and published in 1812 or 1813.

Byron was also charged with pilfering them from Madame de Staël. "Do you know de Staël's lines ?" he asked Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, pp. 326, 327) ; "for if I am a thief, she must be the "plundered, as I don't read German and do French : yet I could "almost swear that I never saw her verses when I wrote mine, nor "do I even now remember them. I think the first began with

might have hit on something similar, particularly as you are a dramatist, and was anxious to assure you of the truth, viz., that I had not wittingly seized upon plot, sentiment, or incident; and I am very glad that I have not in any respect trenched upon your subjects. Something still more singular is, that the *first* part, where you have found a coincidence in some events within your observations on *life*, was *drawn* from *observations* of mine also, and I meant to have gone on with the story, but on *second* thoughts, I thought myself *two centuries* at least too late for the subject; which, though admitting of very powerful feeling and description, yet is not adapted for this age, at least this country, though the finest works of the Greeks, one of Schiller's and Alfieri's in modern times, besides several of our *old* (and best) dramatists, have been grounded on incidents of a similar cast. I therefore altered it as you perceive, and in so doing have weakened the whole, by interrupting the train of thought: and in composition I do not think *second* thoughts are the best, though *second* expressions may improve the first ideas.

I do not know how other men feel towards those they have met abroad, but to me there seems a kind of tie established between all who have met together in a foreign country, as if we had met in a state of pre-existence, and were talking over a life that has ceased: but I always look forward to renewing my travels; and though *you*, I think, are now stationary, if I can at all forward

"'Cette terre,' etc., etc.; but the rest I forget. As you have a good "memory, perhaps you would repeat them."

"I did so," says Lady Blessington, "and they are as follows:—

"'Cette terre, où les myrtes fleurissent,
Où les rayons des cieux tombent avec amour,
Où des sons enchanteurs dans les airs retentissent,
Où la plus douce nuit succède au plus beau jour,' etc."

your pursuits *there* as well as here, I shall be truly glad in the opportunity.

Ever yours very sincerely,

B.

P.S.—I leave town for a day or two on Monday, but after that I am always at home, and happy to see you till half-past two.

375.—To John Murray.

Decr. ye 14th, 1813.

DEARE SIR,—Send ye E^r^ of ye new R^w^ a copy as he hath had ye trouble of two walks on y^t^ acct.

As to the man of the *Satirist*—I hope you have too much spirit to allow a single Sheet to be offered as a peace offering to him or any one. If you *do*, expect *never* to be *forgiven* by me—if he is not personal he is quite welcome to his opinion—and if he is, I have my own remedy.

Send a copy *double* to Dr. Clarke (ye traveller) Cambrigge by ye first opportunitie—and let me see you in ye morninge y^t^ I may mention certain thinges ye which require sundrie though slight alterations.

Sir, your Servitor,

BIRON̄.

376.—To Thomas Ashe.[1]

4, Bennet Street, St. James's, Dec. 14, 1813.

SIR,—I leave town for a few days to-morrow. On my return, I will answer your letter more at length.

1. Thomas Ashe (1770–1835) had already written books of travel in North and South America, and two novels—*The Spirit of "The "Book"* (1811), and *The Liberal Critic, or Henry Percy* (1812). He

Whatever may be your situation, I cannot but commend your resolution to abjure and abandon the publication and composition of works such as those to which you have alluded. Depend upon it they amuse *few*, disgrace both *reader* and *writer*, and benefit *none*. It will be my wish to assist you, as far as my limited means will admit, to break such a bondage. In your answer, inform me what sum you think would enable you to extricate yourself from the hands of your employers, and to regain, at least, temporary independence, and I shall be glad to contribute my mite towards it. At present, I must conclude. Your name is not unknown to me, and I regret, for your own sake, that you have ever lent it to the works you mention. In saying this, I merely repeat your *own words* in your letter to me, and have no wish whatever to say a single

was a man of more ability than character, but possessed little of either. His *Memoirs* (1815) describe his literary undertakings, one at least of which was of a blackmailing kind, and are interspersed with protestations of his desire for independence, and of regrets for the wretched stuff that dropped from his pen.

His first novel, *The Spirit of "The Book,"* gained some success from its subject. In 1806–7 Lady Douglas brought certain charges against the Princess of Wales, which were answered on her behalf by Spencer Perceval. The extraordinary secrecy with which this defence, called "The Book," was printed, and its complete suppression, excited curiosity, which was increased by the following advertisement in the *Times* for March 27, 1809:—

"'A Book'—Any Person having in their possession a COPY of a "CERTAIN BOOK, printed by Mr. Edwards, in 1807, but *never* "*published*, with W. Lindsell's Name as the Seller of the same on the "title page, and will bring it to W. Lindsell, Bookseller, Wimpole-"Street, will receive a handsome gratuity."

The subject-matter of this book, then unknown to the public, Ashe professes to embody in *The Spirit of "The Book;" or, Memoirs of Caroline, Princess of Hasburgh, a Political and Amatory Romance* (3 vols., 1811). The letters, which purport to be written from Caroline to Charlotte, and contain (vol. ii. pp. 152–181) an attack on the Lady Jersey, who attended the princess, are absolutely dull, and scarcely even indecent.

Ashe's *Memoirs and Confessions* (3 vols., 1815) are dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland and to Byron, to whom, in a preface written at Havre, he acknowledges his "transcendent obligations."

syllable that may appear to insult your misfortunes. If I have, excuse me; it is unintentional.

Yours, etc.,

BYRON.

377.—To Professor Clarke.[1]

Dec. 15, 1813.

Your very kind letter is the more agreeable, because, setting aside talents, judgment, and the *laudari a laudato*, etc., you have been on the spot; you have seen and described more of the East than any of your predecessors —I need not say how ably and successfully; and (excuse the bathos) you are one of the very few men who can pronounce how far my costume (to use an affected but

1. Dr. Clark, in October, 1814, was a candidate for the Professorship of Anatomy, and Byron went to Cambridge to vote for his friend. Writing to Miss Tayler, Hodgson (*Memoir*, vol. i. p. 292) adds a postscript: "I open my letter to say that when Lord Byron "went to give his vote just now in the Senate House, the young "men burst out into the most rapturous applause." The next day he writes again: "I should add that as I was going to vote I met "him coming away, and presently saw that something had happened, "by his extreme paleness and agitation. Dr. Clark, who was with "him, told me the cause, and I returned with B. to my room. "There I begged him to sit down and write a letter and communi- "cate this event, which he did not feel up to, but wished *I* would. "So down I sate, and commenced my acquaintance with Miss Mil- "banke by writing her an account of this most pleasing event, "which, although nothing at Oxford, is here very unusual indeed."

The following was Miss Milbanke's answer (*ibid.*, pp. 296, 297), dated, "Seaham, November 25, 1814:"—

"DEAR SIR,—It will be easier for you to imagine than for me to "express the pleasure which your very kind letter has given me. "Not only on account of its gratifying intelligence, but also as intro- "ductory to an acquaintance which I have been taught to value, and "have sincerely desired. Allow me to consider Lord Byron's friend "as not 'a stranger,' and accept, with my sincerest thanks, my best "wishes for your own happiness.

"I am, dear sir, your faithful servant,

"A. I. MILBANKE."

expressive word) is correct. As to poesy, that is, as "men, gods, and columns," please to decide upon it; but I am sure that I am anxious to have an observer's, particularly a famous observer's, testimony on the fidelity of my manners and dresses; and, as far as memory and an oriental twist in my imagination have permitted, it has been my endeavour to present to the Franks, a sketch of that of which you have and will present them a complete picture. It was with this notion, that I felt compelled to make my hero and heroine relatives, as you well know that none else could there obtain that degree of intercourse leading to genuine affection; I had nearly made them rather too much akin to each other; and though the wild passions of the East, and some great examples in Alfieri, Ford, and Schiller (to stop short of antiquity), might have pleaded in favour of a copyist, yet the time and the north (not Frederic, but our climate) induced me to alter their consanguinity and confine them to cousinship. I also wished to try my hand on a female character in Zuleika, and have endeavoured, as far as the grossness of our masculine ideas will allow, to preserve her purity without impairing the ardour of her attachment.

As to criticism, I have been reviewed about a hundred and fifty times—praised and abused. I will not say that I am become indifferent to either eulogy or condemnation, but for some years at least I have felt grateful for the former, and have never attempted to answer the latter. For success equal to the first efforts, I had and have no hope; the novelty was over, and the "Bride," like all other brides, must suffer or rejoice for and with her husband. By the bye, I have used "bride" Turkishly, as affianced, not married; and so far it is an English bull, which, I trust, will be at least a comfort to all Hibernians not bigotted to monopoly. You are good

enough to mention your quotations in your third volume. I shall not only be indebted to it for a renewal of the high gratification received from the two first, but for preserving my relics embalmed in your own spices, and ensuring me readers to whom I could not otherwise have aspired.

I called on you, as bounden by duty and inclination, when last in your neighbourhood; but I shall always take my chance; you surely would not have me inflict upon you a formal annunciation; I am proud of your friendship, but not so fond of myself as to break in upon your better avocations. I trust that Mrs. Clarke is well; I have never had the honour of presentation, but I have heard so much of her in many quarters, that any notice she is pleased to take of my productions is not less gratifying than my thanks are sincere, both to her and you; by all accounts I may safely congratulate you on the possession of "a bride" whose mental and personal accomplishments are more than poetical.

P.S.—Murray has sent, or will send, a double copy of the *Bride* and *Giaour;* in the last one, some lengthy additions; pray accept them, according to old custom, "from the author" to one of his better brethren. Your Persian, or any memorial, will be a most agreeable, and it is my fault if not an useful present. I trust your third will be out before I sail next month; can I say or do anything for you in the Levant? I am now in all the agonies of equipment, and full of schemes, some impracticable, and most of them improbable; but I mean to fly "freely to the green earth's end,"[1] though not quite so fast as Milton's sprite.

1. The Spirit in Milton's *Comus, a Mask* (lines 1012, 1013), says—

"I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end."

P.S. 2nd.—I have so many things to say.—I want to show you Lord Sligo's letter to me detailing, as he heard them on the spot, the Athenian account of our adventure (a personal one), which certainly first suggested to me the story of *The Giaour*. It was a strange and not a very long story, and his report of the reports (he arrived just after my departure, and I did not know till last summer that he knew anything of the matter) is not very far from the truth. Don't be alarmed. There was nothing that led further than to the water's edge; but one part (as is often the case in life) was more singular than any of the *Giaour's* adventures. I never have, and never should have, alluded to it on my own authority, from respect to the ancient proverb on Travellers.

378.—To Leigh Hunt.

Dec. 22, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I am indeed "in your debt,"—and, what is still worse, am obliged to follow *royal* example (he has just apprised *his* creditors that they must wait till the next meeting), and intreat your indulgence for, I hope, a very short time. The nearest relation and almost the only friend I possess, has been in London for a week, and leaves it tomorrow with me for her own residence. I return immediately; but we meet so seldom, and are so *minuted* when we meet at all, that I give up all engagements till *now*, without reluctance. On my return, I must see you to console myself for my past disappointment. I should feel highly honoured in Mr. B.'s permission to make his acquaintance, and *there* you are in *my* debt; for it is a promise of last summer which I still hope to see performed. Yesterday I had a letter

from Moore; you have probably heard from him lately; but if not, you will be glad to learn that he is the same in heart, head, and health.

379.—To John Murray.

December 27, 1813.

Lord Holland is laid up with the gout, and would feel very much obliged if you could obtain, and send as soon as possible, Madame D'Arblay's (or even Miss Edgeworth's) new work. I know they are not out; but it is perhaps possible for your *Majesty* to command what we cannot with much suing purchase, as yet. I need not say that when you are able or willing to confer the same favour on me, I shall be obliged. I would almost fall sick myself to get at Madame D'Arblay's writings.

P.S.—You were talking to-day of the American E^n^ of a certain unquenchable memorial of my younger days.[1] As it can't be helped now, I own I have some curiosity to see a copy of transatlantic typography. This you will perhaps obtain, and one for yourself; but I must beg that you will not *import more*, because, *seriously*, I *do wish* to have that thing forgotten as much as it has been forgiven.

If you send to the *Globe* E^r^, say that I want neither excuse nor contradiction, but merely a discontinuance of a most ill-grounded charge. I never was consistent in any thing but my politics; and as my redemption depends on that solitary virtue, it is murder to carry away my last anchor.

1. *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers.*

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNAL: NOVEMBER 14, 1813—APRIL 19, 1814.

If this had been begun ten years ago, and faithfully kept!!!—heigho! there are too many things I wish never to have remembered, as it is. Well,—I have had my share of what are called the pleasures of this life, and have seen more of the European and Asiatic world than I have made a good use of. They say "Virtue is its own "reward,"—it certainly should be paid well for its trouble. At five-and-twenty, when the better part of life is over, one should be *something*;—and what am I? nothing but five-and-twenty—and the odd months. What have I seen? the same man all over the world,—ay, and woman too. Give *me* a Mussulman who never asks questions, and a she of the same race who saves one the trouble of putting them. But for this same plague—yellow fever—and Newstead delay, I should have been by this time a second time close to the Euxine. If I can overcome the last, I don't so much mind your pestilence; and, at any rate, the spring shall see me there,—provided I neither marry myself, nor unmarry any one else in the interval. I wish one was—I don't know what I wish. It is odd I never set myself seriously to wishing without attaining it—and repenting. I begin to believe with the good old Magi, that one should only pray for the nation, and not for the individual;—but, on my principle, this would not be very patriotic.

No more reflections.—Let me see—last night I finished "Zuleika," my second Turkish Tale. I believe the composition of it kept me alive—for it was written to drive my thoughts from the recollection of—

"Dear sacred name, rest ever unreveal'd."[1]

At least, even here, my hand would tremble to write it. This afternoon I have burnt the scenes of my commenced comedy. I have some idea of expectorating a romance, or rather a tale in prose;—but what romance could equal the events—

"quæque ipse . . . . . vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."[2]

To-day Henry Byron[3] called on me with my little cousin Eliza. She will grow up a beauty and a plague; but, in the mean time, it is the prettiest child! dark eyes and eyelashes, black and long as the wing of a raven. I think she is prettier even than my niece, Georgina,—yet I don't like to think so neither: and though older, she is not so clever.

Dallas called before I was up, so we did not meet. Lewis,[4] too,—who seems out of humour with every thing.

1. "Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed."
Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, lines 9, 10.

2. Virgil, *Æneid*, ii. 5—
". . . . quœque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui."

3. The Rev. Henry Byron, second son of the Rev. and Hon. Richard Byron, and nephew of William, fifth Lord Byron, died in 1821. His daughter Eliza married, in 1830, George Rochford Clarke. Byron's "niece Georgina" was the daughter of Mrs. Leigh.

4. Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775–1818), intended by his father for the diplomatic service, was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Weimar, and Paris. He soon showed his taste for literature. At the age of seventeen he had translated a play from the French, and written a farce, a comedy called *The East Indian* (acted at Drury Lane, April 22, 1799), "two volumes of a novel,

What can be the matter? he is not married—has he lost his own mistress, or any other person's wife? Hodgson,

"two of a romance, besides numerous poems" (*Life, etc., of M. G. Lewis*, vol. i. p. 70). In 1794 he was attached to the British Embassy at the Hague. There, stimulated (*ibid.*, vol. i. p. 123) by reading Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, he wrote *Ambrosio, or the Monk*. The book, published in 1795, made him famous in fashionable society, and decided his career. Though he sat in Parliament for Hindon from 1796 to 1802, he took no part in politics, but devoted himself to literature.

The moral and outline of *The Monk* are taken, as Lewis says in a letter to his father (*Life, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 154–158), and as was pointed out in the *Monthly Review* for August, 1797, from Addison's "Santon Barsisa" in the *Guardian* (No. 148). The book was severely criticized on the score of immorality. Mathias (*Pursuits of Literature*, Dialogue iv.) attacks Lewis, whom he compares to John Cleland, whose *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* came under the notice of the law courts—

> "Another Cleland see in Lewis rise.
> Why sleep the ministers of truth and law?"

An injunction was, in fact, moved for against the book; but the proceedings dropped.

Lewis had a remarkable gift of catching the popular taste of the day, both in his tales of horror and mystery, and in his ballads. In the latter he was the precursor of Scott. Many of his songs were sung to music of his own composition. His *Tales of Terror* (1799) were dedicated to Lady Charlotte Campbell, afterwards Bury, with whom he was in love. To his *Tales of Wonder* (1801) Scott, Southey, and others contributed. His most successful plays were *The Castle Spectre* (Drury Lane, December 14, 1797), and *Timour the Tartar* (Covent Garden, April 29, 1811).

In 1812, by the death of his father, "the Monk" became a rich man, and the owner of plantations in the West Indies. He paid two visits to his property, in 1815–16 and 1817–18. On the voyage home from the last visit he died of yellow fever, and was buried at sea. His *Journal of a West Indian Proprietor*, published in 1834, is written in sterling English, with much quiet humour, and a graphic power of very high order.

Among his *Detached Thoughts* Byron has the following notes on Lewis:—

"Sheridan was one day offered a bet by M. G. Lewis: 'I will "bet you, Mr. Sheridan, a very large sum—I will bet you what you "owe me as Manager, for my *Castle Spectre*.'—'I never make *large* "*bets*,' said Sheridan, 'but I will lay you a *very small* one. I will "bet you *what it is* WORTH!'"

"Lewis, though a kind man, hated Sheridan, and we had some "words upon that score when in Switzerland, in 1816. Lewis

too, came. He is going to be married, and he is the kind of man who will be the happier. He has talent,

"afterwards sent me the following epigram upon Sheridan from "Saint Maurice:—

"'For worst abuse of finest parts
Was Misophil begotten;
There might indeed be *blacker* hearts,
But none could be more *rotten*.'"

"Lewis at Oatlands was observed one morning to have his eyes "red, and his air sentimental; being asked why? he replied 'that "when people said anything *kind* to him, it affected him deeply, "and just now the Duchess had said something so kind to him'— "here tears began to flow again. 'Never mind, Lewis,' said Col. "Armstrong to him, 'never mind—don't cry, *she could not mean it*.'"

"Lewis was a good man—a clever man, but a bore—a damned "bore, one may say. My only revenge or consolation used to be "setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated "bores especially—Me. de Staël or Hobhouse, for example. But "I liked Lewis; he was a Jewel of a Man had he been better set, "I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as "well as contradictory to everything and everybody. Being short- "sighted, when we used to ride out together near the Brenta in the "twilight in summer, he made me go *before* to pilot him. I am "absent at times, especially towards evening, and the consequence "of this pilotage was some narrow escapes to the Monk on horse- "back. Once I led him into a ditch, over which I had passed as "usual, forgetting to warn my convoy; once I led him nearly into "the river instead of on the *moveable* bridge which *in*commodes "passengers; and twice did we both run against the diligence, "which, being heavy and slow, did communicate less damage than "it received in its leaders, who were *terrasséd* by the charge. "Thrice did I lose him in the gray of the gloaming and was obliged "to bring to, to his distant signals of distance and distress. All the "time he went on talking without intermission, for he was a man "of many words. Poor fellow, he died a martyr to his new riches— "of a second visit to Jamaica.

"'I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again!'

that is

"'I would give many a Sugar Cane
Monk Lewis were alive again!'

"Lewis said to me, 'Why do you talk *Venetian* (such as I could "talk, not very fine to be sure) to the Venetians, and not the usual "Italian?' I answered, partly from habit and partly to be under- "stood, if possible. 'It may be so,' said Lewis, 'but it sounds to "me like talking with a *brogue* to an *Irishman*.'"

In a MS. note by Sir Walter Scott on these passages from

cheerfulness, every thing that can make him a pleasing companion; and his intended is handsome and young,

Byron's *Detached Thoughts*, he says, "Mat had queerish eyes; "they projected like those of some insect, and were flattish in their "orbit. His person was extremely small and boyish; he was, "indeed, the least man I ever saw to be strictly well and neatly "made. I remember a picture of him by Saunders being handed "round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ungenerously flung a "dark folding mantle round the form, under which was half hid a "dagger, or dark lanthorn, or some such cut-throat appurtenance. "With all this the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed "from hand to hand into that of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who, "hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like, said aloud, "'Like Mat Lewis? Why, that picture is like a *man*.' He looked, "and lo! Mat Lewis's head was at his elbow. His boyishness went "through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child, but "a child of high imagination, so that he wasted himself in ghost "stories and German nonsense. He had the finest ear for the "rhythm of verse I ever heard—finer than Byron's.

"Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, "either as a man of talent or a man of fortune. He had always "dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was particularly fond of "any one who had a title. You would have sworn he had been a "*parvenu* of yesterday, yet he had been all his life in good society.

"He was one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His "father and mother lived separately. Mr. Lewis allowed his son "a handsome income; but reduced it more than one half when he "found that he gave his mother half of it. He restricted himself in "all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with his mother "as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous "creature.

"I had a good picture drawn me, I think by Thos. Thomson, "of Fox, in his latter days, suffering the fatigue of an attack "from Lewis. The great statesman was become bulky and lethar-"gic, and lay like a fat ox which for some time endures the persecu-"tion of a buzzing fly, rather than rise to get rid of it; and then at "last he got up, and heavily plodded his way to the other side of "the room."

Referring to Byron's story of Lewis near the Brenta, Scott adds, "I had a worse adventure with Mat Lewis. I had been his guide "from the cottage I then had at Laswade to the Chapel of Roslin. "We were to go up one side of the river and come down the other. "In the return he was dead tired, and, like the Israelites, he "murmured against his guide for leading him into the wilderness. "I was then as strong as a poney, and took him on my back, dressed "as he was in his shooting array of a close sky-blue jacket, and the "brightest *red* pantaloons I ever saw on a human breech. He also "had a kind of feather in his cap. At last I could not help laugh-"ing at the ridiculous figure we must both have made, at which my

and all that. But I never see any one much improved by matrimony. All my coupled contemporaries are bald and discontented. W[ordsworth] and S[outhey] have both lost their hair and good humour; and the last of the two had a good deal to lose. But it don't much signify what falls *off* a man's temples in that state.

Mem. I must get a toy to-morrow for Eliza, and send the device for the seals of myself and * * * * * Mem. too, to call on the Staël and Lady Holland to-morrow, and on * *, who has advised me (without seeing it, by the by) not to publish "Zuleika;"[1] I believe he is right, but experience might have taught him that not to print is *physically* impossible. No one has seen it but Hodgson and Mr. Gifford. I never in my life *read* a composition, save to Hodgson, as he pays me in kind. It is a horrible thing to do too frequently;—better print, and they who like may read, and if they don't like, you have the satisfaction of knowing that they have, at least, *purchased* the right of saying so.

I have declined presenting the Debtors' Petition,[2] being sick of parliamentary mummeries. I have spoken thrice; but I doubt my ever becoming an orator. My first was liked; the second and third—I don't know whether they succeeded or not. I have never yet set to it *con amore;* —one must have some excuse to one's self for laziness, or inability, or both, and this is mine. "Company, villanous

"rider waxed wroth. It was an ill-chosen hour and place, for I "could have served him as Wallace did Fawden—thrown him down "and twisted his head off. We returned to the cottage weary "wights, and it cost more than one glass of Noyau, which he liked "in a decent way, to get Mat's temper on its legs again."

1. *The Bride of Abydos* was originally called *Zuleika.*

2. The petition, directed against Lord Redesdale's Insolvent Debtors Act, was presented by Romilly in the House of Commons, November 11, 1813, and by Lord Holland in the House of Lords, November 15, 1813.

"company, hath been the spoil of me;"[1]—and then, I "have drunk medicines," not to make me love others, but certainly enough to hate myself.

Two nights ago I saw the tigers sup at Exeter 'Change. Except Veli Pacha's lion in the Morea,—who followed the Arab keeper like a dog,—the fondness of the hyæna for her keeper amused me most. Such a conversazione! —There was a "hippopotamus," like Lord Liverpool in the face; and the "Ursine Sloth" had the very voice and manner of my valet—but the tiger talked too much. The elephant took and gave me my money again—took off my hat—opened a door—*trunked* a whip—and behaved so well, that I wish he was my butler. The handsomest animal on earth is one of the panthers; but the poor antelopes were dead. I should hate to see one *here*:—the sight of the *camel* made me pine again for Asia Minor. "*Oh quando te aspiciam?*"

November 16.

Went last night with Lewis to see the first of *Antony and Cleopatra*.[2] It was admirably got up, and well acted —a salad of Shakspeare and Dryden. Cleopatra strikes me as the epitome of her sex—fond, lively, sad, tender, teasing, humble, haughty, beautiful, the devil!—coquettish to the last, as well with the "asp" as with Antony. After doing all she can to persuade him that—but why do they abuse him for cutting off that poltroon Cicero's head? Did not Tully tell Brutus it was a pity to have spared Antony? and did he not speak the Philippics? and are

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act iii. sc. 3.

2. *Antony and Cleopatra* was revived at Covent Garden, November 15, 1813, with additions from Dryden's *All for Love, or the World Well Lost* (1678). "Cleopatra" was acted by Mrs. Fawcit; "Marc Antony" by Young. (See for the allusions, act v. sc. 2, and act i. sc. 3.)

not "*words things?*"[1] and such "*words*" very pestilent "*things*" too? If he had had a hundred heads, they deserved (from Antony) a rostrum (his was stuck up there) apiece—though, after all, he might as well have pardoned him, for the credit of the thing. But to resume—Cleopatra, after securing him, says, "yet go—it is your "interest," etc.—how like the sex! and the questions about Octavia—it is woman all over.

To-day received Lord Jersey's invitation to Middleton —to travel sixty miles to meet Madame De Stael! I once travelled three thousand to get among silent people; and this same lady writes octavos, and *talks* folios. I have read her books—like most of them, and delight in the last; so I won't hear it, as well as read.

Read Burns to-day. What would he have been, if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley. What a wreck is that man! and all from bad pilotage; for no one had ever better gales, though now and then a little too squally. Poor dear Sherry! I shall never forget the day he and Rogers and Moore and I passed together; when *he* talked, and *we* listened, without one yawn, from six till one in the morning.

Got my seals * * * * * *. Have again forgot a plaything for *ma petite cousine* Eliza; but I must send for it to-morrow. I hope Harry will bring her to me. I sent Lord Holland the proofs of the last "*Giaour*," and "*The*

1. "But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."
Don Juan, Canto III. stanza lxxxviii.

"*Bride of Abydos*." He won't like the latter, and I don't think that I shall long. It was written in four nights to distract my dreams from * *. Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time, I must have gone mad, by eating my own heart,—bitter diet;—Hodgson likes it better than "*The* "*Giaour*," but nobody else will,—and he never liked the Fragment. I am sure, had it not been for Murray, *that* would never have been published, though the circumstances which are the ground-work make it * * * heigh-ho!

To-night I saw both the sisters of * *; my God! the youngest so like! I thought I should have sprung across the house, and am so glad no one was with me in Lady H.'s box. I hate those likenesses—the mock-bird, but not the nightingale—so like as to remind, so different as to be painful.[1] One quarrels equally with the points of resemblance and of distinction.

Nov. 17.

No letter from * *; but I must not complain. The respectable Job says, "Why should a *living man* com- "plain?"[2] I really don't know, except it be that a *dead man* can't; and he, the said patriarch, *did* complain, nevertheless, till his friends were tired and his wife recommended that pious prologue, "Curse—and die;" the only time, I suppose, when but little relief is to be found in swearing. I have had a most kind letter from

1. "——my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below;
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same."
The Giaour.

2. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" (*Lam.* iii. 39).

Lord Holland on "*The Bride of Abydos*," which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I *did* think, at the time, that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland House, and am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded satire, of which I would suppress even the memory;—but people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, I verily believe, out of contradiction.

George Ellis[1] and Murray have been talking something about Scott and me, George *pro Scoto*,—and very right too. If they want to depose him, I only wish they would not set me up as a competitor. Even if I had my choice, I would rather be the Earl of Warwick than all the *kings* he ever made! Jeffrey and Gifford I take to be the monarch-makers in poetry and prose. The *British Critic*, in their Rokeby Review, have presupposed a comparison which I am sure my friends never thought of, and W. Scott's subjects are injudicious in descending to. I like the man—and admire his works to what Mr. Braham calls *Entusymusy*. All such stuff can only vex him, and do me no good. Many hate his politics—(I hate all politics); and, here, a man's politics are like the Greek *soul*—an εἴδωλον, besides God knows what *other soul;* but their estimate of the two generally go together.

Harry has not brought *ma petite cousine*. I want us to go to the play together;—she has been but once. Another short note from Jersey, inviting Rogers and me on the 23d. I must see my agent to-night. I wonder when that Newstead business will be finished. It cost me more than words to part with it—and to *have* parted with it! What matters it what I do? or what becomes

1. George Ellis (1753–1815), a contributor to the *Rolliad* and the *Anti-Jacobin*, and "the first converser" Walter Scott "ever knew."

of me?—but let me remember Job's saying, and console myself with being "a living man."

I wish I could settle to reading again,—my life is monotonous, and yet desultory. I take up books, and fling them down again. I began a comedy, and burnt it because the scene ran into *reality*;—a novel, for the same reason. In rhyme, I can keep more away from facts; but the thought always runs through, through . . . yes, yes, through. I have had a letter from Lady Melbourne —the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest of women.

Not a word from * * [Lady F. W. Webster]. Have they set out from * * ? or has my last precious epistle fallen into the lion's jaws? If so—and this silence looks suspicious—I must clap on my "musty morion" and "hold out my iron."[1] I am out of practice—but I won't begin again at Manton's now. Besides, I would not return his shot. I was once a famous wafer-splitter; but then the bullies of society made it necessary. Ever since I began to feel that I had a bad cause to support, I have left off the exercise.

What strange tidings from that Anakim of anarchy—Buonaparte![2] Ever since I defended my bust of him at

1. "I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron." —*Henry V.*, act ii. sc. 1.

2. Byron was not always, even at Harrow, attached to Buonaparte, for, if we may trust Harness, he "roared out" at a Buonapartist schoolfellow—

> "Bold Robert Speer was Bony's bad precursor.
> Bob was a bloody dog, but Bonaparte a worser."

His feeling for him was probably that which is expressed in the following passage from an undated letter, written to him by Moore: "We owe great gratitude to this thunderstorm of a fellow for clear-"ing the air of all the old legitimate fogs that have settled upon "us, and I sincerely trust his task is not yet over." Ticknor (*Life*, vol. i. p. 60) describes Byron's reception of the news of the battle of Waterloo: "After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied, 'I am "damned sorry for it;' and then, after another slight pause, he

Harrow against the rascally time-servers, when the war broke out in 1803, he has been a *Héros de Roman* of mine—on the Continent; I don't want him here. But I don't like those same flights—leaving of armies, etc., etc. I am sure when I fought for his bust at school, I did not think he would run away from himself. But I should not wonder if he banged them yet. To be beat by men would be something; but by three stupid, legitimate-old-dynasty boobies of regular-bred sovereigns —O-hone-a-rie !—O-hone-a-rie ! It must be, as Cobbett says, his marriage with the thick-lipped and thick-headed *Autrichienne* brood. He had better have kept to her who was kept by Barras. I never knew any good come of your young wife, and legal espousals, to any but your "sober-blooded boy" who "eats fish" and drinketh "no sack."[1] Had he not the whole opera? all Paris? all France? But a mistress is just as perplexing—that is, *one*—two or more are manageable by division.

I have begun, or had begun, a song, and flung it

"added, 'I didn't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's "head on a pole. But I suppose I shan't now.'"

Byron's liking for Buonaparte was probably increased by his dislike of Wellington and Blucher. The following passages are taken from the *Detached Thoughts* (1821) :—

"The vanity of Victories is considerable. Of all who fell at "Waterloo or Trafalgar, ask any man in company to *name you ten* "*off hand*. They will stick at Nelson : the other will survive him- "self. *Nelson was* a hero, the other is a mere Corporal, dividing "with Prussians and Spaniards the luck which he never deserved. "He even—but I hate the fool, and will be silent."

"The Miscreant Wellington is the Cub of Fortune, but she will "never lick him into shape. If he lives, he will be beaten ; that's "certain. Victory was never before wasted upon such an unprofit- "able soil as this dunghill of Tyranny, whence nothing springs but "Viper's eggs."

"I remember seeing Blucher in the London Assemblies, and "never saw anything of his age less venerable. With the voice and "manners of a recruiting Sergeant, he pretended to the honours of "a hero; just as if a stone could be worshipped because a man "stumbled over it."

1. *Henry IV.*, Part II. act iv. sc. 3.

into the fire. It was in remembrance of Mary Duff,[1] my first of flames, before most people begin to burn. I wonder what the devil is the matter with me! I can do nothing, and—fortunately there is nothing to do. It has lately been in my power to make two persons (and their connections) comfortable, *pro tempore*, and one happy, *ex tempore*,—I rejoice in the last particularly, as it is an excellent man.[2] I wish there had been more inconvenience and less gratification to my self-love in it, for then there had been more merit. We are all selfish—and I believe, ye gods of Epicurus! I believe in Rochefoucault about *men*, and in Lucretius (not Busby's translation) about yourselves.[3] Your bard has made you very *nonchalant* and blest; but as he has excused *us* from damnation, I don't envy you your blessedness *much*—a little, to be sure. I remember, last year, * * [Lady Oxford] said to me, at * * [Eywood], "Have we not passed our last month like "the gods of Lucretius?" And so we had. She is an adept in the text of the original (which I like too); and when that booby Bus. sent his translating prospectus, she subscribed. But, the devil prompting him to add a specimen, she transmitted him a subsequent answer, saying, that "after perusing it, her conscience would not "permit her to allow her name to remain on the list of "subscribblers." Last night, at Lord H.'s—Mackintosh,

1. Mary Duff, his distant cousin, who lived not far from the "Plain-Stanes" of Aberdeen, in Byron's childhood. She married Mr. Robert Cockburn, a wine-merchant in Edinburgh and London.

2. The first is, perhaps, Dallas; the second probably is Francis Hodgson, to whom he gave, from first to last, £1500.

3. "L'intérêt est l'ame de l'amour-propre, de sorte que comme le "corps, privé de son ame, est sans vue, sans ouïe, sans connoissance, "sans sentiment, et sans mouvement; de même l'amour-propre, "séparé, s'il le faut dire ainsi, de son intérêt, ne voit, n'entend, ne "sent, et ne se remue plus," etc., etc. (Rochefoucault, Lettre à Madame Sablé). The passage in Lucretius probably is *De Rerum Naturâ*, i. 57–62.

the Ossulstones, Puységur,[1] etc., there—I was trying to recollect a quotation (as *I* think) of Stael's, from some Teutonic sophist about architecture. "Architecture," says this Macoronico Tedescho, "reminds me of frozen "music." It is somewhere—but where?—the demon of perplexity must know and won't tell. I asked M., and he said it was not in her: but Puységur said it must be *hers*, it was so *like*. H. laughed, as he does at all "*De "l'Allemagne*"—in which, however, I think he goes a little too far. B., I hear, contemns it too. But there are fine passages;—and, after all, what is a work—any—or every work—but a desert with fountains, and, perhaps, a grove or two, every day's journey? To be sure, in Madame, what we often mistake, and "pant for," as the "cooling "stream," turns out to be the "*mirage*" (criticè *verbiage*); but we do, at last, get to something like the temple of Jove Ammon, and then the waste we have passed is only remembered to gladden the contrast.

Called on C * *, to explain * * *. She is very beautiful, to my taste, at least; for on coming home from abroad, I recollect being unable to look at any woman but her—they were so fair, and unmeaning, and *blonde*. The darkness and regularity of her features reminded me of my "Jannat al Aden." But this impression wore off; and now I can look at a fair woman, without longing for a Houri. She was very good-tempered, and every thing was explained.

To-day, great news—"the Dutch have taken Holland,"

1. "Monsieur de Puységur," says Lady H. Leveson Gower (*Letters of Harriet, Countess of Granville*, vol. i. p. 23), "is really "*concentré* into one wrinkle. It is the oldest, gayest, thinnest, most "withered, and most brilliant thing one can meet with. When there "are so many young, fat fools going about the world, I wish for the "transmigration of souls. Puységur might animate a whole family." The phrase, of which Byron was in search, is Goethe's, *eine erstarrte Musik* (Stevens's *Life of Madame de Staël*, vol. ii. p. 195).

—which, I suppose, will be succeeded by the actual explosion of the Thames. Five provinces have declared for young Stadt, and there will be inundation, conflagration, constupration, consternation, and every sort of nation and nations, fighting away, up to their knees, in the damnable quags of this will-o'-the-wisp abode of Boors. It is said Bernadotte is amongst them, too; and, as Orange will be there soon, they will have (Crown) Prince Stork and King Log in their Loggery at the same time. Two to one on the new dynasty!

Mr. Murray has offered me one thousand guineas for *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos*. I won't—it is too much, though I am strongly tempted, merely for the *say* of it. No bad price for a fortnight's (a week each) what? —the gods know—it was intended to be called poetry.

I have dined regularly to-day, for the first time since Sunday last—this being Sabbath, too. All the rest, tea and dry biscuits—six *per diem*. I wish to God I had not dined now!—It kills me with heaviness, stupor, and horrible dreams; and yet it was but a pint of Bucellas, and fish.[1] Meat I never touch,—nor much vegetable

1. That the poet sometimes dined seems evident from the annexed bill—

Lord Byron.

To M. Richold.

1813—	£	s.	d.
Ballance of last bill	0	13	10
Aug. 9. To dinner bill	1	6	0
10. To do. do.	4	13	6
11. To do. do.	1	4	0
14. To do. do.	1	6	0
15. To share of do.	4	4	6
16. To dinner bill	1	6	0
17. To do. do.	1	6	6
19. To do. do.	1	2	6
20. To share of do.	4	19	0
21. To dinner bill	1	1	6
22. To do. do.	1	2	0
23. To do. do.	1	2	0
25. To do. do.	1	9	0
Aug. 26. To dinner bill	1	1	6
27. To do. do.	1	8	6
Sept. 2. To do. do.	1	4	0
3. To do. do.	1	2	0
4. To do. do.	1	11	0
5. To do. do.	1	6	6
7. To do. do.	5	7	0
9. To do. do.	1	6	6
26. To do. do.	1	9	0
Nov. 14. To do. do.	1	0	6
21. To do. do.	0	19	0
	£44	11	10

diet. I wish I were in the country, to take exercise,—instead of being obliged to *cool* by abstinence, in lieu of it. I should not so much mind a little accession of flesh,—my bones can well bear it. But the worst is, the devil always came with it,—till I starved him out,—and I will *not* be the slave of *any* appetite. If I do err, it shall be my heart, at least, that heralds the way. Oh, my head—how it aches?—the horrors of digestion! I wonder how Buonaparte's dinner agrees with him?

Mem. I must write to-morrow to "Master Shallow, "who owes me a thousand pounds,"[1] and seems, in his letter, afraid I should ask him for it;[2]—as if I would!—I don't want it (just now, at least,) to begin with; and though I have often wanted that sum, I never asked for the repayment of 10*l.* in my life—from a friend. His bond is not due this year, and I told him when it was, I should not enforce it. How often must he make me say the same thing?

I am wrong—I did once ask * * *[3] to repay me. But it was under circumstances that excused me *to him*, and would to any one. I took no interest, nor required security. He paid me soon,—at least, his *padre*. My head! I believe it was given me to ache with. Good even.

Nov. 22, 1813.

"Orange Boven!"[4] So the bees have expelled the bear that broke open their hive. Well,—if we are to

1. *Henry IV.*, Part II. act v. sc. 5.
2. James Wedderburn Webster (see p. 2, *note* 1).
3. Probably John Cam Hobhouse, whose expenses on the tour of 1809–10 were paid by Byron, and repaid by Sir Benjamin Hobhouse.
4. Holland, constituted a kingdom for Louis Napoleon (1806), was (1810) incorporated with the French Empire. On November 15, 1813, the people of Amsterdam raised the cry of "Orange Boven!"

have new De Witts and De Ruyters, God speed the little republic! I should like to see the Hague and the village of Brock, where they have such primitive habits. Yet, I don't know,—their canals would cut a poor figure by the memory of the Bosphorus; and the Zuyder Zee look awkwardly after "Ak-Denizi."[1] No matter,—the bluff burghers, puffing freedom out of their short tobacco-pipes, might be worth seeing; though I prefer a cigar or a hooka, with the rose-leaf mixed with the milder herb of the Levant. I don't know what liberty means,—never having seen it,—but wealth is power all over the world; and as a shilling performs the duty of a pound (besides sun and sky and beauty for nothing) in the East,—*that* is the country. How I envy Herodes Atticus![2]—more than Pomponius. And yet a little *tumult*, now and then, is an agreeable quickener of sensation; such as a revolution, a battle, or an *aventure* of any lively description. I think I rather would have been Bonneval, Ripperda, Alberoni, Hayreddin, or Horuc Barbarossa, or even Wortley Montague, than Mahomet himself.[3]

donned the Orange colours, and expelled the French from the city. Their example was followed in other provinces, and on November 21, deputies arrived in London, asking the Prince of Orange to place himself at the head of the movement. He landed in Holland, November 30, and entered Amsterdam the next day in state.

A play was announced at Drury Lane, December 8, 1813, under the title of *Orange Boven*, but it was suppressed because no licence had been obtained for its performance. It was produced December 10, 1813, and ran about ten nights.

1. The Lake of Ak-Deniz, north-east of Antioch, into and out of which flows the Nahr-Ifrin to join the Nahr-el-Asy or Orontes.

2. A typically wealthy Greek, as Pomponius Atticus was a typically wealthy Roman.

3. Bonneval (1675–1747) was a French soldier of fortune, who served successively in the Austrian, Russian, and Turkish armies. Ripperda (died 1737), a Dutch adventurer, became Prime Minister of Spain under Philip V., and after his fall turned Mohammedan. Alberoni (1664–1752) was an Italian adventurer, who became Prime Minister of Spain in 1714. Hayreddin (died 1547) and Horuc Barbarossa (died 1518) were Algerine pirates. Edward Wortley

Rogers will be in town soon?—the 23d is fixed for our Middleton visit. Shall I go? umph!—In this island, where one can't ride out without overtaking the sea, it don't much matter where one goes.

I remember the effect of the *first Edinburgh Review* on me. I heard of it six weeks before,—read it the day of its denunciation,—dined and drank three bottles of claret, (with S. B. Davies, I think,) neither ate nor slept the less, but, nevertheless, was not easy till I had vented my wrath and my rhyme, in the same pages, against every thing and every body. Like George, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, "the fate of my paradoxes"[1] would allow me to perceive no merit in another. I remembered only the maxim of my boxing-master, which, in my youth, was found useful in all general riots,—"Whoever is not for "you is against you—*mill* away right and left," and so I did;—like Ishmael, my hand was against all men, and all men's anent me. I did wonder, to be sure, at my own success—

"And marvels so much wit is all his own,"[2]

Montague (1713–1776), son of Lady Mary, saw the inside of several prisons, served at Fontenoy, sat in the British Parliament, was received into the Roman Catholic Church at Jerusalem (1764), lived at Rosetta as a Mohammedan with his mistress, Caroline Dormer, till 1772, and died at Padua, from swallowing a fish-bone.

1. *Vicar of Wakefield* (chap. xx.). The Vicar's eldest son, George, "resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore "dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity . . . 'Well,' asks "the Vicar, 'and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?' "'Sir,' replied my son, 'the learned world said nothing to my "paradoxes, nothing at all. . . . I found that no genius in another "could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried "up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with "satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and "writing was my trade.'"

2. "From Boileau" (*Imitations, etc.*, by J. C. Hobhouse)—

"With what delight rhymes on the scribbling dunce.
He's ne'er perplex'd to choose, but right at once;
With rapture hails each work as soon as done,
And wonders so much wit was all his own."

as Hobhouse sarcastically says of somebody (not unlikely myself, as we are old friends);—but were it to come over again, I would *not*. I have since redde the cause of my couplets, and it is not adequate to the effect. C * * told me that it was believed I alluded to poor Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in one of the lines. I thank Heaven I did not know it—and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies.

Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!

Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is *Epic;* and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation; posterity will probably select. He has *passages* equal to any thing. At present, he has *a party*, but no *public*—except for his prose writings. The life of Nelson is beautiful.

Sotheby [1] is a *Littérateur*, the Oracle of the Coteries,

1. At Sotheby's house, Miss Jane Porter, author of *The Scottish Chiefs*, etc., etc., met Byron. She made the following note of his appearance, and after his death sent it to his sister:—

"I once had the gratification of Seeing Lord Byron. He was at

of the * * s,[1] Lydia White[2] (Sydney Smith's "Tory Virgin"), Mrs. Wilmot[3] (she, at least, is a swan, and might frequent

"a Small Evening party at the Poet Sotheby's. I was not aware "of his being in the room, or even that he had been invited, when I "was arrested from listening to the person conversing with me by "the Sounds of the most melodious Speaking Voice I had ever "heard. It was gentle and beautifully modulated. I turned round "to look for the Speaker, and then saw a Gentleman in black of an "Elegant form (for nothing of his lameness could be discovered), "and with a face I never shall forget. The features of the finest "proportions. The Eye deep set, but mildly lustrous; and the Com- "plexion what I at the time described to my Sister as a Sort of "moonlight paleness. It was so pale, yet with all so Softly "brilliant.

"I instantly asked my Companion who that Gentleman was. He "replied, 'Lord Byron.' I was astonished, for there was no Scorn, "no disdain, nothing in that noble Countenance *then* of the proud "Spirit which has since soared to Heaven, illuminating the "Horizon far and wide."

1. Probably the Berrys.

2. Miss Lydia White, the "Miss Diddle" of Byron's *Blues*, of whom Ticknor speaks (*Life*, vol. i. p. 176) as "the fashionable blue- "stocking," was a wealthy Irishwoman, well known for her dinners and conversaziones "in all the capitals of Europe." At one of her "dinners in Park Street (all the company except herself being "Whigs), the desperate prospects of the Whig party were discussed. "'Yes,' said Sydney Smith, who was present, 'we are in a most "deplorable condition; we must do something to help ourselves. "I think,' said he, looking at Lydia White, 'we had better sacrifice "a Tory Virgin'" (Lady Morgan's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 236). Miss Berry, in her *Journal* (vol. iii. p. 49, May 8, 1815), says, "Lord "and Lady Byron persuaded me to go with them to Miss White. "Never have I seen a more imposing convocation of ladies arranged "in a circle than when we entered, taking William Spencer with us. "Lord Byron brought me home. He stayed to supper." Miss White's last years were passed in bad health. Moore called upon Rogers, May 7, 1826: "Found him in high good humour. In talk- "ing of Miss White, he said, 'How wonderfully she does hold out! "They may say what they will, but Miss White and *Miss*olongi are "the most remarkable things going" (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. v. p. 62). Lydia White died in February, 1827.

3. Barberina Ogle (1768–1854), daughter of Sir Chaloner Ogle, widow of Valentia Wilmot, married, in 1819, Lord Dacre. Her tragedy, *Ina*, was produced at Drury Lane, April 22, 1815. Her literary work was, for the most part, privately printed: *Dramas, Translations, and Occasional Poems* (1821); *Translations from the Italian* (1836). She also edited her daughter's *Recollections of a Chaperon* (1831), and *Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry* (1835).

a purer stream,) Lady Beaumont,[1] and all the Blues, with Lady Charlemont [2] at their head—but I say nothing of *her*—"look in her face and you forget them all," and every thing else. Oh that face!—by *te, Diva potens Cypri*, I would, to be beloved by that woman, build and burn another Troy.

Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents,—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what—every thing, in the "*Post-Bag!*" There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society, he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to * * * * speaks "trumpet-"tongued." He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not *here*.

1. Margaret Willes, granddaughter of Chief Justice Willes, married, in 1778, Sir George Beaumont, Bart. (1753–1827), the landscape-painter, art critic, and picture-collector, who founded the National Gallery, was a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Dr. Johnson, and of Wordsworth, and is mentioned by Byron in the *Blues*—

"Sir George thinks exactly with Lady Bluebottle."

2. Francis William Caulfield, who succeeded his father, in 1799, as second Earl of Charlemont, married, in 1802, Anne, daughter of William Bermingham, of Ross Hill, co. Galway. She died in 1876. Of Lady Charlemont's beauty Byron was an enthusiastic admirer. In his *Letter on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on Pope* (February 7, 1821) he says, "The head of Lady Charlemont (when I first saw "her, nine years ago) seemed to possess all that sculpture could "require for its ideal." Moore (*Journals, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 78) has the following entry in his Diary for November 21, 1819: "Called "upon Lady Charlemont, and sat with her some time. Lady "Mansfield told me that the effect she produces here with her "beauty is wonderful; last night, at the Comtesse d'Albany's, the "Italians were ready to fall down and worship her."

For the two quotations, see Horace, *Odes*, I. iii. 1, and *The Rape of the Lock*, ii. 18.

Nov. 23.

Ward—I like Ward. By Mahomet! I begin to think I like every body;—a disposition not to be encouraged;—a sort of social gluttony that swallows every thing set before it. But I like Ward. He is *piquant;* and, in my opinion, will stand *very* high in the House, and every where else, if he applies *regularly*. By the by, I dine with him to-morrow, which may have some influence on my opinion. It is as well not to trust one's gratitude *after* dinner. I have heard many a host libelled by his guests, with his burgundy yet reeking on their rascally lips.

I have taken Lord Salisbury's box at Covent Garden for the season; and now I must go and prepare to join Lady Holland and party, in theirs, at Drury Lane, *questa sera.*

Holland doesn't think the man *is Junius;* but that the yet unpublished journal throws great light on the obscurities of that part of George the Second's reign.—What is this to George the Third's? I don't know what to think. Why should Junius be yet dead? If suddenly apoplexed, would he rest in his grave without sending his εἴδωλον to shout in the ears of posterity, "Junius was X. Y. Z., Esq., "buried in the parish of * * *. Repair his monument, ye "churchwardens! Print a new edition of his Letters, ye "booksellers!" Impossible,—the man must be alive, and will never die without the disclosure. I like him;—he was a good hater.

Came home unwell and went to bed,—not so sleepy as might be desirable.

Tuesday morning.

I awoke from a dream!—well! and have not others dreamed?—Such a dream!—but she did not overtake

me. I wish the dead would rest, however. Ugh! how my blood chilled,—and I could not wake—and—and—heigho!

> "Shadows to-night
> Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
> Than could the substance of ten thousand * * s,
> Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow * *." [1]

I do not like this dream,—I hate its "foregone con-"clusion." And am I to be shaken by shadows? Ay, when they remind us of—no matter—but, if I dream thus again, I will try whether *all* sleep has the like visions. Since I rose, I've been in considerable bodily pain also; but it is gone, and now, like Lord Ogleby,[2] I am wound up for the day.

A note from Mountnorris[3]—I dine with Ward;—Canning is to be there, Frere[4] and Sharpe,[5] perhaps

1. "By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."
Richard III., act v. sc. 3.

2. "Lord Ogleby" is a character in *The Clandestine Marriage* (by Colman and Garrick, first acted at Drury Lane, February 20, 1766). "Brush," his valet, says (act ii.) of his master, "What with qualms, "age, rheumatism, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a "great deal of brushing, oyling, screwing, and winding up, to set "him a-going for the day."

3. Viscount Valentia, created in 1793 Earl of Mountnorris, was the father of Byron's friend, Viscount Valentia (afterwards second and last Earl of Mountnorris, died in 1844); of Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster; of Lady Catherine Annesley, who married Lord John Somerset, and died in 1865; and of Lady Juliana Annesley, who married Robert Bayly, of Ballyduff.

4. John Hookham Frere (1769–1846), educated at Eton, and Caius College, Cambridge (Fellow, 1792), M.P. for West Loe (1796–1802), was a clerk in the Foreign Office. A school-friend of Canning, he joined with him in the *Anti-Jacobin* (November 20, 1797—July 9, 1798). Among the pieces which he contributed, in whole or part, are "The Loves of the Triangles," "The Friend of "Humanity and the Knife-grinder," "The Rovers, or the Double "Arrangement," "*La Sainte Guillotine*," "New Morality," and

Gifford. I am to be one of "the five" (or rather six), as Lady * * said a little sneeringly yesterday. They are all good to meet, particularly Canning, and—Ward, when he likes. I wish I may be well enough to listen to these intellectuals.

No letters to-day;—so much the better,—there are no answers. I must not dream again;—it spoils even reality. I will go out of doors, and see what the fog will do for me. Jackson has been here: the boxing world much as usual;—but the club increases. I shall dine at Crib's[6] to-morrow. I like energy—even animal energy—

the "Meeting of the Friends of Freedom." He was British Envoy at Lisbon (1800–1804) and to the Spanish Junta (October, 1808—April, 1809). From this post he was recalled, owing to the fatal effects of his advice to Sir John Moore, and he never again held any public appointment. From 1818 to 1846 he lived at Malta, where he died.

His translations of "The Frogs" of Aristophanes (1839), and of "The Acharnians, the Knights, and the Birds" (1840), are masterpieces of spirit and fidelity. His *Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft* (cantos i., ii., 1817; cantos iii., iv., 1818), inspired Byron with *Beppo*.

Ticknor describes him in 1819 (*Life*, vol. i. p. 267): "Frere is "a slovenly fellow. His remarks on Homer, in the *Classical* "*Journal*, prove how fine a Greek scholar he is; his *Quarterly* "*Reviews*, how well he writes; his 'Rovers, or the Double "Arrangement,' what humour he possesses; and the reputation he "has left in Spain and Portugal, how much better he understood "their literatures than they do themselves; while, at the same time, "his books left in France, in Gallicia, at Lisbon, and two or three "places in England; his manuscripts, neglected and lost to him-"self; his manners, lazy and careless; and his conversation, "equally rich and negligent, show how little he cares about all that "distinguishes him in the eyes of the world. He studies as a "luxury, he writes as an amusement, and conversation is a kind of "sensual enjoyment to him. If he had been born in Asia, he would "have been the laziest man that ever lived."

5. For "Conversation" Sharp, see p. 341, *note* 2.

6. Thomas Cribb (1781–1848), born at Bitton, near Bristol, began life as a bell-hanger, became first a coal-porter, then a sailor, and finally found his vocation as a pugilist. In his profession he was known, from one of his previous callings, as the "Black Diamond." His first big fight was against George Maddox (January 7, 1805),

of all kinds; and I have need of both mental and corporeal. I have not dined out, nor, indeed, *at all*, lately: have heard no music—have seen nobody. Now for a *plunge*—high life and low life. *Amant* alterna *Camœnæ!*[1]

I have burnt my *Roman*—as I did the first scenes and sketch of my comedy—and, for aught I see, the pleasure of burning is quite as great as that of printing. These two last would not have done. I ran into *realities* more than ever; and some would have been recognised and others guessed at.

Redde the *Ruminator*—a collection of Essays, by a strange, but able, old man (Sir Egerton Brydges[2]), and a

whom he defeated after seventy-six rounds. He twice beat the ex-champion, the one-eyed Jem Belcher (April 8, 1807, and February 1, 1809), and with his victory over Bob Gregson (October 25, 1808; see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 207, *note* 1) became champion of England. His two defeats of Molineaux, the black pugilist (December 18, 1810, and September 28, 1811), established his title, which was never again seriously challenged, and in 1821 it was conferred upon him for life. Cribb was one of the prize-fighters, who, dressed as pages, kept order at the Coronation of George IV. In 1813 he was landlord of the King's Arms, Duke Street, St. James's, and universally respected as the honest head of the pugilistic profession. He died in 1848 at Woolwich; three years later a monument was erected to his memory by public subscription in Woolwich Churchyard. It represents "a British lion grieving over the ashes of a "British hero," and on the plinth is the inscription, "Respect the "ashes of the brave."

1. Virgil, *Eclogues*, iii. 59.

2. Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762–1837), poet, novelist, genealogist, and bibliographer, published, in 1813, *The Ruminator: containing a series of moral, critical, and sentimental Essays*. Of the 104 Essays, 72 appeared in the *Censura Literaria* between January, 1807, and June, 1809. The remainder were by Gillies, except two by the Rev. Francis Wrangham and two by the Rev. Montagu Pennington. No. 50 is a review of some original poems by Capell Lofft, including a Greek ode on Eton College.

Gillies, in his *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran* (vol. ii. p. 4), says that in 1809 he addressed an anonymous letter to Brydges, containing some thoughts on the advantages of retirement (the subject of *Childe Alarique*). The letter, printed in *The Ruminator*, began his literary career and introduced him to Brydges. *The Ruminator*, 2

half-wild young one, author of a poem on the Highlands, called *Childe Alarique*.[1] The word "sensibility" (always my aversion) occurs a thousand times in these Essays; and, it seems, is to be an excuse for all kinds of discontent. This young man can know nothing of life; and, if he cherishes the disposition which runs through his papers, will become useless, and, perhaps, not even a poet, after all, which he seems determined to be. God help him! no one should be a rhymer who could be any thing better. And this is what annoys one, to see Scott and Moore, and Campbell and Rogers, who might have all been agents and leaders, now mere spectators. For, though they may have other ostensible avocations, these last are reduced to a secondary consideration. * *, too, frittering away his time among dowagers and unmarried girls. If it advanced any *serious* affair, it were some excuse; but, with the unmarried, that is a hazardous speculation, and tiresome enough, too; and, with the veterans, it is not much worth trying, unless, perhaps, one in a thousand.

If I had any views in this country, they would probably be parliamentary.[2] But I have no ambition; at least,

vols. (1813), and *Childe Alarique* (1813), are among the books included in the sale catalogue of Byron's books, April 5, 1816.

1. Robert Pearse Gillies (1788–1858) wrote *Wallace, a Fragment* (1813); *Childe Alarique, a Poet's Reverie, with other Poems* (1813); *Confessions of Sir Henry Longueville, a Novel* (1814); and numerous other works and translations. His *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran* was published in 1851. He was the founder and first editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (1827).

2. The following additional notes on Byron's Parliamentary career are taken from his *Detached Thoughts*:—

"At the Opposition meeting of the peers, in 1812, at Lord "Grenville's, when Lord Grey and he read to us the correspondence "upon Moira's negociation, I sate next to the present Duke of "Grafton. When it was over, I turned to him and said, 'What is "to be done next?' 'Wake the Duke of Norfolk' (who was "snoring away near us), replied he. 'I don't think the Negociators "have left anything else for us to do this turn.'"

if any, it would be *aut Cæsar aut nihil*. My hopes are limited to the arrangement of my affairs, and settling either in Italy or the East (rather the last), and drinking deep of the languages and literature of both. Past events have unnerved me; and all I can now do is to make life an amusement, and look on while others play. After all, even the highest game of crowns and sceptres, what is it? *Vide* Napoleon's last twelvemonth. It has completely upset my system of fatalism. I thought, if crushed, he would have fallen, when *fractus illabitur orbis*,[1] and not have been pared away to gradual insignificance; that all this was not a mere *jeu* of the gods, but a prelude to greater changes and mightier events. But men never advance beyond a certain point; and here we are, retrograding, to the dull, stupid old system,—balance of Europe—poising straws upon kings' noses, instead of wringing them off! Give me a republic, or a despotism of one, rather than the mixed government of one, two,

"In the debate, or rather discussion, afterwards, in the House of "Lords, upon that very question, I sate immediately behind Lord "Moira, who was extremely annoyed at G.'s speech upon the "subject, and while G. was speaking, turned round to me repeatedly "and asked me whether I agreed with him? It was an awkward "question to me, who had not heard both sides. Moira kept "repeating to me, 'It was *not so*, it was so and so,' etc. I did not "know very well what to think, but I sympathized with the acute-"ness of his feelings upon the subject."

"Lord Eldon affects an Imitation of two very different Chancel-"lors—Thurlow and Loughborough—and can indulge in an oath "now and then. On one of the debates on the Catholic question, "when we were either equal or within one (I forget which), I had "been sent for in great haste from a Ball, which I quitted, I confess "somewhat reluctantly, to emancipate five Millions of people. I "came in late, and did not go immediately into the body of the "house, but stood just behind the Woolsack. Eldon turned round, "and, catching my eye, immediately said to a peer (who had come "to him for a few minutes on the Woolsack, as is the custom of his "friends), 'Damn them! they'll have it now, by God!—the vote "that is just come in will give it them.'"

1. Horace, *Odes*, III. iii. 7.

three. A republic!—look in the history of the Earth—Rome, Greece, Venice, France, Holland, America, our short (*eheu!*) Commonwealth, and compare it with what they did under masters. The Asiatics are not qualified to be republicans, but they have the liberty of demolishing despots, which is the next thing to it. To be the first man—not the Dictator—not the Sylla, but the Washington or the Aristides—the leader in talent and truth—is next to the Divinity! Franklin, Penn, and, next to these, either Brutus or Cassius—even Mirabeau—or St. Just. I shall never be any thing, or rather always be nothing. The most I can hope is, that some will say, "He might, perhaps, if he would."

12, midnight.

Here are two confounded proofs from the printer. I have looked at the one, but for the soul of me, I can't look over that *Giaour* again,—at least, just now, and at this hour—and yet there is no moon.

Ward talks of going to Holland, and we have partly discussed an *ensemble* expedition. It must be in ten days, if at all, if we wish to be in at the Revolution. And why not? * * is distant, and will be at * *, still more distant, till spring. No one else, except Augusta, cares for me; no ties—no trammels—*andiamo dunque—se torniamo, bene—se non, ch' importa?* Old William of Orange talked of dying in "the last ditch" of his dingy country. It is lucky I can swim, or I suppose I should not well weather the first. But let us see. I have heard hyænas and jackalls in the ruins of Asia; and bull-frogs in the marshes; besides wolves and angry Mussulmans. Now, I should like to listen to the shout of a free Dutchman.

Alla! Viva! For ever! Hourra! Huzza!—which is

the most rational or musical of these cries? "Orange "Boven," according to the *Morning Post*.

Wednesday, 24.

No dreams last night of the dead, nor the living; so —I am "firm as the marble, founded as the rock,"[1] till the next earthquake.

Ward's dinner went off well. There was not a disagreeable person there—unless *I* offended any body, which I am sure I could not by contradiction, for I said little, and opposed nothing. Sharpe[2] (a man of elegant

1. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4—

"Whole as the marble, founded as the rock."

2. Richard Sharp (1759–1835), a wealthy hat-manufacturer, was a prominent figure in political and literary life. A consistent Whig, he was one of the "Friends of the People," and in the House of Commons (1806–12) was a recognized authority on questions of finance. Essentially a "club-able man," he was a member of many clubs, both literary and political. In Park Lane and at Mickleham he gathered round him many friends—Rogers, Moore, Mackintosh, Macaulay, Coleridge, Horner, Grattan, Horne Tooke, and Sydney Smith, who was so frequently his guest in the country that he was called the "Bishop of Mickleham." Horner (May 20, 1816) speaks of a visit paid to Sharp in Surrey, in company with Grattan (*Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 355). Ticknor, who, in 1815, breakfasted with Sharp in Park Lane (*Life*, vol. i. pp. 55, 56), says of a party of "men of "letters:" "I saw little of them, excepting Mr. Sharp, formerly a "Member of Parliament, and who, from his talents in society, has "been called 'Conversation Sharp.' He has been made an asso- "ciate of most of the literary clubs in London, from the days of "Burke down to the present time. He told me a great many "amusing anecdotes of them, and particularly of Burke, Porson, and "Grattan, with whom he had been intimate; and occupied the "dinner-time as pleasantly as the same number of hours have passed "with me in England. . . . *June* 7.—This morning I breakfasted "with Mr. Sharp, and had a continuation of yesterday,—more "pleasant accounts of the great men of the present day, and more "amusing anecdotes of the generation that has passed away." Miss Berry, who met Sharp often, writes, in her Journal for March 26, 1808 (*Journal*, vol. ii. p. 344), "He is clever, but I should suspect "of little real depth of intellect."

Sharp published anonymously a volume of *Epistles in Verse* (1828). These were reproduced, with additions, in his *Letters and Essays*, published with his name in 1834. His "Epistle to an

mind, and who has lived much with the best—Fox, Horne Tooke, Windham, Fitzpatrick, and all the agitators of other times and tongues,) told us the particulars of his last interview with Windham,[1] a few days before the fatal operation which sent "that gallant spirit to aspire the "skies."[2] Windham,—the first in one department of

"Eminent Poet" is evidently addressed to his lifelong friend, Samuel Rogers—

> "Yes! thou hast chosen well 'the better part,'
> And, for the triumphs of the noblest art,
> Hast wisely scorn'd the sordid cares of life."

1. William Windham, of Felbrigg Hall (1750–1810), educated at Eton, Glasgow, and University College, Oxford, became M.P. for Norwich in 1784. In the following year he was made chief secretary to Lord Northington, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Expressing some doubts to Dr. Johnson whether he possessed the arts necessary for Parliamentary success, the Doctor said, "You will "become an able negotiator; a very pretty rascal." He resigned the secretaryship within the year, according to Gibbon, on the plea of ill health. He was one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings in 1788, Secretary at War from 1794 to 1801, and War and Colonial Secretary, 1806–7.

Windham, a shrewd critic of other speakers, called Pitt's style a "State-paper style," because of its combined dignity and poverty, and "verily believed Mr. Pitt could speak a king's speech off-hand." As a speaker he was himself remarkably effective, a master of illustration and allusion, delighting in "homely Saxon," and affecting provincial words and pronunciation. Lord Sheffield, writing to Gibbon, February 5, 1793, says, "As to Windham, I should think "he is become the best, at least the most sensible, speaker of the "whole." His love of paradox, combined with his political independence and irresolution, gained him the name of "Weathercock "Windham;" but he was respected by both sides as an honest politician. Outside the house it was his ambition to be known as a thorough Englishman—a patron of horse-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, pugilism, and football. He was also a scholar, a man of wide reading, an admirable talker, and a friend of Miss Berry and of Madame d'Arblay, in whose Diaries he is a prominent figure. His own *Diary* (1784–1810) was published in 1866.

On the 8th of July, 1809, he saw a fire in Conduit Street, which threatened to spread to the house of his friend North, who possessed a valuable library. In his efforts to save the books, he fell and bruised his hip. A tumour formed, which was removed; but he sank under the operation, and died June 4, 1810.

2. "O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds."
Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 1.

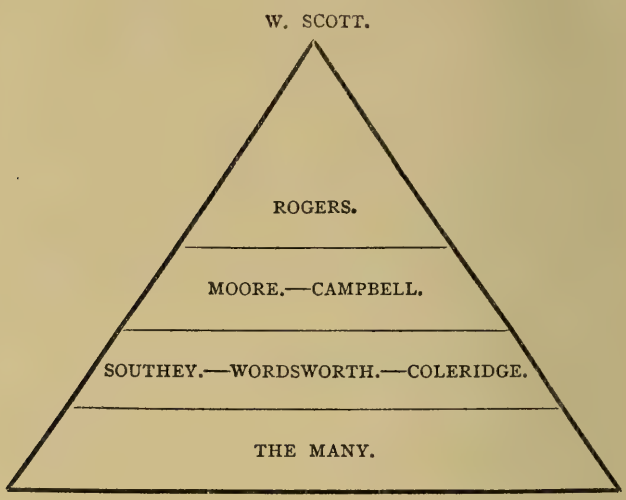
oratory and talent, whose only fault was his refinement beyond the intellect of half his hearers,—Windham, half his life an active participator in the events of the earth, and one of those who governed nations,—*he* regretted,—and dwelt much on that regret, that "he had not entirely "devoted himself to literature and science!!!" His mind certainly would have carried him to eminence there, as elsewhere;—but I cannot comprehend what debility of that mind could suggest such a wish. I, who have heard him, cannot regret any thing but that I shall never hear him again. What! would he have been a plodder? a metaphysician?—perhaps a rhymer? a scribbler? Such an exchange must have been suggested by illness. But he is gone, and Time "shall not look "upon his like again." [1]

I am tremendously in arrear with my letters,—except to * *, and to her my thoughts overpower me:—my words never compass them. To Lady Melbourne I write with most pleasure—and her answers, so sensible, so *tactique*—I never met with half her talent. If she had been a few years younger, what a fool she would have made of me, had she thought it worth her while,—and I should have lost a valuable and most agreeable *friend*. Mem. a mistress never is nor can be a friend. While you agree, you are lovers; and, when it is over, any thing but friends.

I have not answered W. Scott's last letter,—but I will. I regret to hear from others, that he has lately been unfortunate in pecuniary involvements. He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the

1. "He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."
Hamlet, act i. sc. 2.

living list (I value him more as the last of the *best* school) —Moore and Campbell both *third*—Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge—the rest, οἱ πολλοι—thus :—



There is a triangular *Gradus ad Parnassum!*—the names are too numerous for the base of the triangle. Poor Thurlow has gone wild about the poetry of Queen Bess's reign—*c'est dommage.* I have ranked the names upon my triangle more upon what I believe popular opinion, than any decided opinion of my own. For, to me, some of Moore's last *Erin* sparks—"As a beam o'er "the face of the waters"—"When he who adores thee" —"Oh blame not"—and "Oh breathe not his name" —are worth all the Epics that ever were composed.

Rogers thinks the *Quarterly* will attack me next. Let them. I have been "peppered so highly" in my time, *both* ways, that it must be cayenne or aloes to make

me taste. I can sincerely say, that I am not very much alive *now* to criticism. But—in tracing this—I rather believe that it proceeds from my not attaching that importance to authorship which many do, and which, when young, I did also. "One gets tired of every thing, "my angel," says Valmont.[1] The "angels" are the only things of which I am not a little sick—but I do think the preference of *writers* to *agents*—the mighty stir made about scribbling and scribes, by themselves and others—a sign of effeminacy, degeneracy, and weakness. Who would write, who had any thing better to do? "Action "—action—action"—said Demosthenes: "Action*s*—"action*s*," I say, and not writing,—least of all, rhyme. Look at the querulous and monotonous lives of the "genus;"—except Cervantes, Tasso, Dante, Ariosto, Kleist (who were brave and active citizens), Æschylus, Sophocles, and some other of the antiques also—what a worthless, idle brood it is!

12, Mezza Notte.

Just returned from dinner with Jackson (the Emperor of Pugilism) and another of the select, at Crib's, the champion's. I drank more than I like, and have brought away some three bottles of very fair claret—for I have no headach. We had Tom Crib up after dinner;—very facetious, though somewhat prolix. He don't like his situation—wants to fight again—pray Pollux (or Castor, if he was the *miller*) he may! Tom has been a sailor—a coal-heaver—and some other genteel profession, before he took to the cestus. Tom has been in action at

1. The allusion probably is to *The Foundling of the Forest* (1809), by William Dimond the Younger. But no passage exactly corresponds to the quotation.

sea, and is now only three-and-thirty. A great man! has a wife and a mistress, and conversations well—bating some sad omissions and misapplications of the aspirate. Tom is an old friend of mine; I have seen some of his best battles in my nonage. He is now a publican, and, I fear, a sinner;—for Mrs. Crib is on alimony, and Tom's daughter lives with the champion. *This* Tom told me,—Tom, having an opinion of my morals, passed her off as a legal spouse. Talking of her, he said, "she was the "truest of women"—from which I immediately inferred she could *not* be his wife, and so it turned out.

These panegyrics don't belong to matrimony;—for, if "true," a man don't think it necessary to say so; and if not, the less he says the better. Crib is the only man except * * * *, I ever heard harangue upon his wife's virtue; and I listened to both with great credence and patience, and stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth, when I found yawning irresistible—By the by, I am yawning now—so, good night to thee.—Νωαίρων.[1]

Thursday, November 26.

Awoke a little feverish, but no headach—no dreams neither, thanks to stupor! Two letters; one from * * * *, the other from Lady Melbourne—both excellent in their respective styles. * * * *'s contained also a very pretty lyric on "concealed griefs;" if not her own, yet very like her. Why did she not say that the stanzas were, or were not, of her own composition? I do not know whether to wish them *hers* or not. I have no great esteem for poetical persons, particularly women; they

1. It is doubtful whether this is not a mistake for Νπαίρων, a variant of Μπαίρων, which is the correct transliteration into modern Greek of *Byron*, but the MS. is destroyed.

have so much of the "ideal" in *practics*, as well as *ethics*.

I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, "Oh, Byron, "I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Aber- "cromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married "to a Mr. Co°." And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject—to *me*—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's *faux pas* at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the merest children. I had and have been attached fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plain-stanes at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way.

How the deuce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl were

so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder-stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the *recollection* (*not* the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it or me? or remember pitying her sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see *her now;* the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months. . . .

I think my mother told the circumstances (on my hearing of her marriage) to the Parkynses, and certainly to the Pigot family, and probably mentioned it in her answer to Miss A., who was well acquainted with my childish *penchant*, and had sent the news on purpose for *me*,—and thanks to her!

Next to the beginning, the conclusion has often occupied my reflections, in the way of investigation. That the facts are thus, others know as well as I, and my memory yet tells me so, in more than a whisper. But, the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered to assign any cause for this precocity of affection.

Lord Holland invited me to dinner to-day; but three days' dining would destroy me. So, without eating at all since yesterday, I went to my box at Covent Garden.

Saw * * * * looking very pretty, though quite a different style of beauty from the other two. She has the finest eyes in the world, out of which she pretends *not* to see, and the longest eyelashes I ever saw, since Leila's and Phannio's Moslem curtains of the light. She has much beauty,—just enough,—but is, I think, *méchante.*

I have been pondering on the miseries of separation, that—oh how seldom we see those we love! yet we live ages in moments, *when met.* The only thing that consoles me during absence is the reflection that no mental or personal estrangement, from ennui or disagreement, can take place; and when people meet hereafter, even though many changes may have taken place in the mean time, still, unless they are *tired* of each other, they are ready to reunite, and do not blame each other for the circumstances that severed them.

Saturday 27—(I believe or rather am in *doubt*, which is the *ne plus ultra* of mortal faith.)

I have missed a day; and, as the Irishman said, or Joe Miller says for him, "have gained a loss," or *by* the loss. Every thing is settled for Holland, and nothing but a cough, or a caprice of my fellow-traveller's, can stop us. Carriage ordered, funds prepared, and, probably, a gale of wind into the bargain. *N'importe*—I believe, with Clym o' the Clow, or Robin Hood, "By our "Mary, (dear name!) thou art both Mother and May, I "think it never was a man's lot to die before his day."[1] Heigh for Helvoetsluys, and so forth!

1. "Ah, deere ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
That art both Mother and May,
I think it was never man's destinye
To die before his day."
Ballad of Robin Hood.

To-night I went with young Henry Fox to see *Nourjahad*, a drama, which the *Morning Post* hath laid to my charge, but of which I cannot even guess the author. I wonder what they will next inflict upon me. They cannot well sink below a melodrama; but that is better than a satire, (at least, a personal one,) with which I stand truly arraigned, and in atonement of which I am resolved to bear silently all criticisms, abuses, and even praises, for bad pantomimes never composed by me, without even a contradictory aspect. I suppose the root of this report is my loan to the manager of my Turkish drawings for his dresses, to which he was more welcome than to my name. I suppose the real author will soon own it, as it has succeeded; if not, Job be my model, and Lethe my beverage!

* * * * has received the portrait safe; and, in answer, the only remark she makes upon it is, "indeed it is like"—and again, "indeed it is like." With her the likeness "covered a multitude of sins;" for I happen to know that this portrait was not a flatterer, but dark and stern,—even black as the mood in which my mind was scorching last July, when I sat for it. All the others of me, like most portraits whatsoever, are, of course, more agreeable than nature.

Redde the *Edinburgh Review* of Rogers. He is ranked highly; but where he should be. There is a summary view of us all—*Moore* and *me* among the rest;[1]

1. The following is the passage to which Byron alludes:—
"Greece, the mother of freedom and of poetry in the West, which "had long employed only the antiquary, the artist, and the philologist, "was at length destined, after an interval of many silent and inglorious "ages, to awaken the genius of a poet. Full of enthusiasm for those "perfect forms of heroism and liberty which his imagination had "placed in the recesses of antiquity, he gave vent to his impatience "of the imperfections of living men and real institutions, in an "original strain of sublime satire, which clothes moral anger in

and both (the *first* justly) praised—though, by implication (justly again) placed beneath our memorable friend. Mackintosh is the writer, and also of the critique on the Stael.[1] His grand essay on Burke, I hear, is for the next number. But I know nothing of the *Edinburgh*, or of any other *Review*, but from rumour; and I have long ceased; indeed, I could not, in justice, complain of any, even though I were to rate poetry, in general, and my rhymes in particular, more highly than I really do. To withdraw *myself* from *myself* (oh that cursed selfishness!) has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all; and publishing is also the continuance of the same object, by the action it affords to the mind, which else recoils upon itself. If I valued fame, I should flatter received opinions, which have gathered strength by time, and will yet wear longer than any living works to the contrary. But, for the soul of me, I cannot and will not give the lie to my own thoughts and doubts, come what may. If I am a fool, it is, at least, a doubting one; and I envy no one the certainty of his self-approved wisdom.

All are inclined to believe what they covet, from a lottery-ticket up to a passport to Paradise,—in which, from the description, I see nothing very tempting. My restlessness tells me I have something "within that "passeth show."[2] It is for Him, who made it, to prolong

"imagery of an almost horrible grandeur; and which, though it "cannot coincide with the estimate of reason, yet could only flow "from that worship of perfection which is the soul of all true "poetry."—*Edin. Rev.*, vol. xxii. p. 37.

1. "In the last *Edinburgh Review* you will find two articles "of mine, one on Rogers, and the other on Madame de Staël: "they are both, especially the first, thought too panegyrical. I like "the praises which I have bestowed on Lord Byron and Thomas "Moore. I am convinced of the justness of the praises given to "Madame de Staël."—*Mackintosh's Life*, vol. ii. p. 271.

2. "I have that within which passeth show."
Hamlet, act i. sc. 2.

that spark of celestial fire which illuminates, yet burns, this frail tenement; but I see no such horror in a "dreamless sleep," and I have no conception of any existence which duration would not render tiresome. How else "fell the angels," even according to your creed? They were immortal, heavenly, and happy, as their *apostate Abdiel*[1] is now by his treachery. Time must decide; and eternity won't be the less agreeable or more horrible because one did not expect it. In the mean time, I am grateful for some good, and tolerably patient under certain evils—*grace à Dieu et mon bon tempérament.*

Tuesday, 30th.

Two days missed in my log-book;—*hiatus* haud *deflendus*. They were as little worth recollection as the rest; and, luckily, laziness or society prevented me from *notching* them.

Sunday, I dined with the Lord Holland in St. James's Square. Large party—among them Sir S. Romilly[2] and Lady R^y.—General Sir Somebody Bentham,[3]

1. "... the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless."
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 896.

2. Sir Samuel Romilly (1757–1818), Solicitor-General (1806–7), distinguished himself in Parliament by his consistent advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, the abolition of the slave-trade, Parliamentary reform, and the mitigation of the harshness of the criminal law. Writing of Romilly's *Observations on the Criminal Law of England* (1810), Sir James Mackintosh says, "It does the very "highest honour to his moral character, which, I think, stands "higher than that of any other conspicuous Englishman now alive. "Probity, independence, humanity, and liberality breathe through "every word; considered merely as a composition, accuracy, per-"spicuity, discretion, and good taste are its chief merits; great "originality and comprehension of thought, or remarkable vigour of "expression, it does not possess." The death of his wife, October 29, 1818, so affected Romilly's mind that he committed suicide four

a man of science and talent, I am told—Horner[4]—*the* Horner, an Edinburgh Reviewer, an excellent speaker in the "Honourable House," very pleasing, too, and gentlemanly in company, as far as I have seen—Sharpe—Philips of Lancashire[5]—Lord John Russell, and others, "good men and true." Holland's society is very good; you always see some one or other in it worth knowing. Stuffed myself with sturgeon, and exceeded in champagne and wine in general, but not to confusion of head. When I *do* dine, I gorge like an Arab or a Boa snake, on fish and vegetables, but no meat. I am always better, however, on my tea and biscuit than any other regimen, and even *that* sparingly.

Why does Lady H. always have that damned screen

days later. "Romilly," said Lord Lansdowne to Moore (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 211), "was a stern, reserved sort of man, and she "was the only person in the world to whom he wholly unbent and "unbosomed himself; when he lost her, therefore, the very vent of "his heart was stopped up."

3. Sir Samuel Bentham (1757–1831), naval architect and engineer, like his brother Jeremy, was a strong reformer. He was a Knight of the Russian Order of St. George, and, like Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, who was a Knight of the Swedish Order of St. Joachim before he was created a baronet (1814), assumed the title in England.

4. Francis Horner (1778–1817), called to the Scottish Bar in 1800, and to the English Bar in 1807, was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and acted as second to Jeffrey in his duel with Moore. In the House of Commons (M.P. for St. Ives, 1806–7; Wendover, 1807–12; St. Mawes, 1812–17) he was one of the most impressive speakers of the day, especially on financial questions. When Lord Morpeth moved (March 3, 1817) for a new writ for the borough of St. Mawes, striking tributes were paid to his character from both sides of the House (*Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner*, vol. ii. pp. 416–426), and further proof was given of public esteem by the statue erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. The speeches delivered in the Lower House on March 3, 1817, were translated by Ugo Foscolo, and published with a dedication *al nobile giovinetto, Enrico Fox, figlio di Lord Holland.*

5. George Philips, only son of Thomas Philips of Sedgley, Lancashire (born March 24, 1766), was created a baronet in February, 1828. He sat for South Warwickshire in the first reformed House of Commons.

between the whole room and the fire? I, who bear cold no better than an antelope, and never yet found a sun quite *done* to my taste, was absolutely petrified, and could not even shiver. All the rest, too, looked as if they were just unpacked, like salmon from an ice-basket, and set down to table for that day only. When she retired, I watched their looks as I dismissed the screen, and every cheek thawed, and every nose reddened with the anticipated glow.

Saturday, I went with Harry Fox to *Nourjahad;* and, I believe, convinced him, by incessant yawning, that it was not mine. I wish the precious author would own it, and release me from his fame. The dresses are pretty, but not in costume;—Mrs. Horn's, all but the turban, and the want of a small dagger (if she is a sultana), *perfect.* I never saw a Turkish woman with a turban in my life—nor did any one else. The sultanas have a small poniard at the waist. The dialogue is drowsy—the action heavy—the scenery fine—the actors tolerable. I can't say much for their seraglio—Teresa, Phannio, or * * * *, were worth them all.

Sunday, a very handsome note from Mackintosh, who is a rare instance of the union of very transcendent talent and great good nature. To-day (Tuesday) a very pretty billet from M. la Baronne de Stael Holstein.[1] She is

1. In a note to *The Bride of Abydos* (Canto I. stanza vi.), Byron had written, "For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first "female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the "immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between 'painting "and music,' see vol. iii. cap. 10, *De l'Allemagne.*" The passage is as follows (Part III. chap. x.): "Sans cesse nous comparons la "peinture à la musique, et la musique à la peinture, parceque les "émotions que nous éprouvons nous révèlent des analogies où l'ob- "servation froide ne verroit que des différences," etc., etc.

The following is Madame de Staël's "very pretty billet:"—

"Argyll St., No. 31.

Je ne saurais vous exprimer, my lord, à quel point je me

pleased to be much pleased with my mention of her and her last work in my notes. I spoke as I thought. Her works are my delight, and so is she herself, for—half an hour. I don't like her politics—at least, her *having changed* them; had she been *qualis ab incepto*, it were nothing. But she is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually;—she ought to have been a man. She *flatters* me very prettily in her note;—but I *know* it. The reason that adulation is not displeasing is, that, though untrue, it shows one to be of consequence enough, in one way or other, to induce people to lie, to make us their friend:—that is their concern.

* * is, I hear, thriving on the repute of a *pun* which was *mine* (at Mackintosh's dinner some time back), on Ward, who was asking, "how much it would take to "*re-whig* him?" I answered that, probably, "he must "first, before he was *re-whigged*, be re-*warded*."[1] This

"trouve honorée d'être dans une note de votre poëme, et de quel "poëme! il me semble que pour la première fois je me crois certaine "d'un nom d'avenir et que vous avez disposé pour moi de cet empire "de reputation qui vous sera tous les jours plus soumis. Je voudrais "vous parler de ce poëme que tout le monde admire, mais j'avouerai "que je suis trop suspecte en le louant, et je ne cache pas qu' une "louage de vous m'a fait épreuver un sentiment de fierté et de "réconaissance qui me rendrait incapable de vous juger; mais "heureusement vous êtes au dessus du jugement.

"Donnez moi quelquefois le plaisir de vous voir; il-y-a un "proverbe français qui dit qu'un bonheur ne va jamais sans d'autre.

"De Staël."

1. "Byron," writes Sir Walter Scott, in a hitherto unpublished note, "occasionally said what are called good things, but never "studied for them. They came naturally and easily, and mixed "with the comic or serious, as it happened. A professed wit is of "all earthly companions the most intolerable. He is like a school-"boy with his pockets stuffed with crackers.

"No first-rate author was ever what is understood by a *great* "*conversational wit*. Swift's wit in common society was either the "strong sense of a wonderful man unconsciously exerting his powers, "or that of the same being wilfully unbending, wilfully, in fact,

foolish quibble, before the Stael and Mackintosh, and a number of conversationers, has been mouthed about, and at last settled on the head of * *, where long may it remain!

George[1] is returned from afloat to get a new ship. He looks thin, but better than I expected. I like George much more than most people like their heirs. He is a fine fellow, and every inch a sailor. I would do any thing, *but apostatise*, to get him on in his profession.

Lewis called. It is a good and good-humoured man, but pestilently prolix and paradoxical and *personal*.[2] If he would but talk half, and reduce his visits to an hour, he would add to his popularity. As an author he is very

"degrading himself. Who ever heard of any fame for conversational "wit lingering over the memory of a Shakespeare, a Milton, even "of a Dryden or a Pope?

"Johnson is, perhaps, a solitary exception. More shame to him. "He was the most indolent great man that ever lived, and threw "away in his talk more than he ever took pains to embalm in his "writings.

"It is true that Boswell has in great measure counteracted all "this. But here is no defence. Few great men can expect to have "a Boswell, and none *ought* to wish to have one, far less to trust "to having one. A man should not keep fine clothes locked up in "his chest only that his valet may occasionally show off in them; "no, nor yet strut about in them in his chamber, only that his valet "may puff him and his finery abroad.

"What might not he have done, who wrote *Rasselas* in the even- "ings of eight days to get money enough for his mother's funeral "expenses? As it is, what has Johnson done? Is it nothing to be "the first intellect of *an age?* and who seriously talks even of Burke "as having been more than a clever boy in the presence of old "Samuel?"

1. George Anson Byron, R.N., afterwards Lord Byron.

2. Scott has this additional note on Lewis: "Nothing was more "tiresome than Lewis when he began to harp upon any extravagant "proposition. He would tinker at it for hours without mercy, and "repeat the same thing in four hundred different ways. If you assented "in despair, he resumed his reasoning in triumph, and you had only "for your pains the disgrace of giving in. If you disputed, day- "light and candle-light could not bring the discussion to an end, "and Mat's arguments were always *ditto repeated.*"

good, and his vanity is *ouverte*, like Erskine's, and yet not offending.

Yesterday, a very pretty letter from Annabella,[1] which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be, in her own right—an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician, and yet, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages.

Wednesday, December 1, 1813.

To-day responded to La Baronne de Stael Holstein, and sent to Leigh Hunt (an acquisition to my acquaintance—through Moore—of last summer) a copy of the two Turkish tales. Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden times—much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive, aspect. If he goes on *qualis ab incepto*, I know few men who will deserve more praise or obtain it. I must go and see him again;—the rapid succession of adventure, since last summer, added to some serious uneasiness and business, have interrupted our acquaintance; but he is a man worth knowing; and though, for his own sake, I wish him out of prison, I like to study character in such situations. He has been unshaken, and will

1. Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.

continue so. I don't think him deeply versed in life;—he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), and enamoured of the beauty of that "empty name," as the last breath of Brutus pronounced,[1] and every day proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opinionated, as all men who are the *centre* of *circles*, wide or narrow—the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three are gathered together — must be, and as even Johnson was; but, withal, a valuable man, and less vain than success and even the consciousness of preferring "the right to the expedient" might excuse.

To-morrow there is a party of *purple* at the "blue" Miss Berry's. Shall I go? um!—I don't much affect your blue-bottles;—but one ought to be civil. There will be, "I guess now" (as the Americans say), the Staels and Mackintoshes—good—the * * *s and * * *s —not so good—the * * *s, etc., etc.—good for nothing. Perhaps that blue-winged Kashmirian butterfly of book-learning,[2] Lady Charlemont, will be there. I hope so; it is a pleasure to look upon that most beautiful of faces.

Wrote to H.:—he has been telling that I——[3] I am sure, at least, *I* did not mention it, and I wish he had not. He is a good fellow, and I obliged myself ten

1. "*Strato.* For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
. . . . .
"*Octavius.* According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial."
Julius Cæsar, act v. sc. 5.

2. In *The Giaour* (lines 388–392) occurs the following passage:—

"As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of Eastern spring
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near," etc.

To line 389 is appended this note: "The blue-winged butterfly "of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species."

3. See letter to Francis Hodgson, p. 294.

times more by being of use than I did him,—and there's an end on't.

Baldwin[1] is boring me to present their King's Bench petition. I presented Cartwright's last year; and Stanhope and I stood against the whole House, and mouthed it valiantly—and had some fun and a little abuse for our opposition. But "I am not i' th' vein"[2] for this business. Now, had * * been here, she would have *made* me do it. *There* is a woman, who, amid all her fascination, always urged a man to usefulness or glory. Had she remained, she had been my tutelar genius.

Baldwin is very importunate—but, poor fellow, "I "can't get out, I can't get out—said the starling."[3] Ah, I am as bad as that dog Sterne, who preferred whining over "a dead ass to relieving a living mother"[4]—villain —hypocrite—slave—sycophant! but *I* am no better. Here I cannot stimulate myself to a speech for the sake of these unfortunates, and three words and half a smile of * * had she been here to urge it (and urge it she infallibly would—at least she always pressed me on senatorial duties, and particularly in the cause of weakness) would have made me an advocate, if not an orator. Curse on Rochefoucault for being always right! In him a lie were virtue,—or, at least, a comfort to his readers.

George Byron has not called to-day; I hope he will be an admiral, and, perhaps, Lord Byron into the bargain.

1. The letters which W. J. Baldwin, a debtor in the King's Bench prison, wrote to Byron are preserved. Byron seems to have refused to present the petition from diffidence, but he interested himself in the subject, and probably induced Lord Holland to take up the question. (See p. 318, *note* 2.) In the list of abuses enumerated by Baldwin is mentioned a "strong room," in which prisoners were confined, without fires or glass to the windows, in the depth of winter.

2. *Richard III.*, act iv. sc. 2.

3. *Sentimental Journey* (ed. 1819), vol. ii. p. 379.

4. *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 337.

If he would but marry, I would engage never to marry myself, or cut him out of the heirship. He would be happier, and I should like nephews better than sons.

I shall soon be six-and-twenty (January 22d, 1814). Is there any thing in the future that can possibly console us for not being always *twenty-five?*

"Oh Gioventu!
Oh Primavera! gioventu dell' anno.
Oh Gioventu! primavera della vita."

Sunday, December 5.

Dallas's nephew (son to the American Attorney-general) is arrived in this country, and tells Dallas that my rhymes are very popular in the United States. These are the first tidings that have ever sounded like *Fame* to my ears—to be redde on the banks of the Ohio! The greatest pleasure I ever derived, of this kind, was from an extract, in Cooke the actor's life, from his journal,[1] stating that in the reading-room at Albany, near Washington, he perused *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers.* To be popular in a rising and far country has a kind of *posthumous feel*, very different from the ephemeral *éclat* and fête-ing, buzzing and party-ing compliments of the well-dressed multitude. I can safely say that, during my *reign* in the spring of 1812, I regretted nothing but its duration of six weeks instead of a fortnight, and was heartily glad to resign.

Last night I supped with Lewis; and, as usual, though I neither exceeded in solids nor fluids, have been half

1. In Dunlap's *Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke* (vol. ii. p. 313), the following passage is quoted from the actor's journal: "Read "*English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, by Lord Byron. It is well "written. His Lordship is rather severe, perhaps justly so, on "Walter Scott, and most assuredly justly severe upon Monk Lewis."

dead ever since. My stomach is entirely destroyed by long abstinence, and the rest will probably follow. Let it—I only wish the *pain* over. The "leap in the dark" is the least to be dreaded.

The Duke of * * called. I have told them forty times that, except to half-a-dozen old and specified acquaintances, I am invisible. His Grace is a good, noble, ducal person; but I am content to think so at a distance, and so—I was not at home.

Galt called.—Mem.—to ask some one to speak to Raymond in favour of his play. We are old fellow-travellers, and, with all his eccentricities, he has much strong sense, experience of the world, and is, as far as I have seen, a good-natured philosophical fellow. I showed him Sligo's letter on the reports of the Turkish girl's *aventure* at Athens soon after it happened. He and Lord Holland, Lewis, and Moore, and Rogers, and Lady Melbourne have seen it. Murray has a copy. I thought it had been *unknown*, and wish it were; but Sligo arrived only some days after, and the *rumours* are the subject of his letter. That I shall preserve,—*it is as well.* Lewis and Galt were both *horrified;* and L. wondered I did not introduce the situation into *The Giaour*. He *may* wonder;—he might wonder more at that production's being written at all. But to describe the *feelings* of *that situation* were impossible—it is *icy* even to recollect them.

The *Bride of Abydos* was published on Thursday the second of December; but how it is liked or disliked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most partial reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections—and recalled me to a country replete with the

brightest and *darkest*, but always most *lively* colours of my memory. Sharpe called, but was not let in, which I regret.

Saw [Rogers] yesterday. I have not kept my appointment at Middleton, which has not pleased him, perhaps; and my projected voyage with [Ward] will, perhaps, please him less. But I wish to keep well with both. They are instruments that don't do in concert; but, surely, their separate tones are very musical, and I won't give up either.

It is well if I don't jar between these great discords. At present I stand tolerably well with all, but I cannot adopt their *dislikes*;—so many *sets*. Holland's is the first;—every thing *distingué* is welcome there, and certainly the *ton* of his society is the best. Then there is Madame de Stael's—there I never go, though I might, had I courted it. It is composed of the * *s and the * * family, with a strange sprinkling,—orators, dandies, and all kinds of *Blue*, from the regular Grub Street uniform, down to the azure jacket of the *Littérateur*.[1] To see * *

1. In Byron's *Detached Thoughts* (1821) occurs this passage:—
"In general I do not draw well with literary men. Not that I "dislike them, but I never know what to say to them after I have "praised their last publication. There are several exceptions, to be "sure; but then they have always been men of the world, such as "Scott and Moore, etc., or visionaries out of it, such as Shelley, "etc. But your literary every-day man and I never went well in "company, especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide,— "except Giordani, and—and—and (I really can't name any other); "I do not remember a man amongst them whom I ever wished to "see twice, except, perhaps, Mezzophanti, who is a Monster of "Languages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking Polyglott, "and more—who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of "Babel as universal Interpreter. He is, indeed, a Marvel,—un- "assuming also. I tried him in all the tongues of which I have a "single oath (or adjuration to the Gods against Postboys, Savages, "Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, Gondoliers, Muleteers, Camel- "drivers, Vetturini, Postmasters, post-horses, post-houses, post- "everything) and Egad! he astounded me even to my English."
On this passage Sir Walter Scott makes the following note: "I

and * * sitting together, at dinner, always reminds me of the grave, where all distinctions of friend and foe are levelled; and they—the Reviewer and the Reviewée—the Rhinoceros and Elephant—the Mammoth and Megalonyx—all will lie quietly together. They now *sit* together, as silent, but not so quiet, as if they were already immured.

I did not go to the Berrys' the other night. The elder is a woman of much talent, and both are handsome, and must have been beautiful. To-night asked to Lord H.'s—shall I go? um!—perhaps.

Morning, two o'clock.

Went to Lord H.'s—party numerous—*mi*lady in perfect good humour, and consequently *perfect*. No one more agreeable, or perhaps so much so, when she will. Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Stael—asked particularly, I believe, out of mischief to see the first interview after the *note*, with which Corinne professes herself to be so much taken. I don't much like it; she

"suspect Lord Byron of some self-deceit as to this matter. It "appears that he liked extremely the only *first-rate* men of letters "into whose society he happened to be thrown in England. They "happened to be men of the world, it is true; but how few men of "very great eminence in literature, how few intellectually Lord B.'s "peers, have *not* been men of the world? Does any one doubt that "the topics he had most pleasure in discussing with Scott or Moore "were literary ones, or had at least some relation to literature?

"As for the foreign *literati*, pray what *literati* anything like his "own rank did he encounter abroad? I have no doubt he would "have been as much at home with an Alfieri, a Schiller, or a Goethe, "or a Voltaire, as he was with Scott or Moore, and yet two of these "were very little of men of the world in the sense in which he uses "that phrase.

"As to 'every-day men of letters,' pray who does like their com-"pany? Would a clever man like a prosing 'captain, or colonel, or "knight-in-arms' the *better* for happening to be himself the Duke of "Wellington?"

always talks of *my*self or *her*self, and I am not (except in soliloquy, as now,) much enamoured of either subject—especially one's works. What the devil shall I say about *De l'Allemagne?* I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe me; and I know, by experience, I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, etc., etc. The lover, Mr. * * [Rocca], was there to-night, and C * * said "it was the only proof *he* had seen of her "good taste." Monsieur L'Amant is remarkably handsome; but *I* don't think more so than her book.

C * * [Campbell] looks well,—seems pleased, and dressed to *sprucery*. A blue coat becomes him,—so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding-garment, and was witty and lively. He abused Corinne's book, which I regret; because, firstly, he understands German, and is consequently a fair judge; and, secondly, he is *first-rate*, and, consequently, the best of judges. I reverence and admire him; but I won't give up my opinion—why should I? I read *her* again and again, and there can be no affectation in this. I cannot be mistaken (except in taste) in a book I read and lay down, and take up again; and no book can be totally bad which finds *one*, even *one* reader, who can say as much sincerely.

Campbell talks of lecturing next spring; his last lectures were eminently successful. Moore thought of it, but gave it up,—I don't know why. * * had been prating *dignity* to him, and such stuff; as if a man disgraced himself by instructing and pleasing at the same time.

Introduced to Marquis Buckingham—saw Lord Gower[1]—he is going to Holland; Sir J. and Lady

1. George Granville Leveson Gower (1786–1861) succeeded his father in 1833 as second Duke of Sutherland.

Mackintosh and Horner, G. Lamb,[1] with I know not how many (Richard Wellesley, one—a clever man), grouped about the room. Little Henry Fox, a very fine boy, and very promising in mind and manner,—he went away to bed, before I had time to talk to him. I am sure I had rather hear him than all the *savans*.

Monday, Dec. 6.

Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing was called the *Bride* of Abydos? It is a cursed awkward question, being unanswerable. *She* is not a *bride*, only about to be one; but for, etc., etc., etc.

I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull;* but the detection * * * is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to make it, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman.

Campbell last night seemed a little nettled at something or other—I know not what. We were standing in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition similar to that which is used in Catholic churches, and, seeing us, he exclaimed, "Here is some *incense* for you." Campbell answered—"Carry it to Lord Byron, *he is used to it*."

Now, this comes of "bearing no brother near the "throne."[2] I, who have no throne, nor wish to have one

1. George Lamb (1784–1834), the fourth son of the first Lord Melbourne, married, in 1809, Caroline Rosalie St. Jules. As one of the early contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, he was attacked by Byron in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 57 and 516 (see *Poems*, ed. 1898, vol. i. p. 301, *note* 1). A clever amateur actor, his comic opera *Whistle for It* was produced at Covent Garden, April 10, 1807, and he was afterwards on the Drury Lane Committee of Management. His translation of the *Poems of Catullus* was published in 1821. In 1819, as the representative of the official Whigs, he was elected for Westminster against Hobhouse; but was defeated at the next election (1820).

2. Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 197.

now, whatever I may have done, am at perfect peace with all the poetical fraternity; or, at least, if I dislike any, it is not *poetically*, but *personally*. Surely the field of thought is infinite; what does it signify who is before or behind in a race where there is no *goal?* The temple of fame is like that of the Persians, the universe; our altar, the tops of mountains. I should be equally content with Mount Caucasus, or Mount Anything; and those who like it, may have Mount Blanc or Chimborazo, without my envy of their elevation.

I think I may *now* speak thus; for I have just published a poem, and am quite ignorant whether it is *likely* to be *liked* or not. I have hitherto heard little in its commendation, and no one can *downright* abuse it to one's face, except in print. It can't be good, or I should not have stumbled over the threshold, and blundered in my very title. But I began it with my heart full of * * *, and my head of oriental*ities* (I can't call them *isms*), and wrote on rapidly.

This journal is a relief. When I am tired—as I generally am—out comes this, and down goes every thing. But I can't read it over; and God knows what contradictions it may contain. If I am sincere with myself (but I fear one lies more to one's self than to any one else), every page should confute, refute, and utterly abjure its predecessor.

Another scribble from Martin Baldwin the petitioner; I have neither head nor nerves to present it. That confounded supper at Lewis's has spoiled my digestion and my philanthropy. I have no more charity than a cruet of vinegar. Would I were an ostrich, and dieted on fire-irons, —or any thing that my gizzard could get the better of.

To-day saw Ward. His uncle [1] is dying, and W.

1. William Bosville (1745–1813), called colonel, but really only

don't much affect our Dutch determinations. I dine with him on Thursday, provided *l'oncle* is not dined upon, or peremptorily bespoke by the posthumous epicures before that day. I wish he may recover—not for *our* dinner's sake, but to disappoint the undertaker, and the rascally reptiles that may well wait, since they *will* dine at last.

Gell called—he of Troy—after I was out. Mem.—to return his visit. But my Mems. are the very landmarks of forgetfulness;—something like a light-house, with a ship wrecked under the nose of its lantern. I never look at a Mem. without seeing that I have remembered to forget. Mem.—I have forgotten to pay Pitt's taxes, and suppose I shall be surcharged. "An I do "not turn rebel when thou art king"—oons! I believe my very biscuit is leavened with that impostor's imposts.

Lady Melbourne returns from Jersey's to-morrow;—I must call. A Mr. Thomson has sent a song, which I must applaud. I hate annoying them with censure or silence;—and yet I hate *lettering*.

Saw Lord Glenbervie [1] and his Prospectus, at Murray's,

lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, was a noted *bon vivant*, whose maxim for life was "Better never than late." He was famous for his hospitality in Welbeck Street. A friend of Horne Tooke, he dined with him at Wimbledon every Sunday in the spring and autumn. See *Diversions of Purley*, ed. 1805, ii. 490: "Your friend "Bosville and I have entered into a strict engagement to belong "for ever to the established government, to the Established Church, "and to the established language of our country, because they are "established."

1. Sylvester Douglas (1743–1823), created in 1800 Baron Glenbervie, married, in September, 1789, Catherine, eldest daughter of Lord North, afterwards Earl of Guildford. He was educated at Leyden for the medical profession, a circumstance to which Sheridan alludes in the lines—

"Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
What's good for the scurvy?
For ne'er be your old trade forgot."

Gibbon writes of him, October 4, 1788 (*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 180),

of a new Treatise on Timber. Now here is a man more useful than all the historians and rhymers ever planted. For, by preserving our woods and forests, he furnishes materials for all the history of Britain worth reading, and all the odes worth nothing.

Redde a good deal, but desultorily. My head is crammed with the most useless lumber. It is odd that when I do read, I can only bear the chicken broth of—*any thing* but Novels. It is many a year since I looked into one, (though they are sometimes ordered, by way of experiment, but never taken,) till I looked yesterday at the worst parts of the *Monk*. These descriptions ought to have been written by Tiberius at Caprea—they are forced—the *philtered* ideas of a jaded voluptuary. It is to me inconceivable how they could have been composed by a man of only twenty—his age when he wrote them. They have no nature—all the sour cream of cantharides. I should have suspected Buffon of writing them on the death-bed of his detestable dotage. I had never redde this edition, and merely looked at them from curiosity and recollection of the noise they made, and the name they had left to Lewis. But they could do no harm, except * * * *.

Called this evening on my agent—my business as usual. Our strange adventures are the only inheritances of our family that have not diminished.

I shall now smoke two cigars, and get me to bed. The cigars don't keep well here. They get as old as a

"He has been curious, attentive, agreeable; and in every place "where he has resided some days, he has left acquaintance who "esteem and regret him; I never knew so clear and general an "impression."

Glenbervie was Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests, 1803-1806, and again from 1807 to 1810. In that year he became First Commissioner of Land Revenue and Woods and Forests, and held the appointment till August, 1814.

donna di quaranti anni in the sun of Africa. The Havannah are the best;—but neither are so pleasant as a hooka or chiboque. The Turkish tobacco is mild, and their horses entire—two things as they should be. I am so far obliged to this Journal, that it preserves me from verse,—at least from keeping it. I have just thrown a poem into the fire (which it has relighted to my great comfort), and have smoked out of my head the plan of another. I wish I could as easily get rid of thinking, or, at least, the confusion of thought.

Tuesday, December 7.

Went to bed, and slept dreamlessly, but not refreshingly. Awoke, and up an hour before being called; but dawdled three hours in dressing. When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation),—sleep, eating, and swilling—buttoning and unbuttoning—how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a dormouse.

Redde the papers and *tea*-ed and soda-watered, and found out that the fire was badly lighted. Lord Glenbervie wants me to go to Brighton—um!

This morning, a very pretty billet from the Stael about meeting her at Ld. H.'s to-morrow. She has written, I dare say, twenty such this morning to different people, all equally flattering to each. So much the better for her and those who believe all she wishes them, or they wish to believe. She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to *The Bride*. This is to be accounted for in several ways,—firstly, all women like all, or any, praise; secondly, this was unexpected, because I have never courted her; and, thirdly, as Scrub[1] says, those who have been all their

1. The reference is only to the form of the sentence. "Scrub,"

lives regularly praised, by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and, fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and, perhaps, the only one.

A knock—knocks single and double. Bland called. He says Dutch society (he has been in Holland) is second-hand French; but the women are like women every where else. This is a bore: I should like to see them a little *un*like; but that can't be expected.

Went out—came home—this, that, and the other—and "all is vanity, saith the preacher," and so say I, as part of his congregation. Talking of vanity, whose praise do I prefer? Why, Mrs. Inchbald's,[1] and that of the

in *The Beaux' Stratagem* (act iv. sc. 2), says, "First, it must be a "plot, because there's a woman in 't; secondly, it must be a plot, "because there's a priest in 't; thirdly, it must be a plot, because "there's French gold in 't; and fourthly, it must be a plot, because "I don't know what to make on 't."

1. Elizabeth Simpson (1753–1821), daughter of a Suffolk farmer, married (1772) Joseph Inchbald, actor and portrait-painter. Actress, dramatist, and novelist, she was one of the most attractive women of the day. Winning in manner, quick in repartee, an admirable teller of stories, she always gathered all the men round her chair. "It "was vain," said Mrs. Shelley, "for any other woman to attempt "to gain attention." Miss Edgeworth wished to see her first among living celebrities; her charm fascinated Sheridan, and overcame the prejudice of Lamb; even Peter Pindar wrote verse in her praise. From the age of eighteen she was wooed on and off the stage, where her slight stammer hindered her complete success; but no breath of scandal tarnished her name. Had John Kemble, the hero of *A Simple Story*, proposed to her, she probably would have married him. Mrs. Butler records that her uncle John once asked the actress, when matrimony was the subject of green-room conversation, "Well, "Mrs. Inchbald, would you have had me?" "Dear heart," said the stammering beauty, turning her sunny face up at him, "I'd have "j-j-j-jumped at you." Mrs. Inchbald's *Simple Story* (1791) wears a more modern air than any previously written novel. Her dramatic experience stood her in good stead. "Dorriforth," the priest, educated, like Kemble, at Douay, impressed himself upon Macaulay's mind as the true type of the Roman Catholic peer. *Nature and Art* (1796) was written when Mrs. Inchbald was most under the influence of the French Revolution. Of two boys who come to London to

Americans. The first, because her *Simple Story* and *Nature and Art* are, to me, *true* to their *titles;* and, consequently, her short note to Rogers about *The Giaour* delighted me more than any thing, except the *Edinburgh Review.* I like the Americans, because *I* happened to be in *Asia*, while the *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* were redde in *America.* If I could have had a speech against the *Slave Trade in Africa*, and an epitaph on a dog in *Europe* (i.e. in the *Morning Post*), my *vertex sublimis*[1] would certainly have displaced stars enough to overthrow the Newtonian system.

Friday, December 10, 1813.

I am *ennuyé* beyond my usual tense of that yawning verb, which I am always conjugating; and I don't find that society much mends the matter. I am too lazy to shoot myself—and it would annoy Augusta, and perhaps * *; but it would be a good thing for George, on the other side, and no bad one for me; but I won't be tempted.

I have had the kindest letter from Moore. I *do* think that man is the best-hearted, the only *hearted* being I ever encountered; and, then, his talents are equal to his feelings.

Dined on Wednesday at Lord H.'s—the Staffords, Staels, Cowpers, Ossulstones, Melbournes, Mackintoshes, etc., etc.—and was introduced to the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford,[2]—an unexpected event. My quarrel

seek their fortunes, Nature makes one a musician, and Art raises the other into a dean. The trial and condemnation of "Agnes" perhaps suggested to Lytton the scene in *Paul Clifford*, where "Brandon" condemns his own son.

1. Horace, *Odes*, I. i. 36.

2. George Granville Leveson Gower (1758–1833) succeeded his father, in 1803, as second Marquis of Stafford. He married, in

with Lord Carlisle (their or his brother-in-law) having rendered it improper, I suppose, brought it about. But, if it was to happen at all, I wonder it did not occur before. She is handsome, and must have been beautiful —and her manners are *princessly*.

The Stael was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now very good friends; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I had really any *bonhommie*. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. "*c'est un "démon.*" True enough, but rather premature, for *she* could not have found it out, and so—she wants me to dine there next Sunday.

Murray prospers, as far as circulation. For my part, I adhere (in liking) to my Fragment. It is no wonder that I wrote one—my mind is a fragment.

Saw Lord Gower, Tierney,[1] etc., in the square. Took leave of Lord Gower, who is going to Holland and Germany. He tells me that he carries with him a parcel of *Harolds* and *Giaours*, etc., for the readers of Berlin, who, it seems, read English, and have taken a caprice for mine. Um!—have I been *German* all this time, when I thought myself *Oriental?*

Lent Tierney my box for to-morrow; and received a new comedy sent by Lady C. A.—but *not hers*. I must

1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and was created, in 1833, first Duke of Sutherland. Lord Carlisle had married, in 1770, Margaret Caroline, sister of the second Marquis of Stafford.

1. George Tierney (1761–1830) entered Parliament as Member for Colchester in 1789. In 1796 he was returned for Southwark. A useful speaker and political writer, he was Treasurer of the Navy in the Addington administration, and President of the Board of Control in that of "All the Talents." His drafting of the petition of the "Society of the Friends of the People," his duel with Pitt in 1798, and his leadership of the Opposition after 1817, are almost forgotten; but he is remembered as the "Friend of Humanity" in *The Needy Knife-Grinder*.

read it, and endeavour not to displease the author. I hate annoying them with cavil; but a comedy I take to be the most difficult of compositions, more so than tragedy.

Galt says there is a coincidence between the first part of *The Bride* and some story of his—whether published or not, I know not, never having seen it. He is almost the last person on whom any one would commit literary larceny, and I am not conscious of any *witting* thefts on any of the genus. As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous,—"there is nothing new under the sun."[1]

Went last night to the play. Invited out to a party, but did not go;—right. Refused to go to Lady * *'s on Monday;—right again. If I must fritter away my life, I would rather do it alone. I was much tempted;—C * * looked so Turkish with her red turban, and her regular, dark, and clear features. Not that *she* and *I* ever were, or could be, any thing; but I love any aspect that reminds me of the "children of the sun."

To dine to-day with Rogers and Sharpe, for which I have some appetite, not having tasted food for the preceding forty-eight hours. I wish I could leave off eating altogether.

Saturday, December 11.

Sunday, December 12.

By Galt's answer, I find it is some story in *real life*, and not any work with which my late composition coincides. It is still more singular, for mine is drawn from *existence* also.

1. *Eccles.* i. 9.

I have sent an excuse to Madame de Stael. I do not feel sociable enough for dinner to-day;—and I will not go to Sheridan's on Wednesday. Not that I do not admire and prefer his unequalled conversation; but—that "*but*" must only be intelligible to thoughts I cannot write. Sheridan was in good talk at Rogers's the other night, but I only stayed till *nine*. All the world are to be at the Stael's to-night, and I am not sorry to escape any part of it. I only go out to get me a fresh appetite for being alone. Went out—did not go to the Stael's but to Ld. Holland's. Party numerous—conversation general. Stayed late—made a blunder—got over it—came home and went to bed, not having eaten. Rather empty, but *fresco*, which is the great point with me.

Monday, December 13, 1813.

Called at three places—read, and got ready to leave town to-morrow. Murray has had a letter from his brother bibliopole of Edinburgh, who says, "he is lucky "in having such a *poet*"—something as if one was a pack-horse, or "ass, or any thing that is his;" or, like Mrs. Packwood,[1] who replied to some inquiry after the Odes

1. Mrs. Packwood is the wife of George Packwood, "the cele-"brated Razor Strop Maker and Author of *The Goldfinch's Nest*," whose shop was at 16, Gracechurch Street. *Packwood's Whim; The Goldfinch's Nest, or the Way to get Money and be Happy*, by George Packwood, was published in 1796, and reached a second edition in 1807. It is a collection of his advertisements in prose and verse. The poet, whom Packwood kept, apparently lived in Soho (p. 21), from his verses which appeared in the *True Briton* for November 9, 1795—

> "If you wish, Sir, to Shave—nay, pray look not grave,
> Since nothing on earth can be worse,
> To P—d repair, you're shaved to a hair,
> Which I mean to exhibit in verse.
>
> "When in moving the beard—I wish to be heard—
> The dull razor occasions a curse,

on Razors,—"Laws, sir, we keeps a poet." The same illustrious Edinburgh bookseller once sent an order for books, poesy, and cookery, with this agreeable postscript —"The *Harold* and *Cookery* [1] are much wanted." Such is fame, and, after all, quite as good as any other "life in "others' breath." 'Tis much the same to divide purchasers with Hannah Glasse or Hannah More.

Some editor of some magazine has *announced* to Murray his intention of abusing the thing "*without read-*"*ing it.*" So much the better; if he redde it first, he would abuse it more.

Allen [2] (Lord Holland's Allen—the best informed and

> The strop that I view will its merits renew ;
> Behold I record it in verse.
>
> "Some in fashion's tontine disperse all their spleen,
> And others their destinies curse ;
> But P—d's fine taste, with his Strops and his Paste,
> Which I'll show you in Prose and in Verse.
>
> "I have taken this plan to comment on a man,
> Whose merit I'm proud to rehearse ;
> For a razor and knife he will sharpen for life,
> And deserves every praise in my verse.
>
> "Soho, Nov. 6, 1795."

1. *The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy*, "By a Lady," was published anonymously in 1747. The 4th edition (1751) bears the name of H. Glasse. The book was at one time supposed to be the work of Dr. John Hill (1716–1775), and to contain the proverb, "First catch your hare, then cook it." But Hill's claim is untenable, and the proverb is not in the book.

Mrs. Rundell's *Domestic Cookery* was one of Murray's most successful publications. In Byron's lines, "To Mr. Murray" (March 25, 1818), occurs the following passage :—

> "Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
> The works thou deemest most divine—
> The 'Art of Cookery,' and mine,
> My Murray."

2. John Allen, M.D. (1771–1843), accompanied Lord Holland to Spain (1801–5 and 1808–9), and lived with him at Holland House. His *Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative in England*, his numerous articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and his

one of the ablest men I know—a perfect Magliabecchi [1]—a devourer, a *Helluo* of books, and an observer of men,) has lent me a quantity of Burns's [2] unpublished and never-to-be-published Letters. They are full of oaths and obscene songs. What an antithetical mind!—tenderness,

life of Fox in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and many other works, justify Byron's praise. In the social life of Holland House he was a prominent figure, and to it, perhaps, he sacrificed his literary powers and acquirements. He was Warden of Dulwich College (1811–20), and Master (1820–43). Allen was the author of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Payne Knight's *Taste*, in which he severely criticized Pindar's Greek, and which Byron, probably trusting to Hodgson (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 196, *note* 1), or possibly misled by similarity of sound (H. Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, vol. i. p. 277), attributed to "classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek" (*English Bards, etc.*, line 513).

1. Antonio Magliabecchi (1633–1714) was appointed, in 1673, Librarian to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, to whom he bequeathed his immense collection of 30,000 volumes. In Burton's *Book-hunter* (p. 229) it is said that Magliabecchi "could direct you to any book "in any part of the world, with the precision with which the metro-"politan policeman directs you to St. Paul's or Piccadilly. It is of "him that the stories are told of answers to inquiries after books, in "these terms: 'There is but one copy of that book in the world. "It is in the Grand Seignior's library at Constantinople, and is the "seventh book in the second shelf on the right hand as you go in.'"

2. Byron himself was "likened to Burns," and Sir Walter Scott, commenting on the comparison in a manuscript note, says, "Burns, "in depth of poetical feeling, in strong shrewd sense to balance and "regulate this, in the *tact* to make his poetry tell by connecting "it with the stream of public thought and the sentiment of the age, "in *commanded* wildness of fancy and profligacy or recklessness as "to moral and *occasionally* as to religious matters, was much more "like Lord Byron than any other person to whom Lord B. says he "had been compared.

"A gross blunder of the English public has been talking of "Burns as if the character of his poetry ought to be estimated with "an eternal recollection that he was a *peasant*. It would be just as "proper to say that Lord Byron ought always to be thought of as "a *Peer*. Rank in life was nothing to either in his true moments. "Then, they were both great Poets. Some silly and sickly affecta-"tions connected with the accidents of birth and breeding may be "observed in both, when they are not under the influence of 'the "happier star.' Witness Burns's prate about independence, when "he was an exciseman, and Byron's ridiculous pretence of Republi-"canism, when he never wrote sincerely about the Multitude without "expressing or insinuating the very soul of scorn."

roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity—all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!

It seems strange; a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthly, the material, the *physique* of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or, at least, never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone can prevent them from disgusting.

December 14, 15, 16.

Much done, but nothing to record. It is quite enough to set down my thoughts,—my actions will rarely bear retrospection.

December 17, 18.

Lord Holland told me a curious piece of sentimentality in Sheridan. The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other *hommes marquans*, and mine was this:—"Whatever "Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excel-* "*lence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the *best* "comedy (*School for Scandal*), the *best* drama (in my mind, "far before that St. Giles's lampoon, the *Beggar's Opera*), "the best farce (the *Critic*—it is only too good for a farce), "and the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to "crown all, delivered the very best Oration (the famous "Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country." Somebody told S. this the next day, and on hearing it he burst into tears!

Poor Brinsley! if they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said these few, but most sincere, words than have written the Iliad or made his own celebrated

Philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to "my elders and my betters."

Went to my box at Covent Garden to-night; and my delicacy felt a little shocked at seeing S * * *'s mistress (who, to my certain knowledge, was actually educated, from her birth, for her profession) sitting with her mother, "a three-piled b——d, b——d-Major to the army," in a private box opposite. I felt rather indignant; but, casting my eyes round the house, in the next box to me, and the next, and the next, were the most distinguished old and young Babylonians of quality;—so I burst out a laughing. It was really odd; Lady * * *divorced*—Lady * * and her daughter, Lady * *, both *divorceable*—Mrs. * *, in the next the *like*, and still nearer * * * * * *![1] What an assemblage to *me*, who know all their histories. It was as if the house had been divided between your public and your *understood* courtesans;—but the intriguantes much outnumbered the regular mercenaries. On the other side were only Pauline and *her* mother, and, next box to her, three of inferior note. Now, where lay the difference between *her* and *mamma*, and Lady * * and daughter? except that the two last may enter Carleton and any *other house*, and the two first are limited to the opera and b—— house. How I do delight in observing life as it really is!—and myself, after all, the worst of any. But no matter—I must avoid egotism, which, just now, would be no vanity.

I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called "*The Devil's Drive*," the notion of which I took from Porson's "*Devil's Walk*."[2]

1. "These names are all left blank in the original" (Moore).
2. Richard Porson did not write *The Devil's Walk*, which was

Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets on * * *. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions. I detest the Petrarch so much, that I would not be the man even to have obtained his Laura, which the metaphysical, whining dotard never could.

January 16, 1814.

To-morrow I leave town for a few days. I saw Lewis to-day, who is just returned from Oatlands, where he has been squabbling with Mad. de Stael about himself, Clarissa Harlowe, Mackintosh, and me. My homage has never been paid in that quarter, or we would have agreed still worse. I don't talk—I can't flatter, and won't listen, except to a pretty or a foolish woman. She bored Lewis with praises of himself till he sickened—found out that Clarissa was perfection, and Mackintosh the first man in England. There I agree, at least *one* of the first—but Lewis did not. As to Clarissa, I leave to those who can read it to judge and dispute. I could not do the one, and am, consequently, not qualified for the other. She told Lewis wisely, he being my friend, that I was affected, in the first place; and that, in the next place, I committed the heinous offence of sitting at dinner with my *eyes* shut, or half shut. I wonder if I really have this trick. I must cure myself of it, if true. One insensibly acquires awkward habits, which should be broken in time. If this is one, I wish I had been told of it before. It would not so much signify if one was

written by Coleridge and Southey, and published in the *Morning Post* for September 6, 1799, under the title of *The Devil's Thoughts.*

always to be checkmated by a plain woman, but one may as well see some of one's neighbours, as well as the plate upon the table.

I should like, of all things, to have heard the Amabæan eclogue between her and Lewis—both obstinate, clever, odd, garrulous, and shrill. In fact, one could have heard nothing else. But they fell out, alas!—and now they will never quarrel again. Could not one reconcile them for the "nonce?" Poor Corinne—she will find that some of her fine sayings won't suit our fine ladies and gentlemen.

I am getting rather into admiration of [Lady C. Annesley] the youngest sister of [Lady F. Webster]. A wife would be my salvation. I am sure the wives of my acquaintances have hitherto done me little good. Catherine is beautiful, but very young, and, I think, a fool. But I have not seen enough to judge; besides, I hate an *esprit* in petticoats. That she won't love me is very probable, nor shall I love her. But, on my system, and the modern system in general, that don't signify. The business (if it came to business) would probably be arranged between papa and me. She would have her own way; I am good-humoured to women, and docile; and, if I did not fall in love with her, which I should try to prevent, we should be a very comfortable couple. As to conduct, *that* she must look to. But *if* I love, I shall be jealous;—and for that reason I will not be in love. Though, after all, I doubt my temper, and fear I should not be so patient as becomes the *bienséance* of a married man in my station. Divorce ruins the poor *femme*, and damages are a paltry compensation. I do fear my temper would lead me into some of our oriental tricks of vengeance, or, at any rate, into a summary appeal to the court of twelve paces. So

"I'll none on't," but e'en remain single and solitary;—though I should like to have somebody now and then to yawn with one.

Ward, and, after him, * *, has stolen one of my buffooneries about Mde. de Stael's Metaphysics and the Fog, and passed it, by speech and letter, as their own. As Gibbet says, "they are the most of a gentleman of "any on the road."[1] W. is in sad enmity with the Whigs about this Review of Fox[2] (if he *did* review him);—all the epigrammatists and essayists are at him. I hate *odds*, and wish he may beat them. As for me, by the blessing of indifference, I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments; and, as it is the shortest and most agreeable and summary feeling imaginable, the first moment of an universal republic would convert me into an advocate for single and uncontradicted despotism. The fact is, riches are power, and poverty is slavery all over the earth, and one sort of establishment is no better nor worse for a *people* than another. I shall adhere to my party, because it would not be honourable to act otherwise; but, as to *opinions*, I don't think politics *worth* an *opinion*. *Conduct* is another thing:—if you begin with a party, go on with them. I have no consistency, except in politics; and *that* probably arises from my indifference on the subject altogether.

Feb. 18.

Better than a month since I last journalised:—most of it out of London and at Notts., but a busy one and a

1. *The Beaux' Stratagem*, by George Farquhar (act iv. sc. 3): "*Gibbet.* And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of "address and good manners in robbing a lady: I am most a gentle-"man that way that ever travelled the road."

2. An article by Ward on *The Correspondence of Gilbert Wakefield with Mr. Fox*, in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1813.

pleasant, at least three weeks of it. On my return, I find all the newspapers in hysterics, and town in an uproar, on the avowal and republication of two stanzas on Princess Charlotte's weeping at Regency's speech to Lauderdale in 1812.[1] They are daily at it still;—some of the abuse good, all of it hearty. They talk of a motion in our House upon it—be it so.

Got up—redde the *Morning Post* containing the battle of Buonaparte,[2] the destruction of the Custom-house,[3] and a paragraph on me as long as my pedigree, and vituperative, as usual.[4]

Hobhouse is returned to England. He is my best friend, the most lively, and a man of the most sterling talents extant.

The Corsair has been conceived, written, published, etc., since I last took up this journal. They tell me it has great success;—it was written *con amore*, and much from *existence*. Murray is satisfied with its progress; and if the public are equally so with the perusal, there's an end of the matter.

Nine o'clock.

Been to Hanson's on business. Saw Rogers, and had a note from Lady Melbourne, who says, it is said

1. See p. 134, *note* 2, and Appendix VII.
2. The battle of Brienne was fought February 1, 1814.
3. By fire, on the 12th of February.
4. "We are informed from very good authority, that as soon as "the House of Lords meet again, a Peer of very independent principles "and character intends to give notice of a motion occasioned by "a late spontaneous avowal of a copy of verses by Lord Byron, "addressed to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, in which he has "taken the most unwarrantable liberties with her august father's "character and conduct: this motion being of a personal nature, "it will be necessary to give the noble Satirist some days' notice, "that he may prepare himself for his defence against a charge of so "aggravated a nature," etc.—*Morning Post*, February 18.

I am "much out of spirits." I wonder if I really am or not? I have certainly enough of "that perilous stuff "which weighs upon the heart,"[1] and it is better they should believe it to be the result of these attacks than of the real cause; but—ay, ay, always *but*, to the end of the chapter.

Hobhouse has told me ten thousand anecdotes of Napoleon, all good and true. My friend H. is the most entertaining of companions, and a fine fellow to boot.

Redde a little—wrote notes and letters, and am alone, which Locke says is bad company. "Be not solitary, "be not idle."[2]—Um!—the idleness is troublesome; but I can't see so much to regret in the solitude. The more I see of men, the less I like them. If I could but say so of women too, all would be well. Why can't I? I am now six-and-twenty; my passions have had enough to cool them; my affections more than enough to wither them,—and yet—and yet—always *yet* and *but*—"Excel- "lent well, you are a fishmonger—get thee to a nunnery."[3] —"They fool me to the top of my bent."[4]

Midnight.

Began a letter, which I threw into the fire. Redde —but to little purpose. Did not visit Hobhouse, as I promised and ought. No matter, the loss is mine. Smoked cigars.

Napoleon!—this week will decide his fate. All seems against him; but I believe and hope he will win—at least, beat back the invaders. What right have we to

1. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3.
2. These words close the penultimate paragraph of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.
3. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, and act iii. sc. 1.
4. *Ibid.*, sc. 2.

prescribe sovereigns to France? Oh for a Republic! "Brutus, thou sleepest."[1] Hobhouse abounds in continental anecdotes of this extraordinary man; all in favour of his intellect and courage, but against his *bonhommie*. No wonder;—how should he, who knows mankind well, do other than despise and abhor them?

The greater the equality, the more impartially evil is distributed, and becomes lighter by the division among so many—therefore, a Republic![2]

More notes from Madame de Stael unanswered—and so they shall remain.[3] I admire her abilities, but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry.

Shall I go to Mackintosh's on Tuesday? um!—I did not go to Marquis Lansdowne's nor to Miss Berry's, though both are pleasant. So is Sir James's,—but I don't know—I believe one is not the better for parties; at least, unless some *regnante* is there.

I wonder how the deuce any body could make such a world; for what purpose dandies, for instance, were ordained—and kings—and fellows of colleges—and women of "a certain age"—and many men of any age—and myself, most of all!

1. "Brutus, thou sleepest, awake."—*Julius Cæsar*, act ii. sc. 1.

2. The following extract from *Detached Thoughts* (1821) implies that this expression of opinion was no passing thought (but see Scott's note, p. 376): "There is nothing left for Mankind but a "Republic, and I think that there are hopes of such. The two "Americas (South and North) have it; Spain and Portugal approach "it; all thirst for it. Oh Washington!"

3. Here is one of Madame de Staël's notes: "Je renonce à vos "visites, pourvu que vous acceptiez mes diners, car enfin à quoi ser- "virait il de vivre dans le même tems que vous, si l'on ne vous voyait "pas? Dinez chez moi dimanche avec vos amis,—je ne dirai pas vos "admirateurs, car je n'ai rencontré que cela de touts parts.

"A dimanche,

"De Staël.

"Mardi.

"Je prends le silence pour oui."

"Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
Nil interest, an pauper et infimâ
De gente, sub dio (*sic*) moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur," etc.[1]

Is there any thing beyond?—*who* knows? *He* that can't tell. Who tells that there *is?* He who don't know. And when shall he know? perhaps, when he don't expect, and generally when he don't wish it. In this last respect, however, all are not alike: it depends a good deal upon education,—something upon nerves and habits—but most upon digestion.

Saturday, Feb. 19.

Just returned from seeing Kean[2] in Richard. By Jove, he is a soul! Life—nature—truth without

1. Horace, *Odes*, II. iii. 21, *et seqq.*

2. Edmund Kean (1787–1833), after acting in provincial theatres, appeared at the Haymarket in June, 1806, as "Ganem" in *The Mountaineers*, but again returned to the country. His performance of "Shylock" in the *Merchant of Venice*, at Drury Lane, on January 26, 1814, made him famous. He appeared in "Richard III." on February 12, and still further increased his reputation.

In the *Courier*, February 26, 1814, appears this paragraph: "Mr. "Kean's attraction is unprecedented in the annals of theatricals—even "Cooke's performances are left at an immeasurable distance; his "first three nights of *Richard* produced upwards of £1800, and on "repeating that character on Thursday night for the fourthth (*sic*) "time, the receipts were upwards of £700."

On March 1 the same paper says, "Drury Lane Theatre again "overflowed last night, at an early hour. Such is the continued "and increasing attraction of that truly great actor Mr. Kean."

After the retirement of John Kemble (June 23, 1817), he had no rival on the stage, especially in such parts as "Othello," "Lear," "Hamlet," "Sir Giles Overreach," and the two already mentioned. His last appearance on the stage was in "Othello" at Covent Garden, March 25, 1833.

"To see Kean act," said Coleridge, "is like reading Shakespeare "by flashes of lightning." "Garrick's nature," writes Leigh Hunt, in the *Tatler*, July 25, 1831, "displaced Quin's formalism; and in "precisely the same way did Kean displace Kemble. . . . Every-"thing with Kemble was literally a *personation*—it was a mask and

exaggeration or diminution. Kemble's Hamlet is perfect; —but Hamlet is not Nature. Richard is a man; and Kean is Richard. Now to my own concerns.

"a sounding-pipe. It was all external and artificial. . . . Kean's "face is full of light and shade, his tones vary, his voice trembles, "his eye glistens, sometimes with a withering scorn, sometimes with "a tear." It was the realism and nature of Kean which so strongly appealed to Byron, and enabled the actor, to the last, in spite of his drunken habits, poor figure, and weak voice, to sway his audiences. The same qualities at first repelled more timid critics, and perhaps justified Hazlitt's saying that Kean was "not much relished in the "upper circles." Miss Berry, for example, who saw him in all his principal parts in 1814—in "Richard III.," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Sir Giles Overreach"—remained cold. "His 'Richard III.' "pleased me, but I was not enthusiastic. His expression of the "passions is natural and strong, but I do not like his declamation; "his voice, naturally not agreeable, becomes monotonous" (*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 7). Of his "Hamlet" she says, "To my mind he is "without grace and without elevation of mind, because he never "seems to rise with the poet in those sublime passages which abound "in *Hamlet*" (*ibid.*, p. 9). Miss Berry's criticism is supported by good authority. Lewes (*On Actors and the Art of Acting*, pp. 6, 11), while calling him "a consummate master of passionate expression," denies his capacity for representing "the intellectual side of heroism."

Kean preferred the Coal-Hole Tavern in the Strand, and the society of the Wolf Club, to Lord Holland's dinner-parties. Though he never fell so low as Cooke, his recklessness, irregularities, eccentricities, and habits of drinking, in spite of the large sums of money that passed through his hands, made his closing days neither prosperous nor reputable.

Such effect had the passionate energy of Kean's acting on Byron's mind, that, once, in seeing him play "Sir Giles Overreach," he was so affected as to be seized with a sort of convulsive fit. Some years later, in Italy, when the representation of Alfieri's tragedy of *Mirra* had agitated him in the same violent manner, he compared the two instances as the only ones in his life when "any thing under "reality" had been able to move him so powerfully. "To such "lengths," says Moore, "did he, at this time, carry his enthusiasm "for Kean, that when Miss O'Neil appeared, and, by her matchless "representation of feminine tenderness, attracted all eyes and "hearts, he was not only a little jealous of her reputation, as inter-"fering with that of his favourite, but, in order to guard himself "against the risk of becoming a convert, refused to go to see her "act. I endeavoured sometimes to persuade him into witnessing, "at least, one of her performances; but his answer was (punning "upon Shakspeare's word, 'unanealed'), 'No—I am resolved to "continue *un-Oneiled*.'"

In his *Detached Thoughts* (1821) Byron says, "Of actors Cooke

Went to Waite's. Teeth are all right and white; but he says that I grind them in my sleep and chip the edges. That same sleep is no friend of mine, though I court him sometimes for half the twenty-four.

February 20.

Got up and tore out two leaves of this Journal—I don't know why. Hodgson just called and gone. He has much *bonhommie* with his other good qualities, and more talent than he has yet had credit for beyond his circle.

An invitation to dine at Holland House to meet Kean. He is worth meeting; and I hope, by getting into good society, he will be prevented from falling like Cooke. He is greater now on the stage, and off he should never be less. There is a stupid and underrating criticism upon him in one of the newspapers. I thought that, last night, though great, he rather under-acted more than the first time. This may be the effect of these cavils; but I hope he has more sense than to mind them. He cannot expect to maintain his present eminence, or to advance still higher, without the envy of his green-room fellows, and the nibbling of their admirers. But, if he don't beat them all, why then—merit hath no purchase in "these "coster-monger days."[1]

I wish that I had a talent for the drama; I would write a tragedy *now*. But no,—it is gone. Hodgson talks of one,—he will do it well;—and I think M—e [Moore] should try. He has wonderful powers, and much variety; besides, he has lived and felt. To write so as

"was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the "medium between the two. But Mrs. Siddons was worth them all "put together."

1. *Henry IV.*, Part II. act i. sc. 2.

to bring home to the heart, the heart must have been tried,—but, perhaps, ceased to be so. While you are under the influence of passions, you only feel, but cannot describe them,—any more than, when in action, you could turn round and tell the story to your next neighbour! When all is over,—all, all, and irrevocable,—trust to memory—she is then but too faithful.

Went out, and answered some letters, yawned now and then, and redde the *Robbers*. Fine,—but *Fiesco* is better;[1] and Alfieri, and Monti's *Aristodemo*[2] *best*. They are more equal than the Tedeschi dramatists.

Answered—or rather acknowledged—the receipt of young Reynolds's[3] poem, *Safie*. The lad is clever, but much of his thoughts are borrowed,—*whence*, the Reviewers may find out. I hate discouraging a young one; and I think,—though wild and more oriental than he would be, had he seen the scenes where he has placed his tale,—that he has much talent, and, certainly fire enough.

Received a very singular epistle; and the mode of its conveyance, through Lord H.'s hands, as curious as the letter itself. But it was gratifying and pretty.

Sunday, February 27.

Here I am, alone, instead of dining at Lord H.'s, where I was asked,—but not inclined to go any where.

1. Schiller's *Robbers* was first produced at Mannheim, January 13, 1782; his *Fiesco* was published in 1783. The *Robbers* is included in Benjamin Thompson's *German Theatre* (1801). *Fiesco* was translated by G. H. Nœhden and John Stoddart in 1798.

2. Monti's three tragedies, *Caio Gracco*, *Aristodemo*, and *Manfredi*, were written in rivalry of Alfieri's tragedies between the years 1788 and 1799.

3. For John Hamilton Reynolds, see *Letters*, vol. iii. (February 20, 1814, *note* 1).

Hobhouse says I am growing a *loup garou*,—a solitary hobgoblin. True;—"I am myself alone."[1] The last week has been passed in reading—seeing plays—now and then visitors—sometimes yawning and sometimes sighing, but no writing,—save of letters. If I could always read, I should never feel the want of society. Do I regret it?—um!—"Man delights not me,"[2] and only one woman—at a time.

There is something to me very softening in the presence of a woman,—some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them—which I cannot at all account for, having no very high opinion of the sex. But yet,—I always feel in better humour with myself and every thing else, if there is a woman within ken. Even Mrs. Mule,[3] my firelighter,—the most ancient and

1. "I am myself alone."—*Henry VI.*, Part III. act v. sc. 6.
2. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.
3. "This ancient housemaid, of whose gaunt and witch-like "appearance it would be impossible to convey any idea but by the "pencil, furnished one among the numerous instances of Lord "Byron's proneness to attach himself to any thing, however homely, "that had once enlisted his good nature in its behalf, and become "associated with his thoughts. He first found this old woman at "his lodgings in Bennet Street, where, for a whole season, she was "the perpetual scarecrow of his visitors. When, next year, he "took chambers in Albany, one of the great advantages which his "friends looked to in the change was, that they should get rid of "this phantom. But, no,—there she was again—he had actually "brought her with him from Bennet Street. The following year "saw him married, and, with a regular establishment of servants, "in Piccadilly; and here,—as Mrs. Mule had not made her appear-"ance to any of the visitors,—it was concluded, rashly, that the "witch had vanished. One of those friends, however, who had "most fondly indulged in this persuasion, happening to call one "day when all the male part of the establishment were abroad, saw, "to his dismay, the door opened by the same grim personage, im-"proved considerably in point of habiliments since he last saw her, "and keeping pace with the increased scale of her master's house-"hold, as a new peruke, and other symptoms of promotion, testified. "When asked 'how he came to carry this old woman about with "him from place to place,' Lord Byron's only answer was, 'The "poor old devil was so kind to me'" (Moore).

withered of her kind,—and (except to myself) not the best-tempered—always makes me laugh,—no difficult task when I am "i' the vein."

Heigho! I would I were in mine island!—I am not well; and yet I look in good health. At times, I fear, "I am not in my perfect mind;"[1]—and yet my heart and head have stood many a crash, and what should ail them now? They prey upon themselves, and I am sick—sick —"Prithee, undo this button—why should a cat, a rat, "a dog have life—and *thou* no life at all?"[2] Six-and-twenty years, as they call them, why, I might and should have been a Pasha by this time. "I 'gin to be a-weary "of the sun."[3]

Buonaparte is not yet beaten; but has rebutted Blucher, and repiqued Schwartzenburg.[4] This it is to have a head. If he again wins, *Væ victis!*

Sunday, March 6.

On Tuesday last dined with Rogers,—Madame de Staël, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine,[5] and Payne Knight,

1. *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 7.

2. "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all?"
King Lear, act v. sc. 3.

3. "I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone."
Macbeth, act v. sc. 5.

4. Napoleon fought the battle of Nangis against Blucher on the 17th of February, 1814, and that of Montereau against Prince Schwartzenberg on the following day.

5. Thomas, Lord Erskine (1750–1823), youngest son of the tenth Earl of Buchan, a midshipman in the Royal Navy (1764–67), an ensign, and subsequently a lieutenant in the First Foot (1767–75), was called to the Bar in 1778, and became Lord Chancellor in 1806. As an advocate he was unrivalled. "Even the great luminaries of "the law," says Wraxall (*Posthumous Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 86), "when arrayed in their ermine, bent under his ascendancy, and "seemed to be half subdued by his intelligence, or awed by his

Lady Donegal, and Miss R. there. Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Madame de Recamier's handkerchief; Erskine a few stories of himself only. *She* is going to write a big book about England, she says;—I believe her. Asked by her how I liked Miss Edgeworth's thing, called *Patronage*,[1] and answered (very sincerely)

"vehemence, pertinacity, and undaunted character." With a jury he was particularly successful, though he lived to write the lines quoted by Lord Campbell (*Lives of the Chancellors*, ed. 1868, vol. viii. p. 233)—

> "The monarch's pale face was with blushes suffused,
> To observe right and wrong by twelve villains confused,
> And, kicking their ——s all round in a fury,
> Cried, '*Curs'd be the day I invented a jury!*'"

A Whig in politics, and in sympathy with the doctrines of the French Revolution, he defended Paine, Frost, Hardy, and other political offenders, and did memorable service to the cause of constitutional liberty. In the House of Commons, which he entered as M.P. for Portsmouth in 1783, he was a failure; his maiden speech on Fox's India Bill fell flat, and he was crushed by Pitt's contempt. As Lord Chancellor (1806–7) he proved a better judge than was expected. At the time when Byron made his acquaintance, he had practically retired from public life, and devoted himself to literature, society, and farming, writing on the services of rooks, and attending the Holkham sheep-shearings. Lord Campbell has collected many of his verses and jokes in vol. ix. chap. cxc. of his *Lives of the Chancellors*. His famous pamphlet, *On the Causes and Consequences of the War with France* (1797), was written, as he told Miss Berry (*Journal of Miss Berry*, vol. ii. p. 340), "on slips of "paper in the midst of all the business which I was engaged in at "the time—not at home, but in open court, whilst the causes were "trying. When it was not my turn to examine a witness, or to "speak to the Jury, I wrote a little bit; and so on by snatches." His *Armata* was published by Murray in 1817. In society Erskine was widely known for his brilliancy, his puns, and his extraordinary vanity. His egotism gained him such titles as Counsellor Ego, Baron Ego of Eye, and supplied Mathias (*Pursuits of Literature*) with an illustration—

> "A vain, pert prater, bred in Erskine's school."

1. Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage* was published in 1813–4. In 1813 she had been in London with her father and stepmother. The following entries respecting the family are taken from Byron's *Detached Thoughts*:—

"Old Edgeworth, the fourth or fifth Mrs. Edgeworth, and *the* "Miss Edgeworth were in London, 1813. Miss Edgeworth liked,

that I thought it very bad for *her*, and worse than any of the others. Afterwards thought it possible Lady Donegal,[1] being Irish, might be a patroness of Miss Edgeworth, and was rather sorry for my opinion, as I hate putting people into fusses, either with themselves or their favourites; it looks as if one did it on purpose. The party went off very well, and the fish was very much to my gusto. But we got up too soon after the women; and Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner that we wish her in—the drawing-room.

To-day Campbell called, and while sitting here in came Merivale.[2] During our colloquy, C. (ignorant that Merivale was the writer) abused the "mawkishness of "the *Quarterly Review* of Grimm's *Correspondence*." I (knowing the secret) changed the conversation as soon as I could; and C. went away, quite convinced of having made the most favourable impression on his new acquaintance. Merivale is luckily a very good-natured

"Mrs. Edgeworth not disliked, old Edgeworth a bore, the worst of "bores—a boisterous Bore. I met them in Society—once at a "breakfast of Sir H. D.'s. Old Edgeworth came in late, boasting "that he had given 'Dr. Parr a dressing the night before' (no such "easy matter by the way). I thought *her* pleasant. They all abused "Anna Seward's memory. When on the road they heard of her "brother's—and his son's—death. What was to be done? Their "*London* apparel was all ordered and made! so they sunk his death "for the six weeks of their sojourn, and went into mourning on their "way back to Ireland. *Fact!*

"While the Colony were in London, there was a book with a "subscription for the 'recall of Mrs. Siddons to the Stage' going "about for signatures. Moore moved for a similar subscription for "the 'recall of *Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland!*'

"Sir Humphry Davy told me that the scene of the French Valet "and Irish postboy in *Ennui* was taken from his verbal description "to the Edgeworths in Edgeworthtown of a similar fact on the road "occurring to himself. So much the better—being *life*."

1. The Marquis of Donegal married, in 1795, Anna, daughter of Sir Edward May, Bart.

2. For J. H. Merivale, see *Letters*, vol. iii. (January, 1814, *note* 1).

fellow, or God he knows what might have been engendered from such a malaprop. I did not look at him while this was going on, but I felt like a coal—for I like Merivale, as well as the article in question.

Asked to Lady Keith's[1] to-morrow evening—I think I will go; but it is the first party invitation I have accepted this "season," as the learned Fletcher called it, when that youngest brat of Lady * *'s cut my eye and cheek open with a misdirected pebble—"Never mind, my Lord, "the scar will be gone before the *season;*" as if one's eye was of no importance in the mean time.

Lord Erskine called, and gave me his famous pamphlet, with a marginal note and corrections in his handwriting. Sent it to be bound superbly, and shall treasure it.

Sent my fine print of Napoleon[2] to be framed. It *is* framed; and the Emperor becomes his robes as if he had been hatched in them.

March 7.

Rose at seven—ready by half-past eight—went to Mr. Hanson's, Bloomsbury Square—went to church with his eldest daughter, Mary Anne (a good girl), and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth.[3] Saw her fairly a

1. Hester Maria, eldest daughter and co-heir of Henry Thrale, of Streatham, the friend of Dr. Johnson, married, in 1808, Viscount Keith.

2. Byron's "Portrait of Bonaparte, engraved by Morghen, *very "fine impression, in a gilt frame,*" was sold at his sale, April 5, 1816.

3. Lord Portsmouth (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 9, *note* 2), who had long known the Hansons, from whose house he married his first wife, married, March 7, 1814, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of John Hanson. A commission of lunacy was taken out by the brother and next heir, the Hon. Newton Fellowes; but Lord Chancellor Eldon decided that Lord Portsmouth was capable of entering into the marriage contract and managing his own affairs. The commission

countess—congratulated the family and groom (bride)—drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherris) to their

was, however, ultimately granted. Byron swore an affidavit on the first occasion. "Denman mentioned Lord Byron's affidavit about "Lord Portsmouth as a proof of the influence of Hanson over "him; Lord B. swearing that Lord P. had 'rather a *superior* "mind than otherwise'" (*Memoirs, etc., of Thomas Moore*, vol. vi. p. 47).

The following is the note which Byron sent Hanson to embody in his affidavit:—

"I have been acquainted with Mr. Hanson and his family for "many years. He is my solicitor. About the beginning of March "last he sent to me to ask my opinion on the subject of Lord "Portsmouth, who, as I understood from Mr. H., was paying great "attention to his eldest daughter. He stated to me that Mr. "Newton Fellowes (with whom I have no personal acquaintance) "was particularly desirous that Lord Portsmouth should marry "some 'elderly woman' of his (Mr. Fellowes's) selection—that the "title and family estates might thereby devolve on Mr. F. or his "children; but that Lord P. had expressed a dislike to old women, "and a desire to choose for himself. I told Mr. Hanson that, if "Miss Hanson's affections were not pre-engaged, and Lord Ports-"mouth appeared attached to her, there could be, in my opinion, "no objection to the match. I think, but cannot be positive, that "I saw Lord Portsmouth at Mr. Hanson's two or three times "previous to the marriage; but I had no conversation with him "upon it.

"The night before the ceremony, I received an invitation from "Mr. Hanson, requesting me, as a friend of the family, to be "present at the marriage, which was to take place next morning. "I went next morning to Bloomsbury Square, where I found the "parties. Lady Portsmouth, with her brother and sister and "another gentleman, went in the carriage to St. George's Church; "Lord Portsmouth and myself walked, as the carriage was full, and "the distance short. On my way Lord Portsmouth told me that "he had been partial to Miss Hanson from her childhood, and that, "since she grew up, and more particularly subsequent to the decease "of the late Lady P., this partiality had become attachment, and "that he thought her calculated to make him an excellent wife.

"I was present at the ceremony and gave away the bride. Lord "Portsmouth's behaviour seemed to me perfectly calm and rational "on the occasion. He seemed particularly attentive to the priest, "and gave the responses audibly and very distinctly. I remarked "this because, in ordinary conversation, his Lordship has a hesitation "in his speech. After the ceremony, we returned to Mr. Hanson's, "whence, I believe, they went into the country—where I did not "accompany them. Since their return I have occasionally seen "Lord and Lady Portsmouth in Bloomsbury Square. They "appeared very happy. I have never been very intimate with his

felicity, and all that—and came home. Asked to stay to dinner, but could not. At three sat to Phillips for faces. Called on Lady M. [Melbourne]—I like her so well, that I always stay too long. (Mem. to mend of that.)

Passed the evening with Hobhouse, who has begun a poem, which promises highly;—wish he would go on with it. Heard some curious extracts from a life of Morosini,[1] the blundering Venetian, who blew up the Acropolis at Athens with a bomb, and be damned to him! Waxed sleepy—just come home—must go to bed, and am engaged to meet Sheridan to-morrow at Rogers's.

Queer ceremony that same of marriage—saw many abroad, Greek and Catholic—one, at *home*, many years ago. There be some strange phrases in the prologue (the exhortation), which made me turn away, not to laugh in the face of the surpliceman. Made one blunder, when I joined the hands of the happy—rammed their left hands, by mistake, into one another. Corrected it—bustled back to the altar-rail, and said "Amen." Portsmouth responded as if he had got the whole by heart; and, if any thing, was rather before the priest. It is now midnight and * * *.

"Lordship, and am therefore unqualified to give a decided opinion "of his general conduct. But had I considered him insane, I should "have advised Mr. Hanson, when he consulted me on the subject, "*not* to permit the marriage. His preference of a young woman "to an old one, and of his own wishes to those of a younger brother, "seemed to me neither irrational nor extraordinary."

There is nothing in the note itself, or in the draft affidavit, to bear out Moore's report of Denman's statement.

Byron, according to the account given by Newton Hanson, is wrong in saying that Mrs. Hanson approved of the marriage. On the contrary, it was the cause of her death, a fortnight later. In 1828 the marriage was annulled, a jury having decided that Lord Portsmouth was *non compos mentis* when he contracted it.

1. Francesco Morosini (1618–1694) occupied the Morea for Venice (1687), besieged Athens, and bombarded the Parthenon, which had been made a powder-magazine. He became Doge of Venice in 1688.

March 10, Thor's Day.

On Tuesday dined with Rogers,—Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe,—much talk, and good,—all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old times—Horne Tooke—the Trials—evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when *I*, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an English Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Set down Sheridan at Brookes's,—where, by the by, he could not have well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means to stand for Westminster, as Cochrane[1] (the stock-jobbing hoaxer) must

1. Thomas, Lord Cochrane (1775–1860), eldest son of the ninth Earl of Dundonald, a captain in the Royal Navy, and M.P. for Westminster, had done brilliant service in his successive commands —the *Speedy*, *Pallas*, *Impérieuse*, and the flotilla of fire-ships at Basque Roads in 1809. In the House of Commons he had been a strong opponent of the Government, an advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and a vigorous critic of naval administration. In February, 1814, he had been appointed to the *Tonnant* for the American Station, and it was while he was on a week's leave of absence in London, before sailing, that the stock-jobbing hoax occurred.

During the days February 8–26, 1814, it seemed possible that Napoleon might defeat the Allied Armies, and the Funds were sensitive to every rumour. At midnight on Sunday, February 20, a man calling himself Du Bourg brought news to Admiral Foley, at Dover, that Napoleon had been killed by a party of Cossacks. Hurrying towards London, Du Bourg, whose real name was Berenger, spread the news as he went. Arrived in London soon after daybreak, he went to Cochrane's house, and there changed his uniform. When the Stock Exchange opened at ten on February 21, 1814, the Funds rose rapidly, and among those who sold on the rise was Cochrane. The next day, when the swindle had been discovered, the Stocks fell.

A Stock Exchange Committee sat to investigate the case, and their report (March 7) threw grave suspicion on Cochrane. He, his uncle, Cochrane Johnstone, a Mr. Butt, and Berenger, were indicted for a conspiracy, tried before Lord Ellenborough, June 8–9, and convicted. Cochrane was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £1000. On the back of the note for £1000 (still kept in the Bank of England) with which he paid his fine on July 3, 1815, he wrote—

"My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and

vacate. Brougham [1] is a candidate. I fear for poor dear Sherry. Both have talents of the highest order, but the youngster has *yet* a character. We shall see, if he lives to Sherry's age, how he will pass over the redhot ploughshares of public life. I don't know why, but I hate to see the *old* ones lose; particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding all his *méchanceté*.

Received many, and the kindest, thanks from Lady Portsmouth, *père* and *mère*, for my match-making. I don't regret it, as she looks the countess well, and is a very good girl. It is odd how well she carries her new honours. She looks a different woman, and high-bred, too. I had no idea that I could make so good a peeress.

Went to the play with Hobhouse. Mrs. Jordan superlative in Hoyden,[2] and Jones well enough in

"my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I "submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that "I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice."

Cochrane was also expelled from the House of Commons and from the Order of the Bath. There is little doubt that the circumstances were extremely suspicious. Those who wish to form an opinion as to Cochrane's guilt or innocence will find the subject of the trial exhaustively treated in Mr. J. B. Atlay's *Lord Cochrane's Trial before Lord Ellenborough* (1897).

1. Henry, Lord Brougham (1778–1868) acknowledged that he wrote the famous article on Byron's *Hours of Idleness* in the *Edinburgh Review* (Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's *Notes from a Diary*, vol. ii. p. 189). He lost his seat for Camelford in September, 1812, and did not re-enter the House till July, 1815, when he sat for Winchelsea. In the postscript of a letter written by him to Douglas Kinnaird, December 9, 1814, he speaks of Byron thus: "Your "friend, Lord B., is, in my opinion, a singularly agreeable person, "which is very rarely the case with eminent men. His independent "principles give him a great additional charm."

But the part which Brougham played in the separation, both as counsel and in society, infuriated Byron, who wrote of him in his letters with the utmost bitterness. (See also the passage, now for the first time published, from Byron's *Detached Thoughts*, on his Parliamentary experiences, p. 198, first paragraph of *note*.)

2. Dorothy Jordan (1762–1816) first appeared as "Phœbe" in *As You Like It* at the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, in 1777. After acting in provincial theatres, she made her *début* on the London

Foppington. *What plays!* what wit!—*hélas!* Congreve and Vanbrugh are your only comedy. Our society is too insipid now for the like copy. Would *not* go to Lady Keith's. Hobhouse thought it odd. I wonder *he* should like parties. If one is in love, and wants to break a commandment and covet any thing that is there, they do very well. But to go out amongst the mere herd, without a motive, pleasure, or pursuit—'sdeath!

stage at Drury Lane (October 18, 1785) as "Peggy" in Garrick's *Country Girl*, an expurgated version of Wycherley's *Country Wife*. During the season she appeared also in six of her best parts: "Miss "Hoyden" in *The Trip to Scarborough*, "Priscilla Tomboy" in *The Romp*, "Hypolita" in *She would and she would not*, "Mrs. Brady" in *The Irish Widow*, "Viola" in *Twelfth Night*, and "Rosalind" in *As You Like It*. Her last appearance on the London stage was as "Lady Teazle" in *The School for Scandal*, at Covent Garden, June 1, 1814. A list of her principal characters is given by Genest (*English Stage*, vol. viii. pp. 432–434). As a comic actress, Mrs. Jordan was unrivalled; her voice was perfect; and her natural gaiety irresistible. Sir Joshua Reynolds preferred her to all other actresses as a being "who ran upon the stage as a playground, and laughed "from sincere wildness of delight." In genteel comedy, critics like Genest (*English Stage*, vol. viii. p. 431) and Leigh Hunt (*Dramatic Essays*, ed. 1894, p. 82) agree that she failed, perhaps, as the latter suggests, because she was so "perpetually employed" in "broad and "romping characters."

In private life Mrs. Jordan was chiefly known as the mistress of the Duke of Clarence, to whom she bore ten children. She died at St. Cloud, July 3, 1816.

The play acted at Covent Garden, March 10, 1814, was Sheridan's *Trip to Scarborough*, which is a close adaptation of Vanbrugh's *Relapse*. The performance is thus described in the *Courier*, March 11, 1814—

"Mrs. Jordan, the only *Miss Hoyden* on the stage, supported "that character with unabated spirit. In every scene, from her "soliloquy on being locked up, which was delivered with extra-"ordinary *naïveté*, both with reference to her tones, her emphasis, "and her action, until the consummation of the piece, the house "was shaken by loud and quick-succeeding peals of laughter. The "style in which she expressed *Hoyden's* rustic arithmetic, 'Now, "*Nursey*, if he gives me *six hundred pounds* a-year to buy *pins*, "what will he give me to buy petticoats?' was uncommonly "fine. The frock waving in her hand, the backward bound of two "or three steps, the gravity of countenance, induced by a mental "glance at the magnitude of the sum, all spoke expectation, delight, "and astonishment."

"I'll none of it." He told me an odd report,—that *I* am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in privacy. Um!—people sometimes hit near the truth; but never the whole truth. H. don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant; nor does any one—nor——nor—nor—however, it is a lie—but, "I doubt the "equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth!"[1]

I shall have letters of importance to-morrow. Which, * *, * *, or * *? heigho!—* * is in my heart, * * in my head, * * in my eye, and the *single* one, Heaven knows where. All write, and will be answered. "Since I have "crept in favour with myself, I must maintain it;"[2] but I never "mistook my person,"[3] though I think others have.

* * called to-day in great despair about his mistress, who has taken a freak of * * *. He began a letter to her, but was obliged to stop short—I finished it for him, and he copied and sent it. If *he* holds out, and keeps to my instructions of affected indifference, she will lower her colours. If she don't, he will, at least, get rid of her, and she don't seem much worth keeping. But the poor lad is in love—if that is the case, she will win. When they once discover their power, *finita è la musica.*

Sleepy, and must go to bed.

Tuesday, March 15.

Dined yesterday with Rogers, Mackintosh, and Sharpe. Sheridan could not come. Sharpe told several very amusing anecdotes of Henderson, the actor.[4] Stayed

1. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5.
2. *Richard III.*, act i. sc. 2, line 259.
3. *Ibid.*, line 253.
4. John Henderson, the Bath Roscius (1747–1785), without any great personal advantages, was, according to Mrs. Siddons, "a fine "actor . . . the soul of intelligence." Rogers (*Table-Talk*, ed. 1887,

till late, and came home, having drunk so much *tea*, that I did not get to sleep till six this morning. R. says I am to be in *this Quarterly*—cut up, I presume, as they "hate us youth."[1] *N'importe.* As Sharpe was passing by the doors of some debating society (the Westminster Forum), in his way to dinner, he saw rubricked on the wall *Scott's* name and *mine*—"Which the best poet?" being the question of the evening; and I suppose all the Templars and *would-bes* took our rhymes in vain in the course of the controversy. Which had the greater show of hands, I neither know nor care; but I feel the coupling of the names as a compliment—though I think Scott deserves better company.

Wedderburn Webster called—Lord Erskine, Lord Holland, etc., etc. Wrote to * * *The Corsair* report. She says she don't wonder, since "Conrad is so *like*." It is odd that one, who knows me so thoroughly, should tell me this to my face. However, if she don't know, nobody can.

Mackintosh is, it seems, the writer of the defensive letter in the *Morning Chronicle.* If so, it is very kind, and more than I did for myself.

p. 110) says, "Henderson was a truly great actor: his Hamlet "and his Falstaff were equally good. He was a very fine reader "too: in his comic readings, superior, of course, to Mrs. Siddons: "his John Gilpin was marvellous." In Sharp's *Letters and Essays* (ed. 1834, pp. 16–18) will be found an interesting letter to Henderson, written a few days before his death, giving an account of John Kemble's first appearance on the London boards, in the character of "Hamlet." "There has not," says Sharp, "been such a first "appearance since yours; yet Nature, though she has been bountiful "to him in figure and feature, has denied him a voice. . . . You "have been so long without a 'brother near the throne,' that it "will perhaps be serviceable to you to be obliged to bestir yourself "in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lord Townley, and Maskwell; but in Lear, "Richard, Falstaff, and Benedict, you have nothing to fear, not-"withstanding the known fickleness of the public and its love of "novelty."

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act ii. sc. 2.

Told Murray to secure for me Bandello's Italian Novels[1] at the sale to-morrow. To me they will be *nuts*. Redde a satire on myself, called "Anti-Byron," and told Murray to publish it if he liked. The object of the author is to prove me an atheist and a systematic conspirator against law and government. Some of the verse is good; the prose I don't quite understand. He asserts that my "deleterious works" have had "an effect upon "civil society, which requires," etc., etc., etc., and his own poetry. It is a lengthy poem, and a long preface, with an harmonious title-page. Like the fly in the fable, I seem to have got upon a wheel which makes much dust; but, unlike the said fly, I do not take it all for my own raising.

A letter from *Bella*,[2] which I answered. I shall be in love with her again if I don't take care.

I shall begin a more regular system of reading soon.

Thursday, March 17.

I have been sparring with Jackson for exercise this morning; and mean to continue and renew my acquaintance with the muffles. My chest, and arms, and wind are in very good plight, and I am not in flesh. I used to be a hard hitter, and my arms are very long for my height (5 feet 8½ inches). At any rate, exercise is good, and this the severest of all; fencing and the broad-sword never fatigued me half so much.

Redde the *Quarrels of Authors*[3] (another sort of

1. Matteo Bandello (1480–1562), a native of Piedmont, became in 1550 Bishop of Agen. His 214 tales, in the manner of Boccaccio, were published at Milan (1554–73). In the Catalogue of Byron's books, "sold by auction by Mr. Evans, at his house, No. 26, Pall "Mall, on Friday, April 5, 1816, and following day," appears "Bandello, *Novelle*, 8 vol., wanting vol. 9, *Livorn*, 1791."

2. Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.

3. Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, 2 vols. (1807); *Calamities*

sparring)—a new work, by that most entertaining and researching writer, Israeli. They seem to be an irritable set, and I wish myself well out of it. "I'll not march "through Coventry with them, that's flat."[1] What the devil had I to do with scribbling? It is too late to inquire, and all regret is useless. But, an it were to do again,—I should write again, I suppose. Such is human nature, at least my share of it;—though I shall think better of myself, if I have sense to stop now. If I have a wife, and that wife has a son—by any body—I will bring up mine heir in the most anti-poetical way—make him a lawyer, or a pirate, or—any thing. But, if he writes too, I shall be sure he is none of mine, and cut him off with a Bank token. Must write a letter—three o'clock.

Sunday, March 20.

I intended to go to Lady Hardwicke's,[2] but won't. I always begin the day with a bias towards going to parties; but, as the evening advances, my stimulus fails, and I hardly ever go out—and, when I do, always regret it. This might have been a pleasant one;—at least, the hostess is a very superior woman. Lady Lansdowne's[3] to-morrow—Lady Heathcote's[4] Wednesday. Um!—I must spur myself into going to some of them, or it will

of Authors, 2 vols. (1812); and *Quarrels of Authors*, 3 vols. (1814), appear in the Sale Catalogue.

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act iv. sc. 2.

2. Philip Yorke, third Earl of Hardwicke, married, in 1782, Elizabeth, daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres.

3. Louisa Emma, daughter of the second Earl of Ilchester, was married, in 1808, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, at that time Lord Henry Petty.

4. Katherine Sophia, daughter of John Manners, of Grantham Grange, co. Lincoln, was married, in 1793, to Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

look like rudeness, and it is better to do as other people do—confound them!

Redde Machiavel,[1] parts of Chardin, and Sismondi, and Bandello—by starts. Redde the *Edinburgh*, 44, just come out. In the beginning of the article on Edgeworth's *Patronage*, I have gotten a high compliment, I perceive.[2] Whether this is creditable to me, I know not; but it does honour to the editor, because he once abused me. Many a man will retract praise; none but a high-spirited mind will revoke its censure, or *can* praise the man it has once attacked. I have often, since my return to England, heard Jeffrey most highly commended by those who know him for things independent of his talents. I admire him for *this*—not because he has *praised me* (I have been so praised elsewhere and abused, alternately, that mere habit has rendered me as indifferent to both as a man at twenty-six can be to any thing), but because he is, perhaps, the *only man* who, under the relations in which he and I stand, or stood, with regard to each other, would have had the liberality to act thus; none but a great soul dared hazard it. The height on which he stands has not made him giddy;—a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end

1. Machiavelli's *Opere*, 13 vols., *in russia*, *Milan* (1804); Sismondi's *De la Littérature du Midi*, 4 vols., *in russia*, Paris (1813); and Chardin's *Voyages en Perse*, 10 vols. and Atlas (1811), appear in the Catalogue of Sale.

2. "It is no slight consolation to us, while suffering under "alternate reproaches for ill-timed severity, and injudicious praise, "to reflect that no very mischievous effects have as yet resulted to "the literature of the country, from this imputed misbehaviour on "our part. Powerful genius, we are persuaded, will not be repressed "even by unjust castigation; nor will the most excessive praise that "can be lavished by sincere admiration ever abate the efforts that "are fitted to attain to excellence. Our alleged severity upon a "youthful production has not prevented the noble author from "becoming the first poet of his time."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxii. p. 416

of the chapter. As to the justice of his panegyric, that is matter of taste. There are plenty to question it, and glad, too, of the opportunity.

Lord Erskine called to-day. He means to carry down his reflections on the war—or rather wars—to the present day. I trust that he will. Must send to Mr. Murray to get the binding of my copy of his pamphlet finished, as Lord E. has promised me to correct it, and add some marginal notes to it. Any thing in his handwriting will be a treasure, which will gather compound interest from years. Erskine has high expectations of Mackintosh's promised History. Undoubtedly it must be a classic, when finished.[1]

Sparred with Jackson again yesterday morning, and shall to-morrow. I feel all the better for it, in spirits, though my arms and shoulders are very stiff from it. Mem. to attend the pugilistic dinner:—Marquess Huntley[2] is in the chair.

Lord Erskine thinks that ministers must be in peril of going out. So much the better for him. To me it is the same who are in or out;—we want something more than a change of ministers, and some day we will have it.

I remember, in riding from Chrisso to Castri (Delphos), along the sides of Parnassus, I saw six eagles in the air. It is uncommon to see so many together; and it was the number—not the species, which is common enough—that excited my attention.

The last bird I ever fired at was an *eaglet*, on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, near Vostitza. It was only wounded, and I tried to save it, the eye was so bright;

1. Mackintosh wrote (1) a *History of England* for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* (1830); (2) a *History of the Revolution in England* (1834).

2. Afterwards fifth, and last, Duke of Gordon. He died in May, 1836.

but it pined, and died in a few days; and I never did since, and never will, attempt the death of another bird. I wonder what put these two things into my head just now? I have been reading Sismondi, and there is nothing there that could induce the recollection.

I am mightily taken with Braccio di Montone, Giovanni Galeazzo, and Eccelino. But the last is *not* Bracciaferro (of the same name), Count of Ravenna, whose history I want to trace. There is a fine engraving in Lavater, from a picture by Fuseli, of *that* Ezzelin, over the body of Meduna, punished by him for a *hitch* in her constancy during his absence in the Crusades. He was right—but I want to know the story.[1]

Tuesday, March 22.

Last night, *party* at Lansdowne House. To-night, *party* at Lady Charlotte Greville's [2]—deplorable waste of time, and something of temper. Nothing imparted—nothing acquired—talking without ideas:—if any thing like *thought* in my mind, it was not on the subjects on which we were gabbling. Heigho!—and in this way half London pass what is called life. To-morrow there

1. "Fuseli's picture of Ezzelin Bracciaferro musing over Meduna, "slain by him for disloyalty during his absence in the Holy Land, "was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1780. Mr. Knowles, in "his *Life* of the painter, relates the following ancedote: 'Fuseli "frequently invented the subject of his pictures without the aid of "the poet or historian, as in his composition of Ezzelin, Belisaire, "and some others: these he denominated "philosophical ideas "intuitive, or sentiment personified." On one occasion he was "much amused by the following inquiry of Lord Byron: "I have "been looking in vain, Mr. Fuseli, for some months, in the poets "and historians of Italy, for the subject of your picture of Ezzelin: "pray where is it to be found?" "Only in my brain, my Lord," "was the answer: "for I invented it"' (vol. i. p. 403)" (Moore).

2. Daughter of William Henry Cavendish, third Duke of Portland, married, in 1793, to Charles Greville.

is Lady Heathcote's—shall I go? yes—to punish myself for not having a pursuit.

Let me see—what did I see? The only person who much struck me was Lady S * * d's [Stafford's] eldest daughter, Lady C. L.[1] [Charlotte Leveson]. They say she is *not* pretty. I don't know—every thing is pretty that pleases; but there is an air of *soul* about her—and her colour changes—and there is that shyness of the antelope (which I delight in) in her manner so much, that I observed her more than I did any other woman in the rooms, and only looked at any thing else when I thought she might perceive and feel embarrassed by my scrutiny. After all, there may be something of association in this. She is a friend of Augusta's, and whatever she loves I can't help liking.

Her mother, the Marchioness, talked to me a little; and I was twenty times on the point of asking her to introduce me to *sa fille*, but I stopped short. This comes of that affray with the Carlisles.

Earl Grey told me laughingly of a paragraph in the last *Moniteur*, which has stated, among other symptoms of rebellion, some particulars of the *sensation* occasioned in all our government gazettes by the "tear" lines,—*only* amplifying, in its re-statement, an epigram (by the by, no epigram except in the *Greek* acceptation of the word) into a *roman*. I wonder the *Couriers*, etc., etc., have not translated that part of the *Moniteur*, with additional comments.[2]

1. Afterwards Countess of Surrey.

2. "Londres le 9 Mars . . . On vient de publier une caricature "insolente et grossière contre le mariage projeté (de la Princesse de "Galles) et contre le Prince d'Orange. En commentant cette "gravure, le *Town Talk* a osé avancer que la Princesse Charlotte "détestait son époux futur, et que ses véritables affections étaient "sacrifiées à des vues politiques. Le Lord Byron a fait de ce bruit "populaire le sujet d'une romance."—*Moniteur*, 17 Mars, 1814.

The Princess of Wales has requested Fuseli to paint from *The Corsair*—leaving to him the choice of any passage for the subject: so Mr. Locke tells me. Tired, jaded, selfish, and supine—must go to bed.

Roman, at least *Romance*, means a song sometimes, as in the Spanish. I suppose this is the *Moniteur's* meaning, unless he has confused it with *The Corsair*.

Albany, March 28.

This night got into my new apartments,[1] rented of Lord Althorpe, on a lease of seven years. Spacious, and room for my books and sabres. *In* the *house*, too, another advantage. The last few days, or whole week, have been very abstemious, regular in exercise, and yet very *un*well.

Yesterday, dined *tête-à-tête* at the Cocoa with Scrope Davies—sat from six till midnight—drank between us one bottle of champagne and six of claret, neither of which wines ever affect me. Offered to take Scrope home in my carriage; but he was tipsy and pious, and I was obliged to leave him on his knees praying to I know not what purpose or pagod. No headach, nor sickness, that night nor to-day. Got up, if any thing, earlier than usual—sparred with Jackson *ad sudorem*, and have been much better in health than for many days. I have heard nothing more from Scrope. Yesterday paid him four thousand eight hundred pounds, a debt of some

1. In 1804 Albany House, in Piccadilly, long occupied by the Duke of York and Albany, was converted into sets of bachelor chambers, and the gardens behind were also built over with additional suites of rooms. Byron's were in the original house on the ground floor, No. 2. Moore, writing to Rogers, April 12, 1814 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. viii. p. 176), says, "Lord Byron, as you know, "has removed into Albany, and lives in an apartment, I should "think thirty by forty feet."

standing, and which I wished to have paid before. My mind is much relieved by the removal of that *debit*.

Augusta wants me to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused *every* body else, but I can't deny her any thing;—so I must e'en do it, though I had as lief "drink "up Eisel—eat a crocodile."[1] Let me see—Ward, the Hollands, the Lambs, Rogers, etc., etc.,—every body, more or less, have been trying for the last two years to accommodate this *couplet* quarrel, to no purpose. I shall laugh if Augusta succeeds.

Redde a little of many things—shall get in all my books to-morrow. Luckily this room will hold them—with "ample room and verge, etc., the characters of hell "to trace."[2] I must set about some employment soon; my heart begins to eat *itself* again.

April 8.

Out of town six days. On my return, found my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal;—the thieves are in Paris. It is his own fault. Like Milo, he would rend the oak;[3] but it closed again, wedged his hands, and now the beasts—lion, bear, down to the dirtiest jackal—may all tear him. That Muscovite winter *wedged* his arms;—ever since, he has fought with his feet

1. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1, line 299.

2. "Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace."
Gray, *The Bard*, lines 51, 52.

3. He adopted this thought afterwards in his *Ode to Napoleon*, as well as most of the historical examples in the following paragraph:—

"He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round?"

and teeth. The last may still leave their marks; and "I "guess now" (as the Yankees say) that he will yet play them a pass. He is in their rear—between them and their homes. Query—will they ever reach them?

Saturday, April 9, 1814.

I mark this day!

Napoleon Buonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world. "Excellent well." Methinks Sylla did better; for he revenged and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too—Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise—Charles the Fifth but so so—but Napoleon, worst of all. What! wait till they were in his capital, and then talk of his readiness to give up what is already gone!! "What whining monk art thou— "what holy cheat?"[1] 'Sdeath!—Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this. The "Isle of Elba" to retire to!—Well—if it had been Caprea, I should have marvelled less. "I see men's minds are but a parcel "of their fortunes."[2] I am utterly bewildered and confounded.

I don't know—but I think *I*, even *I* (an insect compared with this creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But, after all, a crown may be not worth dying for. Yet, to outlive *Lodi* for this!!!

1. In Otway's *Venice Preserved* (act iv. sc. 2), Pierre says to Jaffier, who had betrayed him—

> "What whining monk art thou? What holy cheat?
> That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears,
> And cant'st thus vilely! Hence! I know thee not!"

2. "I see, men's judgements are a parcel of their fortunes."
Antony and Cleopatra, act iii. sc. 11, line 32.

Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! *Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies?*[1] I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*.[2] Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil:—the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat.

Psha! "something too much of this."[3] But I won't give him up even now; though all his admirers have, "like the thanes, fallen from him."[4]

April 10.

I do not know that I am happiest when alone; but this I am sure of, that I never am long in the society even of *her* I love, (God knows too well, and the devil probably too,) without a yearning for the company of my lamp and my utterly confused and tumbled-over library. Even in the day, I send away my carriage oftener than I use or abuse it. *Per esempio*,—I have not stirred out of these rooms for these four days past: but I have sparred for exercise (windows open) with Jackson an hour daily, to attenuate and keep up the ethereal part of me. The

1. "Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?"

Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 147.

"Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:
And is this all?"

Gifford's *Juvenal* (ed. 1802), vol. ii. pp. 338, 339.

2. "In the Statistical Account of Scotland, I find that Sir John "Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh, the ashes of "a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles. "Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight "one ounce and a half! *And is this all!*"—Gifford's *Juvenal, ut supra.*

3. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

4. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3, "Doctor, the thanes fly from me!"

more violent the fatigue, the better my spirits for the rest of the day; and then, my evenings have that calm nothingness of languor, which I most delight in. To-day I have boxed an hour—written an ode to Napoleon Buonaparte—copied it—eaten six biscuits—drunk four bottles of soda water [1]—redde away the rest of my time—besides giving poor [? Webster] a world of advice about this mistress of his, who is plaguing him into a phthisic and intolerable tediousness. I am a pretty fellow truly to lecture about "the sect." No matter, my counsels are all thrown away.

April 19, 1814.

There is ice at both poles, north and south—all extremes are the same—misery belongs to the highest and the lowest only, to the emperor and the beggar, when unsixpenced and unthroned. There is, to be sure,

1. The following is one of Byron's bills for soda water :—

Lord Byron to R. Shipwash, 27 St. Albans St.

1814—				s.	d.
4 Oct^{r}.	2 Doz.	Soda	Water	11	0
7 ,,	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
13 ,,	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
20 ,,	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
25 ,,	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
26 Nov^{r}.	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
30 ,,	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
9 Dec^{r}.	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
14 ,,	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
17 ,,	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
22 ,,	2 Doz.	do.	do.	11	0
				£6 1 0	
				~~1 7 6~~	
				~~4 13 6~~	

25th Decr. 1814.
Recd. R. Shipwash.

a damned insipid medium—an equinoctial line—no one knows where, except upon maps and measurement.

> "And all our *yesterdays* have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death." [1]

I will keep no further journal of that same hesternal torch-light; and, to prevent me from returning, like a dog, to the vomit of memory, I tear out the remaining leaves of this volume, and write, in *Ipecacuanha*,—"that "the Bourbons are restored!!!"—"Hang up philosophy." [2] To be sure, I have long despised myself and man, but I never spat in the face of my species before—"O fool! "I shall go mad." [3]

1. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5, line 22.
2. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 3.
3. *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4.

APPENDIX I.

ARTICLES FROM *THE MONTHLY REVIEW*.

I. *POEMS*, By W. R. SPENCER.

(Vol. 67, 1812, pp. 54–60.)

Art. VII. Poems by William Robert Spencer. 8vo. 10*s*. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1811.

THE author of this well-printed volume has more than once been introduced to our readers, and is known to rank among that class of poetical persons who have never been highly favoured by stern criticism. The "mob of gentlemen who "write with ease" has indeed of late years (like other mobs) become so importunate, as to threaten an alarming rivalry to the regular body of writers who are not fortunate enough to be either easy or genteel. Hence the jaundiced eye with which the real author regards the red Morocco binding of the presumptuous "Littérateur;" we say, *the binding*, for into the book itself he cannot condescend to look, at least not beyond the frontispiece.—Into Mr. Spencer's volume, however, he may dip farther, and will find sufficient to give him pleasure or pain, in proportion to his own candour. It consists chiefly of "*Vers de Société*," calculated to prove very delightful to a large circle of fashionable acquaintance, and pleasing to a limited number of vulgar purchasers. These last, indeed, may be rude enough to expect something more for their specie during the present scarcity of change, than lines to "Young Poets and Poetesses," "Epitaphs upon "Years," Poems "to my Grammatical Niece," "Epistle from "Sister Dolly in Cascadia to Sister Tanny in Snowdonia," etc.: but we doubt not that a long list of persons of quality, wit, and honour, "in town and country," who are here

addressed, will be highly pleased with themselves and with the poet who has *shewn them off* in a very handsome volume: as will doubtless the "Butterfly at the end of Winter," provided that he is fortunate enough to survive the present inclemencies. We are, however, by no means convinced that the Bellman will relish Mr. S.'s usurpation of a "Christ-"mas Carol;" which looks so very like his own, that we advise him immediately to put in his claim, and it will be universally allowed.

With the exception of these and similar productions, the volume contains poems eminently beautiful; some which have been already published, and others that are well worthy of present publication. Of "Leonora," with which it opens, we made our report many years ago (in vol. xx. N.S. p. 451): but our readers, perhaps, will not be sorry to see another short extract. We presume that they are well acquainted with the story, and therefore select one of the central passages—

"See, where fresh blood-gouts mat the green,
Yon wheel its reeking points advance;
There, by the moon's wan light half seen,
Grim ghosts of tombless murderers dance.
'Come, spectres of the guilty dead,
With us your goblin morris ply,
Come all in festive dance to tread,
Ere on the bridal couch we lie.'

"Forward th' obedient phantoms push,
Their trackless footsteps rustle near,
In sound like autumn winds that rush
Through withering oak or beech-wood sere.
With lightning's force the courser flies,
Earth shakes his thund'ring hoofs beneath,
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,
And horse and horseman heave for breath.

"Swift roll the moon-light scenes away,
Hills chasing hills successive fly;
E'en stars that pave th' eternal way,
Seem shooting to a backward sky.
'Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!
The dead does Leonora fear?
Oh God! oh leave, oh leave the dead!'"

Such a specimen of "the Terrible" will place the merit

of the poem in a proper point of view: but we do not think that some of the alterations in this copy of Leonora are altogether so judicious as Mr. S.'s well-known taste had led us to expect. "Reviving Friendship" (p. 5) is perhaps less expressive than "Relenting," as it once stood; and the phrase, "ten thousand *furlowed* heroes" (*ibid.*), throws a new light on the heroic character. It is extremely proper that heroes should have "furlows," since school-boys have holidays, and lawyers have long vacations: but we very much question whether young gentlemen of the scholastic, legal, or heroic calling, would be flattered by any epithet derived from the relaxation of their respectable pursuits. We should feel some hesitation in telling an interesting youth, of any given battalion from Portugal, that he was a "furlowed hero," lest he should prove to us that his "furlow" had by no means impaired his "heroism." The old epithet, "war-worn," was more adapted to heroism and to poetry; and, if we mistake not, it has very recently been superseded by an epithet which precludes "otium cum dignitate" from the soldier, without imparting either ease or dignity to the verse. Why is "horse and horsemen *pant* for breath" changed to "*heave* for breath," unless for the alliteration of the too tempting aspirate? "Heaving" is appropriate enough to coals and to sighs, but "panting" *belongs* to successful lovers and spirited horses; and why should Mr. S.'s horse and horseman not have panted as heretofore?

The next poem in arrangement as well as in merit is the "Year of Sorrow;" to which we offered a tribute of praise in our 45th vol. N.S. p. 288.—We are sorry to observe that the compliment paid to Mr. Wedgewood by a "late traveller" (see note, p. 50), viz. that "an Englishman in journeying "from Calais to Ispahan may have his dinner served every "day on Wedgewood's ware," is no longer a matter of fact. It has lately been the good or evil fortune of one of our travelling department to pass near to Calais, and to have journeyed through divers Paynim lands to no very remote distance from Ispahan; and neither in the palace of the Pacha nor in the caravanserai of the traveller, nor in the hut of the peasant, was he so favoured as to masticate his pilaff from that fashionable service. Such is, in this and

numerous other instances, the altered state of the continent and of Europe, since the annotation of the "late traveller;" and on the authority of a *later*, we must report that the ware has been all broken since the former passed that way. We wish that we could efficiently exhort Mr. Wedgewood to send out a fresh supply, on all the *turnpike roads* by the route of Bagdad, for the convenience of the "latest "travellers."

Passing over the "Chorus from Euripides," which might as well have slept in quiet with the rest of the author's school-exercises, we come to "the Visionary," which we gladly extract as a very elegant specimen of the lighter poems—

"When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead!

"No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

"The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours at her side.

"What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
They once were friendship, truth, and love!
Oh, die to thought, to mem'ry die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!"

We cannot forbear adding the beautiful stanzas in pages 166, 167—

"To the Lady Anne Hamilton.

"Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flow'rs!

"What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are di'mond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

"Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?"

The far greater part of the volume, however, contains pieces which can be little gratifying to the public:—some are pretty; and all are besprinkled with "gems," and "roses," and "birds," and "diamonds," and such like cheap poetical adornments, as are always to be obtained at no great expense of thought or of metre.—It is happy for the author that these *bijoux* are presented to persons of high degree; countesses, foreign and domestic; "Maids of Honour to Louisa Land-"gravine of Hesse D'Armstadt;" Lady Blank, and Lady Asterisk, besides ——, and ——, and others anonymous; who are exactly the kind of people to be best pleased with these sparkling, shining, fashionable trifles. We will solace our readers with three stanzas of the soberest of these odes—

"ADDRESSED TO LADY SUSAN FINCASTLE, NOW COUNTESS OF DUNMORE.

"What ails you, Fancy? you're become
Colder than Truth, than Reason duller!
Your wings are worn, your chirping's dumb,
And ev'ry plume has lost its colour.

"You droop like geese, whose cacklings cease
When dire St. Michael they remember,
Or like some *bird* who just has heard
That Fin's preparing for September?

"Can you refuse your sweetest spell
When I for Susan's praise invoke you?
What, sulkier still? you pout and swell
As if that lovely name would choke you."

We are to suppose that "Fin preparing for September" is the lady with whose "lovely name" Fancy runs some risk of being "choked;" and, really, if *killing partridges* formed a part of her Ladyship's accomplishments, both "Fancy" and Feeling were in danger of a quinsey. Indeed, the whole of these stanzas are couched in that most exquisite irony, in which Mr. S. has more than once succeeded. All the songs to "persons of quality" seem to be written on

that purest model, "the song by a person of quality;" whose stanzas have not been fabricated in vain. This sedulous imitation extends even to the praise of things inanimate :—

"When an Eden zephyr hovers
O'er a slumb'ring cherub's lyre,
Or when sighs of seraph lovers
Breathe upon th' unfinger'd wire."

If namby-pamby still leads to distinction, Mr. S., like Ambrose Phillips, will be "preferred for wit."

"Heav'n must hear—a bloom more tender
Seems to tint the wreath of May,
Lovelier beams the noon-day splendour,
Brighter dew-drops gem the spray!

"Is the breath of angels moving
O'er each flow'ret's heighten'd hue?
Are their smiles the day improving,
Have their tears enrich'd the dew?"

Here we have "angels' tears," and "breath," and "smiles," and "Eden zephyrs," "sighs of seraph lovers," and "lyres "of slumbering cherubs," dancing away to "the Pedal Harp!" How strange it is that Thomson, in his stanzas on the Æolian lyre (see the *Castle of Indolence*), never dreamed of such things, but left all these prettinesses to the last of the Cruscanti!

One of the best pieces in the volume is an "Epistle to "T. Moore, Esq.," which though disfigured with "Fiends on "sulphur nurst," and "*Hell's chillest Winter*" ("poor Tom's "a'-cold!"), and some other vagaries of the same sort, forms a pleasant specimen of poetical friendship.—We give the last ten lines—

"The triflers think your varied powers
Made only for life's gala bow'rs,
To smooth Reflection's mentor-frown,
Or Pillow joy on softer down.—
Fools!—yon blest orb not only glows
To chase the cloud, or paint the rose;
These are the pastimes of his might,
Earth's torpid bosom drinks his light;
Find there his wondrous pow'r's true measure,
Death turn'd to life, and dross to treasure!"

We have now arrived at Mr. Spencer's French and Italian poesy; the former of which is written sometimes in new and sometimes in old French, and, occasionally, in a kind of tongue neither old nor new. We offer a sample of the two former—

"'QU'EST CE QUE C'EST QUE LE GENIE?'

"*Brillant est cet esprit privé de sentiment;*
Mais ce n'est qu'un soleil trop vif et trop constant,
Tendre est ce sentiment qu' aucun esprit n'anime,
Mais ce n'est qu'un jour doux, que trop de pluie abime!
Quand un brillant esprit de ses rares couleurs,
Orne du sentiment les aimables douleurs,
Un Phenomêne *en nait, le plus beau de la vie!*
C'est alors que les ris en se mêlant aux pleurs,
Font ces Iris de l'ame, *appellê le Genie!*"

"*C'y gist un povre menestrel,*
Occis par maint ennuict cruel—
Ne plains pas trop sa destinée—
N'est icy que son corps mortel:
Son ame est toujours à Gillwell,
Et n'est ce pas là l'Elysée?"

We think that Mr. Spencer's Italian rhymes are better finished than his French; and indeed the facility of composing in that most poetical of all languages must be obvious: but, as a composer in Italian, he and all other Englishmen are much inferior to Mr. Mathias. It is very perceptible in many of Mr. S.'s smaller pieces that he has suffered his English versification to be vitiated with Italian *concetti;* and we should have been better pleased with his compositions in a foreign language, had they not induced him to corrupt his mother-tongue. Still we would by no means utterly proscribe these excursions into other languages; though they remind us occasionally of that aspiring Frenchman who placed in his grounds the following inscription in honour of Shenstone and the Leasowes:—

"See this stone
For William Shenstone—
Who planted groves rural,
And wrote verse natural!"

The above lines were displayed by the worthy proprietor,

in the pride of his heart, to all English travellers, as a tribute of respect for the resemblance of his paternal chateau to the Leasowes, and a striking coincidence between Shenstone's versification and his own.—We do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Spencer's French verses ("*C'y gist un povre "menestrel*," with an Urn inscribed W. R. S. at the top) are *precisely* a return in kind for the quatrain above quoted: but we place it as a beacon to all young gentlemen of poetical propensities on the French Parnassus. Few would proceed better on the Gallic Pegasus, than the Anglo-troubadour on ours.

We now take our leave of Mr. Spencer, without being blind to his errors or insensible to his merits. As a poet, he may be placed rather below Mr. Moore and somewhat above Lord Strangford; and if his volume meet with half their number of purchasers, he will have no reason to complain either of our judgment or of his own success.

ARTICLES FROM *THE MONTHLY REVIEW.*

2. *NEGLECTED GENIUS*, By W. H. IRELAND. (Vol. 70, 1813, pp. 203–205.)

Art. XV. *Neglected Genius:* a Poem. Illustrating the untimely and unfortunate Fall of many British Poets; from the Period of Henry VIII. to the Æra of the unfortunate Chatterton. Containing Imitations of their different Styles, etc., etc. By W. H. Ireland, Author of the *Fisher-Boy*, *Sailor-Boy*, *Cottage-Girl*, etc., etc., etc. 8vo. pp. 175. 8*s*. Boards. Sherwood & Co. 1812.

This volume, professing in a moderately long title-page to be "illustrative of the untimely and unfortunate fate of "*many* British Poets," might with great propriety include the author among the number; for if his "imitations of their "different styles" resemble the originals, the consequent starvation of "many British poets" is a doom which is

calculated to excite pity rather than surprize. The book opens with a dedication to the present, and a Monody on the late Duke of Devonshire (one of the neglected bards, we presume, on whom the author holds his inquest), in which it were difficult to say whether the "enlightened under-"standing" of the living or the "intellect" of the deceased nobleman is more justly appreciated or more elegantly eulogized. Lest the Monody should be mistaken for anything but itself, of which there was little danger, it is dressed in marginal mourning, like a dying speech, or an American Gazette after a defeat. The following is a specimen—the poet is addressing the Duchess :—

"Chaste widow'd Mourner, still with tears bedew
That sacred Urn, which can imbue
Thy worldly thoughts, thus kindling mem'ry's glow :
Each retrospective virtue, fadeless beam,
Embalms thy *Truth* in heavenly dream,
To soothe the bosom's agonizing woe.

"Yet soft—more poignantly to wake the soul,
And ev'ry pensive thought controul,
Truth shall with energy his worth proclaim ;
Here I'll record his *philanthropic mind*,
Eager to bless all human kind,
Yet *modest shrinking* from the voice of *Fame.*

"As *Patriot* view him shun the courtly crew,
And dauntless ever keep in view
That bright palladium, England's dear renown.
The people's Freedom and the Monarch's good,
Purchas'd with Patriotic blood,
The surest safeguard of the state and crown.

"Or now behold his glowing soul extend,
To shine the polish'd social *friend ;*
His country's *matchless Prince* his worth rever'd ;
Gigantic Fox, true Freedom's darling child,
By kindred excellence beguil'd,
To lasting *amity* the temple rear'd.

"As *Critic* chaste, his judgment could explore
The beauties of poetic lore,
Or classic strains mellifluent infuse ;
Yet glowing genius and expanded sense
Were crown'd with *innate diffidence*,
The sure attendant of a genuine muse."

Page 9 contains, forsooth, a very correct imitation of Milton—

"To thee, gigantic genius, next I'll sound ;
The clarion string, and fill fame's vasty round ;
'Tis *Milton* beams upon the wond'ring sight,
Rob'd in the splendour of Apollo's light ;
As when from ocean bursting on the view,
His orb dispenses ev'ry brilliant hue,
Crowns with resplendent gold th' horizon wide,
And cloathes with countless gems the buoyant tide ;
While through the boundless realms of æther blaze,
On spotless azure, streamy saffron rays :—
So o'er the world of genius *Milton* shone,
Profound in science—as the bard—alone."

We must not pass over the imitative specimen of "Nahum Tate," because in this the author approximates nearest to the style of his original—

"Friend of great *Dryden*, though of humble fame,
The Laureat Tate, shall here record his name ;
Whose sorrowing numbers breath'd a nation's pain,
When death from mortal to immortal reign
Translated royal *Anne*, our island's boast,
Victorious sov'reign, dread of Gallia's host ;
Whose arms by land and sea with fame were crown'd,
Whose statesmen grave for wisdom were renown'd,
Whose reign with science dignifies the page ;
Bright noon of genius—*great Augustan age*.
Such was thy Queen, and such th' illustrious time
That nurs'd thy muse, and tun'd thy soul to rhyme ;
Yet wast thou fated sorrow's shaft to bear,
Augmenting still this catalogue of care ;
The gripe of penury thy bosom knew,
A gloomy jail obscur'd bright freedom's view ;
So life's gay visions faded to thy sight,
Thy brilliant hopes enscarf'd in sorrow's night."

Where did Mr. Ireland learn that *hold fast* and *ballāst*, *stir* and *hungēr*, *please* and *kidnēys*, *plane* and *capstāne*, *expose* and *windōws*, *forgot* and *pilōt*, *sail on* and *Deucālon!* (Lemprière would have saved him a scourging at school by telling him that there was an *i* in the word), were legitimate Hudibrastic rhymes? (see pp. 116, etc.). Chatterton is a great favourite of this imitative gentleman ; and Bristol, where he appears to have been held in no greater

estimation than Mr. Ireland himself deserves, is much vituperated in some sad couplets, seemingly for this reason, "All for love, and a little for the bottle," as Bannister's song runs,—"All for Chatterton, and a little for myself," thinks Mr. Ireland.

The notes communicate, among other novelties, the new title of "Sir Horace" to the Honourable H. Walpole: surely a perusal of the life of the unfortunate boy, whose fate Mr. I. deplores, might have prevented this piece of ignorance, twice repeated in the same page; and we wonder at the malicious fun of the printer's devil in permitting it to stand, for *he* certainly knew better. We must be excused from a more detailed notice of Mr. Ireland for the present; and indeed we hope to hear no more of his lamentations, very sure that none but reviewers ever will peruse them: unless, perhaps, the unfortunate persons of quality whom he may henceforth single out as proper victims of future dedication. Though his dedications are enough to kill the living, his anticipated monodies, on the other hand, must add considerably to the natural dread of death in such of his patrons as may be liable to common sense or to chronic diseases.

APPENDIX II.

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.

I. Debate on the Frame-work Bill, in the House of Lords, February 27, 1812.

The order of the day for the second reading of this Bill being read,

Lord Byron rose, and (for the first time) addressed their Lordships as follows :—

My Lords,—The subject now submitted to your Lordships for the first time, though new to the House, is by no means new to the country. I believe it had occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons, long before its introduction to the notice of that legislature, whose interference alone could be of real service. As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your Lordships' indulgence, whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested.

To enter into any detail of the riots would be superfluous : the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence ; and on the day I left the county I was informed that forty frames had been broken

the preceding evening, as usual, without resistance and without detection.

Such was then the state of that county, and such I have reason to believe it to be at this moment. But whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist to an alarming extent, it cannot be denied that they have arisen from circumstances of the most unparalleled distress : the perseverance of these miserable men in their proceedings tends to prove that nothing but absolute want could have driven a large, and once honest and industrious, body of the people, into the commission of excesses so hazardous to themselves, their families, and the community. At the time to which I allude, the town and county were burdened with large detachments of the military ; the police was in motion, the magistrates assembled ; yet all the movements, civil and military, had led to—nothing. Not a single instance had occurred of the apprehension of any real delinquent actually taken in the fact, against whom there existed legal evidence sufficient for conviction. But the police, however useless, were by no means idle : several notorious delinquents had been detected, —men, liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of poverty ; men, who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times ! they were unable to maintain. Considerable injury has been done to the proprietors of the improved frames. These machines were to them an advantage, inasmuch as they superseded the necessity of employing a number of workmen, who were left in consequence to starve. By the adoption of one species of frame in particular, one man performed the work of many, and the superfluous labourers were thrown out of employment. Yet it is to be observed, that the work thus executed was inferior in quality ; not marketable at home, and merely hurried over with a view to exportation. It was called, in the cant of the trade, by the name of "Spider-work." The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing at these improvements in arts so beneficial to mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. In the foolishness of their hearts they imagined that the maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor were

objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement, in the implements of trade, which threw the workmen out of employment, and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire. And it must be confessed that although the adoption of the enlarged machinery in that state of our commerce which the country once boasted might have been beneficial to the master without being detrimental to the servant; yet, in the present situation of our manufactures, rotting in warehouses, without a prospect of exportation, with the demand for work and workmen equally diminished, frames of this description tend materially to aggravate the distress and discontent of the disappointed sufferers. But the real cause of these distresses and consequent disturbances lies deeper. When we are told that these men are leagued together not only for the destruction of their own comfort, but of their very means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter policy, the destructive warfare of the last eighteen years, which has destroyed their comfort, your comfort, all men's comfort? that policy, which, originating with "great statesmen now no more," has survived the dead to become a curse on the living, unto the third and fourth generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless, worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you, then, wonder that in times like these when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony are found in a station not far beneath that of your Lordships, the lowest, though once most useful portion of the people, should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic, who is famished into guilt. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands: they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them: their own means of subsistence were cut off, all other employments pre-occupied; and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be subject of surprise.

It has been stated that the persons in the temporary possession of frames connive at their destruction ; if this be proved upon inquiry, it were necessary that such material accessories to the crime should be principals in the punishment. But I did hope, that any measure proposed by his Majesty's government for your Lordships' decision, would have had conciliation for its basis ; or, if that were hopeless, that some previous inquiry, some deliberation, would have been deemed requisite ; not that we should have been called at once, without examination and without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants blindfold. But, admitting that these men had no cause of complaint ; that the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless ; that they deserved the worst ;—what inefficiency, what imbecility has been evinced in the method chosen to reduce them ! Why were the military called out to be made a mockery of, if they were to be called out at all? As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon ; and, indeed, the whole proceedings, civil and military, seemed on the model of those of the mayor and corporation of Garratt.—Such marchings and countermarchings !—from Nottingham to Bullwell, from Bullwell to Banford, from Banford to Mansfield ! And when at length the detachments arrived at their destination, in all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance "of glorious war," they came just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators, to collect the "*spolia opima*" in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children. Now, though, in a free country, it were to be wished that our military should never be too formidable, at least to ourselves, I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous. As the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last. In this instance it has been the first ; but providentially as yet only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath ; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots, had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also had

their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the county. At present the county suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving population. In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now for the first time the House has been officially apprised of these disturbances? All this has been transacting within 130 miles of London; and yet we, "good easy men, have "deemed full sure our greatness was a-ripening," and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self-congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and your executioners must be let loose against your fellow-citizens.—You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the "*Bellua multorum* "*capitum*" is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labour in your fields and serve in your houses,—that man your navy, and recruit your army,—that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair! You may call the people a mob; but do not forget that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark, with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence or—the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened, from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed, to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity began abroad it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the bounty

bestowed on Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admit without inquiry) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief; though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding,—the warm water of your mawkish police, and the lancets of your military,—these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the Bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to Heaven and testify against you? How will you carry the Bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prisons? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation? place the county under martial law? depopulate and lay waste all around you? and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown, in its former condition of a royal chase and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence?

Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporising, would not be without its advantages in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporise and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off-hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the Bill under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian law-giver whose edicts were said to be written not in ink but in blood. But suppose it passed; suppose one of these men, as I have seen them,—meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your Lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame;—suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support;—suppose this man—and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims—dragged into court, to be tried for this new offence, by this new law; still, there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him; and these are, in my opinion,—twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jeffreys for a judge!

2. DEBATE ON THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE'S MOTION FOR A COMMITTEE ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS, APRIL 21, 1812. [Byron's notes for a portion of his speech are in the possession of Mr. Murray.]

Lord BYRON rose and said :—

My Lords,—The question before the House has been so frequently, fully, and ably discussed, and never perhaps more ably than on this night, that it would be difficult to adduce new arguments for or against it. But with each discussion difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding thus much, however, a new objection is started ; it is not the time, say they, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough yet. In some degree I concur with those who say it is not the time exactly ; that time is past ; better had it been for the country that the Catholics possessed at this moment their proportion of our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils, than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had indeed been better—

"Non tempore tali
"Cogere concilium cum muros obsidet hostis."

The enemy is without, and distress within. It is too late to cavil on doctrinal points, when we must unite in defence of things more important than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is indeed singular, that we are called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we are agreed ; not about the king we obey, for to him we are loyal ; but how far a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how far believing not too little, but too much (the worst that can be imputed to the Catholics), how far too much devotion to their God may incapacitate our fellow-subjects from effectually serving their king.

Much has been said, within and without doors, of church and state ; and although those venerable words have been too often prostituted to the most despicable of party

purposes, we cannot hear them too often : all, I presume, are the advocates of church and state,—the church of Christ, and the state of Great Britain ; but not a state of exclusion and despotism ; not an intolerant church ; not a church militant, which renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish communion, and in a greater degree, for the Catholic merely withholds its spiritual benediction (and even that is doubtful), but our church, or rather our churchmen, not only refuse to the Catholic their spiritual grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a "parliamentary king and a "parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary God "and a parliamentary religion." The interval of a century has not weakened the force of the remark. It is indeed time that we should leave off these petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries, whether our "eggs are best "broken at the broad or narrow end."

The opponents of the Catholics may be divided into two classes ; those who assert that the Catholics have too much already, and those who allege that the lower orders, at least, have nothing more to require. We are told by the former, that the Catholics never will be contented : by the latter, that they are already too happy. The last paradox is sufficiently refuted by the present as by all past petitions : it might as well be said, that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated ; but this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many from their taskmasters to a contrary effect ; and for myself, when I consider this, I pity the Catholic peasantry for not having the good fortune to be born black. But the Catholics are contented, or at least ought to be, as we are told ; I shall, therefore, proceed to touch on a few of those circumstances which so marvellously contribute to their exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their religion in the regular army ; the Catholic soldier cannot absent himself from the service of the Protestant clergyman ; and unless he is quartered in Ireland, or in Spain, where can he find eligible

opportunities of attending his own? The permission of Catholic chaplains to the Irish militia regiments was conceded as a special favour, and not till after years of remonstrance, although an Act, passed in 1793, established it as a right. But are the Catholics properly protected in Ireland? Can the church purchase a rood of land whereon to erect a chapel? No! all the places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the laity, easily broken, and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish, any casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened continually, but in no instance more glaringly than at the town of Newton Barry, in the county of Wexford. The Catholics enjoying no regular chapel, as a temporary expedient hired two barns; which, being thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time, there was quartered opposite to the spot an officer whose mind appears to have been deeply imbued with those prejudices which the Protestant petitions now on the table prove to have been fortunately eradicated from the more rational portion of the people; and when the Catholics were assembled on the Sabbath as usual, in peace and good-will towards men, for the worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed, and were told that if they did not immediately retire (and they were told this by a yeoman officer and a magistrate), the Riot Act should be read, and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet. This was complained of to the middle-man of government, the secretary at the Castle in 1806, and the answer was (in lieu of redress), that he would cause a letter to be written to the colonel, to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact no very great stress need be laid; but it tends to prove that while the Catholic church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the laws for its protection are of no avail. In the mean time, the Catholics are at the mercy of every "pelting petty officer," who may choose to play his "fantastic tricks before high heaven," to insult his God, and injure his fellow-creatures.

Every schoolboy, any footboy (such have held commissions in our service), any footboy who can exchange his

shoulder-knot for an epaulette, may perform all this and more against the Catholic by virtue of that very authority delegated to him by his sovereign for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between Catholic and Protestant.

Have the Irish Catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have until they are permitted to share the privilege of serving as sheriffs and undersheriffs. Of this a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a Catholic named Macvournagh; three respectable, uncontradicted witnesses, deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at, and kill the said Macvournagh. This was properly commented on by the judge; but, to the astonishment of the bar, and indignation of the court, the Protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality, that Mr. Justice Osborne felt it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved assassin, in large recognizances; thus for a time taking away his licence to kill Catholics.

Are the very laws passed in their favour observed? They are rendered nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late Act, Catholic chaplains are permitted in gaols; but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presenting a suspended clergyman for the office, thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respectable magistrate named Fletcher to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented Catholic!

It has been asked, in another place, Why do not the rich Catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are all such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, peculating interference of the Orange commissioners for charitable donations?

As to Maynooth college, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble Lord (Camden), at the head of the Irish administration, did appear to interest himself in its advancement, and during the government of a

noble Duke (Bedford), who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend of freedom and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the Catholics from the number of his fellow-creatures; with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was indeed a time when the Catholic clergy were conciliated, while the Union was pending, that Union which could not be carried without them, while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the Catholic counties; then they were cajoled and caressed, feared and flattered, and given to understand that "the Union would do every thing"; but the moment it was passed, they were driven back with contempt into their former obscurity.

In the conduct pursued towards Maynooth college, every thing is done to irritate and perplex—every thing is done to efface the slightest impression of gratitude from the Catholic mind; the very hay made upon the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true, this economy in miniature cannot sufficiently be commended, particularly at a time when only the insect defaulters of the Treasury, your Hunts and your Chinnerys, when only those "gilded bugs" can escape the microscopic eye of ministers. But when you come forward, session after session, as your paltry pittance is wrung from you with wrangling and reluctance, to boast of your liberality, well might the Catholic exclaim, in the words of Prior—

> "To John I owe some obligation,
> But John unluckily thinks fit
> To publish it to all the nation,
> So John and I are more than quit."

Some persons have compared the Catholics to the beggar in *Gil Blas:* who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their ancestors? And cannot you relieve the beggar when your fathers have made him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, cannot you do it without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant

Charter Schools; to them you have lately granted 41,000*l.*: thus are they supported; and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes on the English constitution, that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the historian describes the policy of the Germans, and adds, "This beautiful system "was taken from the woods;" so in speaking of the charter schools, it may be observed, that this beautiful system was taken from the gipsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the Janissaries at the time of their enrolment under Amurath, and the gipsies of the present day, with stolen children, with children decoyed and kidnapped from their Catholic connections by their rich and powerful Protestant neighbours: this is notorious, and one instance may suffice to show in what manner:—The sister of a Mr. Carthy (a Catholic gentleman of very considerable property) died, leaving two girls, who were immediately marked out as proselytes, and conveyed to the charter school of Coolgreny; their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his nieces, offering to settle an independence on these his relations; his request was refused, and not till after five years' struggle, and the interference of very high authority, could this Catholic gentleman obtain back his nearest of kindred from a charity charter school. In this manner are proselytes obtained, and mingled with the offspring of such Protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are they taught? A catechism is put into their hands, consisting of, I believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the Protestant religion; one of these queries is, "Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?" Answer: "In the Gospel." The remaining forty-four pages and a half regard the damnable idolatry of Papists!

Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training up a child in the way which he should go? Is this the religion of the Gospel before the time of Luther? that religion which preaches "Peace on earth, and glory to "God"? Is it bringing up infants to be men or devils? Better would it be to send them any where than teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might more humanely learn to

become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that they were brought up to devour the dead, than persecute the living. Schools do you call them? call them rather dunghills, where the viper of intolerance deposits her young, that when their teeth are cut and their poison is mature, they may issue forth, filthy and venomous, to sting the Catholic. But are these the doctrines of the Church of England, or of churchmen? No, the most enlightened churchmen are of a different opinion. What says Paley? "I perceive no reason "why men of different religious persuasions should not sit "upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or "fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious "opinions upon any controverted topic of natural history, "philosophy, or ethics." It may be answered, that Paley was not strictly orthodox; I know nothing of his orthodoxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the church, to human nature, to Christianity?

I shall not dwell upon the grievance of tithes, so severely felt by the peasantry; but it may be proper to observe, that there is an addition to the burden, a percentage to the gatherer, whose interest it thus becomes to rate them as highly as possible, and we know that in many large livings in Ireland the only resident Protestants are the tithe proctor and his family.

Amongst many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation, there is one in the militia not to be passed over,—I mean the existence of Orange lodges amongst the privates. Can the officers deny this? And if such lodges do exist, do they, can they tend to promote harmony amongst the men, who are thus individually separated in society, although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution to be permitted; or is it to be believed that with such a system the Catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are, they belie human nature; they are then, indeed, unworthy to be any thing but the slaves you have made them. The facts stated are from most respectable authority, or I should not have dared in this place, or any place, to hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty as willing, as I believe them to be unable, to disprove them. Should it be objected that I never was in Ireland,

I beg leave to observe, that it is as easy to know something of Ireland, without having been there, as it appears with some to have been born, bred, and cherished there, and yet remain ignorant of its best interests.

But there are who assert that the Catholics have already been too much indulged. See (cry they) what has been done: we have given them one entire college; we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and lives to offer; and yet they are never to be satisfied!—Generous and just declaimers! To this, and to this only, amount the whole of your arguments, when stript of their sophistry. Those personages remind me of a story of a certain drummer, who, being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high, he did—to flog low, he did—to flog in the middle, he did,—high, low, down the middle, and up again, but all in vain; the patient continued his complaints with the most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his scourge, exclaiming, "The devil burn "you, there's no pleasing you, flog where one will!" Thus it is, you have flogged the Catholic high, low, here, there, and every where, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true that time, experience, and that weariness which attends even the exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently; but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue, till perhaps the rod may be wrested from your hands, and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity.

It was said by somebody in a former debate, (I forget by whom, and am not very anxious to remember,) if the Catholics are emancipated, why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the Catholic, what is it but the language of Shylock transferred from his daughter's marriage to Catholic emancipation—

> "Would any of the tribe of Barabbas
> Should have it rather than a Christian!"

I presume a Catholic is a Christian, even in the opinion

of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews.

It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson, (whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr. Duigenan,) that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the church in these times, would have "cried fire in the deluge." This is more than a metaphor; for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted (so any doctor will inform your Lordships), for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been), it is impossible to convince these poor creatures that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves is nothing but an *ignis fatuus* of their own drivelling imaginations. What rhubarb, senna, or "what "purgative drug can scour that fancy thence?"—It is impossible, they are given over,—theirs is the true

"Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris."

These are your true Protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against Catholic petitions, Protestant petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice, and common sense can urge against the delusions of their absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse; they are the mice who conceive themselves in labour with mountains.

To return to the Catholics: suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities; suppose them capable of such a bull as not to desire deliverance,—ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted? What talents have been lost by the selfish system of exclusion? You already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment the defence of England is intrusted to the Irish

militia ; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But till equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction. Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an Irish general : it is true he is not a Catholic ; had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions : but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents or diminished his patriotism ; though, in that case, he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army.

But he is fighting the battles of the Catholics abroad ; his noble brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric ; whilst a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against his Catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests, and dispersions ;—all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your Lordships will doubtless divide new honours between the Saviour of Portugal, and the Disperser of Delegates. It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy ; if Catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful king of the one Sicily, (of which, by the by, you have lately deprived him,) stand in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our Popish allies. But let four millions of fellow-subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labour in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens ; and although their "father's house has many mansions," there is no resting-place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand VII., who certainly is a fool, and, consequently, in all probability a bigot? and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign

than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interest better than you know your own; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who are in worse durance than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body?

Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claims of the petitioners, I shall not expatiate; you know them, you will feel them, and your children's children when you are passed away. Adieu to that Union so called, as "*Lucus a non lucendo*," an Union from never uniting, which in its first operation gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called an Union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has great Britain swallowed up the Parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic.

And now, my Lords, before I sit down, will his Majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms? The esteem in which they are held has been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct and that of noble lords on this side of the House.

What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends (if such I may presume to call them), I shall not pretend to ascertain; but that of his Majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind, "no one knows whence it cometh or whither it "goeth;" but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the kingdom, even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there will they be greeted by the manufacturers, with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of those who so simply, yet

ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to John o' Groat's, every where will they receive similar marks of approbation. If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four Catholic millions, to whom their vote of this night is about to endear them for ever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they cannot escape the acclamations of the livery, and the more tremulous, but not less sincere, applause, the blessings, "not loud, but deep," of bankrupt merchants and doubting stock-holders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of nightshade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren! It is true, there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion; but a "cloud of witnesses" are gone above from that gallant army which they so generously and piously despatched, to recruit the "noble army of "martyrs."

What if in the course of this triumphal career (in which they will gather as many pebbles as Caligula's army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own,) they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honour of their benefactors; what although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favour of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature, or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted into effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures, and, above all, their conduct to the Catholics, must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Bonaparte than Catholic emancipation; no line of conduct more propitious to his projects than that which has been pursued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the Catholics? It is on the basis of your

tyranny Napoleon hopes to build his own. So grateful must oppression of the Catholics be to his mind, that doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse) the next cartel will convey to this country cargoes of Sevres china and blue ribands, (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment,) blue ribands of the Legion of Honour for Dr. Duigenan and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves, and so useless to our allies; of those singular inquiries, so exculpatory to the accused, and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honourable, as we are told, to the British name, and so destructive to the best interests of the British nation: above all, such is the reward of the conduct pursued by ministers towards the Catholics.

I have to apologise to the House, who will, I trust, pardon one not often in the habit of intruding upon their indulgence, for so long attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my vote will be, in favour of the motion.

3. Debate on Major Cartwright's Petition, June 1, 1813.

Lord Byron rose and said:—

My Lords,—The petition which I now hold for the purpose of presenting to the House is one which, I humbly conceive, requires the particular attention of your Lordships, inasmuch as, though signed but by a single individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved) demand most serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains is neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his own only, for it has been and is still felt by numbers. No one without these walls, nor indeed within, but may to-morrow be made liable to the same insult and obstruction, in the discharge of an imperious duty for the restoration of the true constitution of these realms, by petitioning for reform in Parliament. The petitioner, my Lords, is a man whose long life has been spent in one

unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject, against that undue influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on his age, but still unimpaired in talent, and unshaken in spirit—"*frangas non flectes*"—he has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult, of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no dishonour. The petition is signed by John Cartwright; and it was in behalf of the people and Parliament, in the lawful pursuit of that reform in the representation which is the best service to be rendered both to Parliament and people, that he encountered the wanton outrage which forms the subject-matter of his petition to your Lordships. It is couched in firm, yet respectful language—in the language of a man, not regardless of what is due to himself, but at the same time, I trust, equally mindful of the deference to be paid to this House. The petitioner states, amongst other matter of equal, if not greater importance, to all who are British in their feelings, as well as blood and birth, that on the 21st January, 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and six other persons, who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil force, and kept in close custody for several hours, subjected to gross and abusive insinuation from the commanding officer, relative to the character of the petitioner; that he (the petitioner) was finally carried before a magistrate, and not released till an examination of his papers proved that there was not only no just, but not even statutable charge against him; and that, notwithstanding the promise and order from the presiding magistrates of a copy of the warrant against your petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never until this hour been granted. The names and condition of the parties will be found in the petition. To the other topics touched upon in the petition I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your Lordships to its general

contents—it is in the cause of the Parliament and people that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated, and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid to the House, that to your justice, rather than by appeal to any inferior court, he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly stating the obstruction to which the subject is liable, in the prosecution of the most lawful and imperious of his duties, the obtaining by petition reform in Parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint; the petitioner has more fully expressed it. Your Lordships will, I hope, adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him, and not him alone, but the whole body of the people, insulted and aggrieved in his person, by the interposition of an abused civil and unlawful military force between them and their right of petition to their own representatives.

His Lordship then presented the petition from Major Cartwright, which was read, complaining of the circumstances at Huddersfield, and of interruptions given to the right of petitioning in several places in the northern parts of the kingdom, and which his Lordship moved should be laid on the table.

Several lords having spoken on the question,

Lord BYRON replied, that he had, from motives of duty, presented this petition to their Lordships' consideration. The noble Earl had contended that it was not a petition, but a speech; and that, as it contained no prayer, it should not be received. What was the necessity of a prayer? If that word were to be used in its proper sense, their Lordships could not expect that any man should pray to others. He had only to say, that the petition, though in some parts expressed strongly perhaps, did not contain any improper mode of address, but was couched in respectful language towards their Lordships; he should therefore trust their Lordships would allow the petition to be received.

APPENDIX III.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB AND BYRON.

1. THE following letter is one of the first which Lady Caroline wrote to Byron, in the spring of 1812 :—

"The Rose Lord Byron gave Lady Caroline Lamb died in despight of every effort made to save it ; probably from regret at its fallen Fortunes. Hume, at least, who is no great believer in most things, says that many more die of broken hearts than is supposed. When Lady Caroline returns from Brocket Hall, she will dispatch the *Cabinet Maker* to Lord Biron, with the Flower she wishes most of all others to resemble, as, however deficient its beauty and even use, it has a noble and aspiring mind, and, having once beheld in its full lustre the bright and unclouded sun that for one moment condescended to shine upon it, never while it exists could it think any lower object worthy of its worship and Admiration. Yet the sunflower was punished for its temerity ; but its fate is more to be envied than that of many less proud flowers. It is still permitted to gaze, though at the humblest distance, on him who is superior to every other, and, though in this cold foggy atmosphere it meets no doubt with many disappointments, and though it never could, never will, have reason to boast of any peculiar mark of condescension or attention from the bright star to whom it pays constant homage, yet to behold it sometimes, to see it gazed at, to hear it admired, will repay all. She hopes, therefore, when brought by the little Page, it will be graciously received without any more Taunts and cuts about 'Love of what is New.'

"Lady Caroline does not plead guilty to this most unkind charge, at least no further than is laudable, for that which is rare and is distinguished and singular ought to be more prized and sought after than what is commonplace and disagreeable. How can the other accusation, of being easily pleased, agree with this ? The very circumstance of seeking out that which is of high value shows at least a mind not readily satisfied. But to attempt excuses for faults would be impossible with Lady Caroline. They have so long been rooted in a soil suited to their growth that a far less penetrating eye than Lord Byron's might perceive them—even on the shortest acquaintance. There is not one, however, though long indulged, that shall not be instantly got rid of, if Ld Byron thinks it worth while

to name them. The reproof and abuse of some, however severe and just, may be valued more than the easily gained encomiums of the rest of the world.

"Miss Mercer, were she here, would join with Lady Caroline in a last request during their absence, that, besides not forgetting his new acquaintances, he would eat and drink like an English man til'l their return. The lines upon the only dog ever loved by Ld Byron are beautiful. What wrong then, that, having such proof of the faith and friendship of this animal, Ld Byron should censure the whole race by the following unjust remarks :—

"'Perchance my dog will whine in vain
Till fed by stranger hands ;
But long e'er I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.'

"March 27th, 1812, *Good Friday*."

2. The following are the lines written by Lady Caroline when she burned Byron in effigy at Brocket Hall (endorsed, in Mrs. Leigh's handwriting, "December, 1812") :—

"ADDRESS SPOKEN BY THE PAGE AT BROCKET HALL, BEFORE THE BONFIRE.

"Is this Guy Faux you burn in effigy?
Why bring the Traitor here? What is Guy Faux to me?
Guy Faux betrayed his country, and his laws.
England revenged the wrong ; his was a public cause.
But I have private cause to raise this flame.
Burn also those, and be their fate the same.

[*Puts the Basket in the fire under the figure*

See here are locks and braids of coloured hair
Worn oft by me, to make the people stare ;
Rouge, feathers, flowers, and all those tawdry things,
Besides those Pictures, letters, chains, and rings—
All made to lure the mind and please the eye,
And fill the heart with pride and vanity—
Burn, fire, burn ; these glittering toys destroy.
While thus we hail the blaze with throats of joy.
Burn, fire, burn, while wondering Boys exclaim,
And gold and trinkets glitter in the flame.
Ah! look not thus on me, so grave, so sad ;
Shake not your heads, nor say the Lady's mad.
Judge not of others, for there is but one
To whom the heart and feelings can be known.
Upon my youthful faults few censures cast.
Look to the future—and forgive the past.
London, farewell ; vain world, vain life, adieu!
Take the last tears I e'er shall shed for you.
Young tho' I seem, I leave the world for ever,
Never to enter it again—no, never—never!"

3. The following letter was apparently written in the summer of 1812 :—

"You have been very generous and kind *if* you have not betray'd me, and I do *not think you have.* My remaining in Town and seeing you thus is sacrificing the last chance I have left. I expose myself to every eye, to every unkind observation. You think me weak, and selfish; you think I do not struggle to withstand my own feelings, but indeed it is exacting more than human nature can bear, and when I came out last night, which was of itself an effort, and when I heard your name announced, the moment after I saw nothing more, but seemed in a dream. Miss Berry's very loud laugh and penetrating eyes did not restore me. She, however, [was] good natur'd and remain'd near me, and Mr. Moor (*sic*), though he really does not approve one feeling I have, had kindness of heart to stay near me. Otherwise I felt so ill I could not have struggled longer. Lady Cahir said, 'You are ill; shall we go away?' which I [was] very glad to accept; but we could not get through, and so I fear it caus'd you pain to see me intrude again. I sent a groom to Holmes twice yesterday morning, to prevent his going to you, or giving you a letter full of flippant jokes, written in one moment of gaiety, which is quite gone since. I am so afraid he has been to you; if so, I entreat you to forgive it, and to do just what you think right about the Picture.

"I have been drawing you Mad. de Staël, as the last I sent was not like. If you do not approve this, give it Murray, and pray do not be angry with me.

"Do not marry yet, or, if you do, let me know it first. I shall not suffer, if she you chuse be worth you, but she will never love you as I did. I am going to the Chapple Royal at St. James. Do you ever go there? It begins at ½ past 5, and lasts till six; it is the most beautiful singing I ever heard; the choristers sing 'By the waters of Babylon.'

"The Peers sit below; the Women quite apart. But for the evening service very few go; I wonder that more do not,—it is really most beautiful, for those who like that style of music. If you never heard it, go there some day, but not when it is so cold as this. How very pale you are! What a contrast with Moore! '*Mai io l'ho veduto piu bello che jeri, ma e la belta della morte,*' or a statue of white marble so colourless, and the dark brow and hair such a contrast. I never see you without wishing to cry; if any painter could paint me that face as it is, I would give them any thing I possess on earth,—not one has yet given the countenance and complexion as it is. I only could, if I knew how to draw and paint, because one must feel it to give it the real expression."

4. The following letter was evidently written at the time when the separation of Lord and Lady Byron was first rumoured :—

"Melbourne House, Thursday.

"When so many wiser and better surround you, it is not for me to presume to hope that anything I can say will find favour in your sight; but yet I must venture to intrude upon you, even though your displeasure against me be all I gain for so doing. All others may have some object or interest in their's; I have none, but the wish to save you. Will you generously consent to what is for the peace of both parties? and will you act in a manner worthy of yourself? I am sure in the end you will consent. Even were everything now left to your own choice, you never could bring yourself to live with a person who felt desirous of being separated from you. I know you too well to believe this possible, and I am sure that a separation nobly and generously arranged by you will at once silence every report spread against either party. Believe me, Lord Byron, you will feel happier when you act thus, and all the world will approve your conduct, which I know is not a consideration with you, but still should in some measure be thought of. They tell me that you have accused me of having spread injurious reports against you. Had you the heart to say this? I do not greatly believe it; but it is affirmed and generally thought that you said so. You have often been unkind to me, but never as unkind as this.

"Those who are dear to you cannot feel more anxious for your happiness than I do. They may fear to offend you more than I ever will, but they cannot be more ready to serve you. I wish to God that I could see one so superior in mind and talents and every grace and power that can fascinate and delight, happier. You might still be so, Lord Byron, if you would believe what some day you will find true. Have you ever thought for one moment seriously? Do you wish to heap such misery upon yourself that you will no longer be able to endure it? Return to virtue and happiness, for God's sake, whilst it is yet time. Oh, Lord Byron, let one who has loved you with a devotion almost profane find favour so far as to incline you to hear her. Sometimes from the mouth of a sinner advice may be received that a proud heart disdains to take from those who are upon an equality with themselves. If this is so, may it now, even now, have some little weight with you. Do not drive things to desperate extremes. Do not, even though you may have the power, use it to ill. God bless and sooth you, and preserve you. I cannot see all that I once admired and loved so well ruining himself and others without feeling it deeply. If what I have said is unwise, at least believe the motive was a kind one; and would to God it might avail.

"I cannot believe that you will not act generously in this instance.

"Yours, unhappily as it has proved for me,

"CAROLINE.

"Those of my family who have seen Lady Byron have assured me that, whatever her sorrow, she is the last in the world to reproach or speak ill of you. She is most miserable. What regret will yours be evermore if false friends or resentment impel you to act harshly on this occasion? Whatever my feelings may be towards you or her, I have, with the most scrupulous care for both your sakes, avoided either calling, or sending, or interfering. To say that I have spread reports against either is, therefore, as unjust as it is utterly false. I fear no enquiry."

5. The following letter probably refers to the publication of the lines, "Fare thee Well," in April, 1816:—

"At a moment of such deep agony, and I may add shame—when utterly disgraced, judge, Byron, what my feelings must be at Murray's shewing me some beautiful verses of yours. I do implore you for God sake not to publish them. Could I have seen you one moment, I would explain why. I have only time to add that, however those who surround you may make you disbelieve it, you will draw ruin on your own head and hers if at this moment you shew these. I know not from what quarter the report originates. You accused *me*, and falsely; but if you could hear all that is said at this moment, you would believe one, who, though your enemy, though for ever alienated from you, though resolved never more, whilst she lives, to see or speak to or forgive you, yet would perhaps die to save you.

"Byron, hear me. My own misery I have scarce once thought of. What is the loss of one like me to the world? But when I see such as you are ruined for ever, and utterly insensible of it, I must [speak out]. Of course, I cannot say to Murray what I think of those verses, but to you, to you alone, I will say I think they will prove your ruin."

6. In 1824, after the death of Byron, and after the publication of Captain Medwin's *Recollections of Lord Byron*, Lady Caroline Lamb sent a letter to Mr. Henry Colburn, the publisher, enclosing one to be given to Medwin and published. Both are given here, and the latter should be read in substantiation or correction of what is stated in the notes. The letter is printed *verbatim et literatim.*

(1) Lady Caroline Lamb to Henry Colburn.

"[November (?), 1824.]

"My dear Sir,—Walter who takes this will explain my wishes. Will you enable him to deliver my letter to Captain Medwin, and will you publish it? you are to give him ten pound for it; I will

settle it with you. I am on my death bed, do not fail to obey my wishes. I send you my journals but do not publish them until I am dead.

"Yours,
"CAROLINE LAMB."

(2) Lady Caroline Lamb to Captain Thomas Medwin.

[Endorsed, "This copy to be carefully preserved." Hy. Cn. (Henry Colburn?).]

"[November (?), 1824.]

"SIR,—I hope you will excuse my intruding upon your time, with the most intense interest I have just finished your book which does you credit as to the manner in which it is executed and after the momentary pain in part which it excites in many a bosom, will live in despight of censure—and be gratefully accepted by the Public as long as Lord Byron's name is remembered—yet as you have left to one who adored him a bitter legacy, and as I feel secure the lines 'remember thee—thou false to him thou fiend to me'—were his—and as I have been very ill & am not likely to trouble any one much longer—you will I am sure grant me one favour—let me to you at least confide the truth of the past—you owe it to me—you will not I know refuse me.

"It was when the first Child Harold came out upon Lord Byron's return from Greece that I first had the misfortune to be acquainted with him—at that time I was the happiest and gayest of human beings I do believe without exception—*I had married for love* and love the most romantic and ardent—my husband and I were so fond of each other that false as I too soon proved he never would part with me. Devonshire House was at that time closed from my Uncle's death for one year—at Melbourne House where I lived the Waltzes and Quadrilles were being daily practised, Lady Jersey, Lady Cowper, the Duke of Devonshire, Miss Milbanke and a number of foreigners coming there to learn—You may imagine what forty or fifty people dancing from 12 in the morning until near dinner time all young gay and noisy were—in the evenings we either had opposition suppers or went out to Balls and routs—such was the life I then led when Moore and Rogers introduced Lord Byron to me—What you say of his falling upstairs and of Miss Milbanke is all true. Lord Byron 3 days after this brought me a Rose and Carnation and used the very words I mentioned in Glenarvon—with a sort of half sarcastic smile—saying, 'Your Ladyship I am told likes all that is new and rare for a moment'—I have them still, and the woman who through many a trial has kept these relics with the romance of former ages—deserves not that you should speak of her as you do. Byron never never could say I had no heart. He never could say, either, that I had not loved my husband. In his letters to me he is perpetually telling me I love him the best of the two; and my only charm, believe me, in his eyes was, that I was innocent, affectionate, and enthusiastic.

Recall those words, and let me not go down with your book as heartless. Tell the truth; it is bad enough; but not what is worse. It makes me so nervous to write that I must stop—will it tire you too much if I continue? I was not a woman of the world. Had I been one of that sort, why would he have devoted nine entire months almost entirely to my society; have written perhaps ten times in a day; and lastly have press'd me to leave all and go with him—and this at the very moment when he was made an Idol of, and when, as he and you justly observe, I had few personal attractions. Indeed, indeed I tell the truth. Byron did not affect—but he loved me as never woman was loved. I have had one of his letters copied in the stone press for you; one just before we parted. See if it looks like a mere lesson. Besides, he was then very good, to what he grew afterwards; &, his health being delicate, he liked to read with me & stay with me out of the crowd. Not but what we went about everywhere together, and were at last invited always as if we had been married— It was a strange scene—but it was not vanity misled me. I grew to love him better than virtue, Religion—all prospects here. He broke my heart, & still I love him—witness the agony I experienced at his death & the tears your book has cost me. Yet, sir, allow me to say, although you have unintentionally given me pain, I had rather have experienced it than not have read your book. Parts of it are beautiful; and I can vouch for the truth of much, as I read his own Memoirs before Murray burnt them. Keep Lord Byron's letter to me (I have the original) & some day add a word or two to your work from his own words, not to let every one think I am heartless. The cause of my leaving Lord Byron was this; my dearest Mother, now dead, grew so terrified about us—that upon hearing a false report that we were gone off together she was taken dangerously ill & broke a blood vessel. Byron would not believe it, but it was true. When he was convinced, we parted. I went to Ireland, & remained there 3 months. He wrote, every day, long kind entertaining letters; it is these he asked Murray to look out, and extract from, when he published the journal; but I would not part with them—I have them now—they would only burn them, & nothing of his should be burnt. At Dublin, God knows why, he wrote me the cruel letter part of which he acknowledges in Glenarvon (the 9th of November, 1812)—He knew it would destroy my mind and all else—it did so—Lady Oxford was no doubt the instigator. What will not a woman do to get rid of a rival? She knew that he still loved me—I need not tire you with every particular. I was brought to England a mere wreck; & in due time, Lady Melbourne & my mother being seriously alarmed for me, brought me to town, and allowed me to see Lord Byron. Our meeting was not what he insinuates—he asked me to forgive him; he looked sorry for me; he cried. I adored him still, but I felt as passionless as the dead may feel.—Would I had died there!—I should have died pitied, & still loved by him, & with the sympathy of all. I even should have pardoned myself—so deeply had I suffered. But, unhappily, we continued occasionally to meet. Lord Byron liked others, I only him—The scene at Lady Heathcote's

is nearly true—he had made me swear I was never to Waltz. Lady Heathcote said, Come, Lady Caroline, you must begin, & I bitterly answered—oh yes! I am in a merry humour. I did so—but whispered to Lord Byron 'I conclude I may walze *now*' and he answered sarcastically, 'with every body in turn—you always did it better than any one. I shall have a pleasure in seeing you.'—I did so you may judge with what feelings. After this, feeling ill, I went into a small inner room where supper was prepared; Lord Byron & Lady Rancliffe entered after; seeing me, he said, 'I have been admiring your dexterity.' I clasped a knife, not intending anything. 'Do, my dear,' he said. 'But if you mean to act a Roman's part, mind which way you strike with your knife—be it at your own heart, not mine—you have struck there already.' 'Byron,' I said, and ran away with the knife. I never stabbed myself. It is false. Lady Rancliffe & Tankerville screamed and said I would; people pulled to get it from me; I was terrified; my hand got cut, & the blood came over my gown. I know not what happened after—but this is the very truth. After this, long after, Ld. Byron abused by every one, made the theme of every one's horror, yet pitied me enough to come & see me; and still, in spight of every one, William Lamb had the generosity to retain me. I never held my head up after—never could. It was in all the papers, and put not truly. It *is* true I burnt Lord Byron in Effigy, & his book, ring & chain. It *is* true I went to see him as a Carman, after all that! But it is also true, that, the last time we parted for ever, as he pressed his lips on mine (it was in the Albany) he said 'poor Caro, if every one hates me, you, I see, will never change—No, not with ill usage!' & I said, 'yes, I *am* changed, & shall come near you no more.'—For then he showed me letters, & told me things I cannot repeat, & all my attachment went. This was our last parting scene—well I remember it. It had an effect upon me not to be conceived—3 years I had *worshipped* him.

"Shortly after he married, once, Lady Melbourne took me to see his Wife in Piccadilly. It was a cruel request, but Lord Byron himself made it. It is to this wedding visit he alludes. Mrs. Leigh, myself, Lady Melbourne, Lady Noel, & Lady Byron, were in the room. I never looked up. Annabella was very cold to me. Lord Byron came in & seemed agitated—his hand was cold, but he seemed kind. This was the last time upon this earth I ever met him. Soon after, the battle of Waterloo took place. My Brother was wounded, & I went to Brussels. I had one letter while at Paris from Ld. Byron; a jesting one; hoping I was as happy with the regiment as he was with his 'Wife Bell.' When I returned, the parting between them occurred—& my page affair—& Glenarvon. I wrote it in a month under circumstances would surprise every body, but which I am not at liberty to mention. Besides, it has nothing to do with your book and would only tire you. Previous to this, I once met, & once only, Lady Byron. It was just after the separation occurred. She was so altered I could hardly know her—she appeared heart broken. What she then said to me *I may not repeat*—she was however sent away, she did not go willingly.

She accused me of knowing every thing, & reproached me for not having stopped the marriage. How could I! She had been shewn my letters, and every one else. It is utterly false that she ever opened the desk—the nurse had nothing to do with the separation——

"From that hour, Lady Byron & I met no more, & it was after this, that, indignant & miserable, I wrote Glenarvon. Lady B. was more angry at it than he was—From that time, I put the whole as much as I could from my mind. Ld. Byron never once wrote to me—and always spoke of me with contempt. I was taken ill in March this year—Mrs. Russell Hunter & a nurse sat up with me. In the middle of the night I fancied I saw Ld. Byron—I screamed, jumped out of bed & desired them to save me from him. He looked horrible, & ground his teeth at me; he did not speak; his hair was straight; he was fatter than when I knew him, & not near so handsome. I felt convinced I was to die. This dream took possession of my mind. I had not dreamed of him since we had parted. It was, besides, like no other dream except one of my Mother that I ever had. I am glad to think it occurred before his death as I never did & hope I never shall see a Ghost. I have even avoided enquiring about the exact day for fear I should believe it—it made enough impression as it was. I told William, and my Brother & Murray at the time. Judge what my horror was, as well as grief, when, long after, the news came of his death, it was conveyed to me in two or 3 words—'Caroline, behave properly, I know it will shock you—Lord Byron is dead'—This letter I received when laughing at Brockett Hall. Its effect or some other cause produced a fever from which I never yet have recovered—It was also singular that the first day I could go out in an open Carriage, as I was slowly driving up the hill here,—Lord Byron's Hearse was at that moment passing under these very walls, and rested at Welwyn. William Lamb, who was riding on before me, met the procession at the Turnpike, & asked whose funeral it was. He was very much affected and shocked—I of course was not told; but, as I kept continually asking where & when he was to be buried, & had read in the papers it was to be at Westminster Abbey, I heard it too soon, & it made me very ill again."

APPENDIX IV.

LETTERS OF BERNARD BARTON.

THE two following letters were written to Byron in 1814, by Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet (see Letter 238, *note* 1) :—

I.

"Woodbridge, Suffolk, Apl. 14th, 1814.

"MY LORD,—I received this morning the reply with which your Lordship honour'd my last, and now avail myself of the permission you have so kindly granted to state as briefly as I can the circumstances which have induced me to make this application, and the extent of my wishes respecting your Lordship's interference.

"Eight years since, I went into business in this place as a Merchant. I was then just of age, and, shortly after, married. The business in which I was engaged was of a very precarious Nature; and after vainly trying for 4 Years to make the best of it, I was compell'd to relinquish it altogether. Just then, to add to my distress, I lost my best, my firmest, my tenderest friend—the only being for whose sake I ever desir'd wealth, and the only one who could have cheer'd the gloom of Poverty. My Capital being a borrow'd one, I returned it as far as I could to the person who had lent it. Since that time, my Lord, I have been struggling to make the best of a Clerkship of £80 per ann., out of which I have to meet every expence, and still to maintain a respectable appearance in a Place where I have resided under different circumstances. Had I enter'd my present Situation free of all debts, I should have made it an inviolable rule to have limited my expenditure to my Income; but beginning in debt, compell'd by peculiar circumstances to mix with those much superior to myself, I have gone on till I find it quite impossible to go on any longer, and I am compelled to seek for some asylum where, by rigid frugality and indefatigable exertion, I may free myself from my present humiliating embarrassments; but while I am here the thing seems impracticable. Your Lordship will naturally inquire why I do not avail myself of the influence of those friends by whom I am known. As you have, my Lord, done me the honour to encourage me to state my position frankly, I will,

without hesitation, inform you. I am, nominally at least, a Quaker. The persons to whom I should, in my present difficulties, naturally look for assistance are among the most respectable of that body; but my attachments to literary and metaphysical studies, and a line of conduct not compatible with the strictness of Quaker discipline, have, I am afraid, brought me into disrepute with those to whom I should otherwise have confided my situation. Were I to disclose it, it would only be consider'd as a fit judgment on me for my scepticism and infidelity.

"This, my Lord, is a brief but faithful statement of my present situation; it is, as I before told your Lordship, in every respect an untenable one. I must relinquish it, and throw myself an outcast on society. *Can you, will you,* my Lord, exert *your influence* to save me from irretrievable ruin? Can you, my Lord, in any possible way, afford employment to me? Can you take me into your service —a young man, not totally destitute of talents, eager to exert them, and willing to do anything or be anything in his power? If you can, my Lord, I will promise to serve you not servilely, but faithfully in any manner you shall point out. Do not, I beg of you, my Lord, refuse my application the moment you peruse it. The mouse, you know, once was able to show its gratitude to the lion; and it may be in my power, if your Lordship will but give me the opportunity, to evince my deep gratitude for any kindness you may show me, not by *words*, but *deeds*. Be assur'd you will not have cause to repent any interest you have taken or may take in my concerns. For the civility you shewed me on a former occasion, my Lord, I felt, as I ought, much indebted; but infinitely more for the generosity of feeling and soundness of judgment which dictated the letter you then did me the honour to address to me. Ever since then I have entertain'd the highest opinion both of your head and your heart. Is it, then, strange, my Lord, that, surrounded by difficulties, perplexed at every step I take, I should look up to your Lordship for *advice*, and, if possible, for assistance? Be the consequences what they may, I have ventur'd on the presumption of doing so. If I have taken too great a liberty, I beg you, my Lord, to forgive me, and let the tale of my perplexities and my misfortunes, my impertinence and its punishment, be alike forgotten; it can, at any rate, only give your Lordship the trouble of reading a letter. If, on the other hand, your Lordship can in any way realize the hopes I have long enthusiastically cherished, why, the 'blessing of him who is ready to perish shall fall on you.' Be the event what it may, '*Crede Byron*' is, your Lordship sees, my motto.

"I am, my Lord,
"Your Lordship's very obt. servt.,
"B. BARTON.

"P.S.—I shall wait with no common anxiety to see whether your Lordship will so far forgive this intrusion as to answer it."

2.

"Woodbridge, April 15th, 1814.

"My Lord,—I should be truly sorry if my importunity should defeat its own purpose, and, instead of interesting your Lordship on my behalf, should make you regret the indulgence you have already granted me; but I really feel as if I had staked every remaining hope on the cast of the die, and, therefore, before it is thrown, I wish, my Lord, to make one or two more observations.

"Although in my last, which, as I before observed, was hastily written, I express'd my wish to be allow'd, *in some capacity or other*, to serve your Lordship, yet I am not so foolish as to think of fastening myself on you, my Lord, *bon gré ou malgré*. One reason for my expressing that wish, was an idea that your Lordship might go abroad before long; and, added to my own wish to see something of the world on which fate has thrown me, it occurred to me at the moment, that on such an occasion the services of one who is warmly attach'd to you, perhaps *romantically*, for I know nothing of your Lordship but by your writings, might be acceptable. But, my Lord, although I have thus alluded to what would most gratify my own wishes, it was not intended to dictate to you the manner in which you might promote my interest. If your Lordship's superior judgment and greater knowledge of the world can suggest anything else for my consideration, it shall receive every attention.

"One more remark, my Lord, and I have done. I am very sensible that in this application to your Lordship I have been guilty of what w^d^ be term'd by some a piece of great impertinence, and by most an act of consummate folly. Will you allow me, my Lord, frankly to state to you the arguments on which my resolutions were founded?

"I have not address'd you, my Lord, on the impulse of the moment, dictated by desperation, and adopted without reflection. No, my Lord; I had, or, at least, I thought I had, better reasons. I remembered that you had once condescended to address me '*candidly, not critically*,' that you had even kindly interested yourself on my behalf. I thought that, amid all the keenness and poignancy of your habitual feelings, as powerfully pourtrayed in your writings, I could discern the workings of a heart *truly noble*. I imagin'd that what to a superficial observer appear'd only the overflowings of misanthropy, were, in reality, the effusions of deep sensibility. I convinc'd myself, by repeated perusals of your different productions, that though disappointments the most painful, and sensations the most acute, might have stung your heart to its very core, it had yet many feelings of the most exalted kind. From these I hoped everything. Those hopes *may be* disappointed, but the opinions which gave rise to them have not been hastily form'd, nor will any selfish feeling of mortification be able to alter them.

"I do not, my Lord, intend the above as any idle complimentary apology for what I have done. I am not, God knows, just now in a complimentary mood; and if I were, you, my Lord, are one of

the last persons on earth on whom I should be tempted to play off such trash as idle panegyrics. I esteem you, my Lord, not merely for your rank, still less for your personal qualities. The former I respect as I ought; of the latter I know nothing. But I feel something more than mere respect for your genius and your talents; and from your past conduct towards myself I cannot be insensible to your kindness. For these reasons, my Lord, I acted as I have done. I before told you that I consider'd you *no common character*, and I think your Lordship will admit that I have not treated you as such.

"Permit me once more, my Lord, to take my leave by assuring you that I am,

"With the truest esteem,

"Your very obt. and humble servt.,

"BERNARD BARTON.

"P.S.—I hope your Lordship will find no difficulty in making out this scrawl; but really, not being able to mend my pen, I am forced to write with it backwards. When I have the good luck to find my pen-knife, I will endeavour to furnish myself with a better tool."

Part of the draft of Byron's answer to these two letters is in existence, and runs as follows :—

"Albany, April 16th, 1814.

"SIR,—All offence is out of the question. My principal regret is that it is not in my power to be of service. My own plans are very unsettled, and at present, from a variety of circumstances, embarrassed, and, even were it otherwise, I should be loth to offer anything like dependence to one, who, from education and acquirements, must doubly feel sensible of such a situation, however I might be disposed to render it tolerable.

"As an adviser I am rather qualified to point out what should be avoided than what may be pursued, for my own life has been but a series of imprudences and conflicts of all descriptions. From these I have only acquired experience; if repentance were added, perhaps it might be all the better, since I do not find the former of much avail without it."

APPENDIX V.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH WALTER SCOTT.

THE following is Walter Scott's reply to Byron's letter of July 6, 1812 :—

"Abbotsford, near Melrose, 16th July, 1812.

"MY LORD,—I am much indebted to your Lordship for your kind and friendly letter; and much gratified by the Prince Regent's good opinion of my literary attempts. I know so little of courts or princes, that any success I may have had in hitting off the Stuarts is, I am afraid, owing to a little old Jacobite leaven which I sucked in with the numerous traditionary tales that amused my infancy. It is a fortunate thing for the Prince himself that he has a literary turn, since nothing can so effectually relieve the *ennui* of state, and the anxieties of power.

"I hope your Lordship intends to give us more of *Childe Harold*. I was delighted that my friend Jeffrey—for such, in despite of many a feud, literary and political, I always esteem him—has made so handsomely the *amende honorable* for not having discovered in the bud the merits of the flower; and I am happy to understand that the retractation so handsomely made was received with equal liberality. These circumstances may perhaps some day lead you to revisit Scotland, which has a maternal claim upon you, and I need not say what pleasure I should have in returning my personal thanks for the honour you have done me. I am labouring here to contradict an old proverb, and make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, namely, to convert a bare *haugh* and *brae*, of about 100 acres, into a comfortable farm. Now, although I am living in a gardener's hut, and although the adjacent ruins of Melrose have little to tempt one who has seen those of Athens, yet, should you take a tour which is so fashionable at this season, I should be very happy to have an opportunity of introducing you to anything remarkable in my fatherland. My neighbour, Lord Somerville, would, I am sure, readily supply the accommodations which I want, unless you prefer a couch in a closet, which is the utmost hospitality I have at present to offer. The fair, or shall I say the sage, Apreece that was, Lady Davy that is, is soon to show us how much science she leads captive in Sir Humphrey; so your Lordship sees, as the citizen's wife says

in the farce, 'Thread-needle Street has some charms,' since they procure us such celebrated visitants. As for me, I would rather cross-question your Lordship about the outside of Parnassus, than learn the nature of the contents of all the other mountains in the world. Pray, when under 'its cloudy canopy' did you hear anything of the celebrated Pegasus? Some say he has been brought off with other curiosities to Britain, and now covers at Tattersal's. I would fain have a cross from him out of my little moss-trooper's Galloway, and I think your Lordship can tell one how to set about it, as I recognise his true paces in the high-mettled description of Ali Pacha's military court.

"A wise man said—or, if not, I, who am no wise man, now say—that there is no surer mark of regard than when your correspondent ventures to write nonsense to you. Having, therefore, like Dogberry, bestowed all my tediousness upon your Lordship, you are to conclude that I have given you a convincing proof that I am very much

"Your Lordship's obliged and very faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

APPENDIX VI.

"THE GIANT AND THE DWARF."

THE reply of Leigh Hunt's friends to Moore's squib, "The 'Living Dog' and the 'Dead Lion'" (see Letter 291, p. 205, *note* 1), ran as follows :—

"THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

"*Humbly inscribed to T. Pidcock, Esq., of Exeter 'Change.*

"A Giant that once of a Dwarf made a friend,
(And their friendship the Dwarf took care shouldn't be hid),
Would now and then, out of his glooms, condescend
To laugh at his antics,—as every one did.

"This Dwarf—an extremely diminutive Dwarf,—
In birth unlike G—y, though his pride was as big,
Had been taken, when young, from the bogs of Clontarf,
And though born quite a Helot, had grown up a Whig.

"He wrote little verses—and sung them withal,
And the Giant's dark visions they sometimes could charm,
Like the voice of the lute which had pow'r over Saul,
And the song which could Hell and its legions disarm.

"The Giant was grateful, and offered him gold,
But the Dwarf was indignant, and spurn'd at the offer :
'No, never!' he cried, 'shall *my* friendship be sold
For the sordid contents of another man's coffer!

"'What would Dwarfland, and Ireland, and every land say?
To what would so shocking a thing be ascribed?
My Lady would think that I was in your pay,
And the *Quarterly* say that I must have been bribed.

"'You see how I'm puzzled; I don't say it wouldn't
Be pleasant just now to have *just* that amount :
But to take it in gold or in bank-notes!—I couldn't,
I *wouldn't* accept it—on any account.

"'But couldn't you just write your Autobiography,
All fearless and personal, bitter and stinging?
Sure *that*, with a few famous heads in lithography,
Would bring me far more than my Songs or my singing.

"'You know what I did for poor Sheridan's Life;
Your's is sure of my very best superintendence;
I'll expunge what might point at your sister or wife,—
And I'll thus keep my priceless, unbought independence!'

"The Giant smiled grimly: he couldn't quite see
What diff'rence there was on the face of the earth,
Between the Dwarf's taking the money in fee,
And his taking the same thing *in that money's worth.*

"But to please him he wrote; and the business was done:
The Dwarf went immediately off to 'the Row;'
And ere the next night had pass'd over the sun,
The MEMOIRS were purchas'd by Longman and Co.

"W. GYNGELL, Showman, Bartholomew Fair."

APPENDIX VII.

ATTACKS UPON BYRON IN THE NEWSPAPERS FOR FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1814.

I. *THE COURIER.*

(1) LORD BYRON (*The Courier*, February 1, 1814).

A NEW Poem has just been published by the above Nobleman, and the *Morning Chronicle* of to-day has favoured its readers with his Lordship's Dedication of it to THOMAS MOORE, Esq., in what that paper calls "an elegant eulogium." If the elegance of an eulogium consist in its extravagance, the *Chronicle's* epithet is well chosen. But our purpose is not with the Dedication, nor the main Poem, *The Corsair*, but with one of the pieces called Poems, published at the end of the *Corsair*. Nearly two years ago (in March, 1812), when the REGENT was attacked with a bitterness and rancour that disgusted the whole country; when attempts were made day after day to wound every feeling of the heart; there appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* an anonymous Address *to a Young Lady weeping*, upon which we remarked at the time (*Courier of March* 7, 1812), considering it as tending to make the Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES view the PRINCE REGENT her father as an object of suspicion and disgrace. Few of our readers have forgotten the disgust which this address excited. The author of it, however, unwilling that it should sleep in the oblivion to which it had been consigned with the other trash of that day, has republished it, and, placed the first of what are called Poems at the end of this newly published work the *Corsair*, we find this very address :—

"Weep daughter of a *royal* line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;"

Lord Byron thus avows himself to be the Author.

To be sure the Prince has been extremely *disgraced* by the policy he has adopted, and the events which that policy has produced; and the realm has experienced *great decay*, no doubt, by the occurrences in the Peninsula, the resistance of Russia, the rising in Germany, the counter-revolution in Holland, and the defeat, disgrace, and shame of BUONAPARTE. But, instead of continuing our observations, suppose we parody his Lordship's Address, and apply it to February 1814:

TO A YOUNG LADY.

February, 1814.

"View! daughter of a royal line,
A father's fame, a realm's renown:
Ah! happy that that realm is thine,
And that its father is thine own!

"View, and exulting view, thy fate,
Which dooms thee o'er these blissful Isles
To reign, (but distant be the date!)
And, like thy Sire, deserve thy People's smiles."

(2) *The Courier*, February 2, 1814.

Lord BYRON, as we stated yesterday, has discovered and promulgated to the world, in eight lines of choice doggrel, that the realm of England is in decay, that her Sovereign is disgraced, and that the situation of the country is one which claims the tears of all good patriots. To this very indubitable statement, the *Morning Chronicle* of this day exhibits an admirable companion picture, a *genuine* letter from *Paris*, of the 25th ult.

(3) *The Courier*, February 3, 1814.

"*The Courier* is indignant," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "at the discovery now made by Lord BYRON, that he was "the author of 'the Verses to a Young Lady weeping,' which "were inserted about a twelvemonth ago in the *Morning* "*Chronicle*. The Editor thinks it audacious in a hereditary

"Counsellor of the KING to admonish the *Heir Apparent*. It "may not be *courtly* but it is certainly *British*, and we wish "the kingdom had more such honest advisers."

The discovery of the author of the verses in question was not made by Lord BYRON. How could it be? When he sent them to the *Chronicle*, *without* his name, he was just as well informed about the author as he is now that he has published them in a pamphlet, *with* his name. The discovery was made to the public. They did not know in March, 1812, what they know in February, 1814. They did not suspect then what they now find avowed, that a Peer of the Realm was the Author of the attack upon the PRINCE; of the attempt to induce the Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES to think that her father was an object not of reverence and regard, but of disgrace.

But we "think it audacious in an hereditary Counsellor "of the KING to admonish the Heir Apparent." No! we do not think it audacious: it is constitutional and proper. But are anonymous attacks the constitutional duty of a Peer of the Realm? Is that the mode in which he should admonish the Heir Apparent? If Lord BYRON had desired to admonish the PRINCE, his course was open, plain, and known—he could have demanded an audience of the PRINCE; or, he could have given his admonition in Parliament. But to level such an attack—What!—"Kill men i' the dark!" This, however, is called by the *Chronicle* "certainly *British*," though it might not be *courtly*, and a strong wish is expressed that "the country had many more such honest "advisers" or admonishers.—Admonishers indeed! A pretty definition of admonition this, which consists not in giving advice, but in imputing blame, not in openly proffering counsel, but in secretly pointing censure.

(4) BYRONIANA No. 1 (*The Courier*, February 5, 1814).

The Lord BYRON has assumed such a poetico-political and such a politico-poetical air and authority, that in our double capacity of men of letters and politicians, he forces himself upon our recollection. We say *recollection* for reasons which will bye and by, be obvious to our readers,

and will lead them to wonder why this young Lord, whose greatest talent it is to forget, and whose best praise it would be to be forgotten, should be such an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. SAM ROGERS'S *Pleasures of Memory*.

The most virulent satirists have ever been the most nauseous panegyrists, and they are for the most part as offensive by the praise as by the abuse which they scatter.

His Lordship does not degenerate from the character of those worthy persons, his poetical ancestors—

"The mob of Gentlemen who wrote with ease"

who of all authors dealt the most largely in the alternation of flattery and filth. He is the severest satirical and the civilest dedicator of our day; and what completes his reputation for candour, good feeling, and honesty, is that the persons whom he most reviles, and to whom he most fulsomely dedicates, are identically the same.

We shall indulge our readers with a few instances:—the most obvious case, because the most recent, is that of Mr. THOMAS MOORE, to whom he has dedicated, as we have already stated, his last pamphlet; but as we wish to proceed orderly, we shall postpone this and revert to some instances prior in order of time; we shall afterwards show that his Lordship strictly adheres to HORACE'S rule, in maintaining to the end the ill character in which he appeared at the outset. His Lordship's first dedication was to his guardian and relative, the Earl of CARLISLE. So late as the year 1808, we find that Lord BYRON was that noble Lord's "most "affectionate kinsman, etc., etc."

Hear how dutifully and affectionately this ingenuous young man celebrates, in a few months after (1809), the praises of his friend:

"No Muse will cheer with renovating smile,
The *paralytic puling* of CARLISLE;
What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer,
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!
So *dull* in youth, so *drivelling* in age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage.
But Managers, for once, cried 'hold, enough,'
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.

> Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
> And case his volumes in *congenial calf:*
> Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,
> And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines."

And in explanation of this affectionate effusion, our lordly dedicator subjoins a note to inform us that Lord CARLISLE'S works are splendidly bound, but that "the rest is all but "leather and prunella," and a little after, in a very laborious note, in which he endeavours to defend his consistency, he out-Herods Herod, or to speak more forcibly, out-Byrons Byron, in the virulence of his invective against "his guardian "and relative, to whom he dedicated his volume of puerile "poems." Lord CARLISLE has, it seems, if we are to believe his word, for a series of years, beguiled "the public with "reams of most orthodox, imperial *nonsense*," and Lord BYRON concludes by asking,

> "What can ennoble knaves, or *fools*, or cowards?
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

"So says POPE," adds Lord BYRON. But POPE does not say so; the words "*knaves and fools*," are not in POPE, but interpolated by Lord BYRON, in favour of his "guardian and "relative." Now, all this might have slept in oblivion with Lord CARLISLE'S Dramas, and Lord BYRON'S Poems; but if this young Gentleman chooses to erect himself into a spokesman of the public opinion, it becomes worth while to consider to what notice he is entitled; when he affects a tone of criticism and an air of candour, he obliges us to enquire whether he has any just pretensions to either, and when he arrogates the high functions of public praise and public censure, we may fairly inquire what the praise or censure of such a being is worth—

> "Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

(5) BYRONIANA NO. 2 (*The Courier*, February 8, 1814).

"*Crede Byron*" is Lord Byron's armorial motto; *Trust Byron* is the translation in the Red-book. We cannot but admire the ingenuity with which his Lordship has converted the good faith of his ancestors into a sarcasm on his own duplicity.

"Could nothing but your chief reproach,
Serve for a motto on your coach?"

Poor Lord Carlisle; he, no doubt, *trusted* in his affectionate ward and kinsman, and we have seen how the affectionate ward and kinsman acknowledged, like *Macbeth*, "*the double trust*" only to abuse it. We shall now show how much another Noble Peer, Lord Holland, has to trust to from his *ingenuous* dedicator.

Some time last year Lord Byron published a Poem, called *The Bride of Abydos*, which was inscribed to Lord Holland, "*with every sentiment of regard and respect by* "*his gratefully obliged and sincere friend*, BYRON." "*Grate-*"*ful and sincere!*" Alas! alas; 'tis not even so good as what Shakespeare, in contempt, calls "the sincerity of a "cold heart." "*Regard and respect!*" Hear with what *regard*, and how much *respect*, he treats this identical Lord Holland. In a tirade against literary assassins (a class of men which Lord Byron may well feel entitled to describe), we have these lines addressed to the Chief of the Critical Banditti:

"Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway,
Thy *Holland's* banquets shall each toil repay,
While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
To Holland's hirelings, and to *learning's foes!*"

By which it appears, that

"—— These wolves that still in darkness prowl;
This coward brood, which mangle, as their prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;"

are hired by Lord Holland, and it follows, very naturally, that the "*hirelings*" of Lord Holland must be the "*foes of* "*learning*."

This seems sufficiently caustic; but hear, how our dedicator proceeds—

"Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
His *hirelings* mention'd, and himself forgot!
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse!
Long, long, beneath that hospitable roof
Shall *Grub-street* dine, while duns are kept aloof,
And *grateful* to the founder of the feast
Declare the Landlord can *translate*, at least!"

Lord Byron has, it seems, very accurate notions of *gratitude*, and the word "*grateful*" in these lines, and in his dedication of *The Bride of Abydos*, has a delightful similarity of meaning. His Lordship is pleased to add, in an explanatory note to this passage, that Lord Holland's life of Lopez de Vega, and his translated specimens of that author, are much "BEPRAISED *by these disinterested guests*." Lord Byron well knows that *bepraise* and *bespatter* are almost synonimous. There was but one point on which he could have any hope of touching Lord Holland more nearly; and of course he avails himself, in the most gentlemanly and generous manner, of the golden opportunity.

When his club of literary assassins is assembled at Lord Holland's table, Lord Byron informs us

> "That lest when heated with the unusual grape,
> Some *glowing* thoughts should to the press escape,
> And tinge with red the *female* reader's cheek,
> MY LADY skims the *cream* of each critique;
> Breathes o'er each page *her purity* of soul,
> Reforms each error, and refines the whole."

Our readers will, no doubt, duly appreciate the manliness and generosity of these lines; but, to encrease their admiration, we beg to remind them that the next time Lord Byron addresses Lord Holland, it is to dedicate to him, in all friendship, *sincerity*, and gratitude, the story of a young, a pure, an amiable, and an affectionate bride!

The verses were bad enough, but what shall be said, after *such* verses, of the insult of *such* a dedication!

We forbear to extract any further specimens of this peculiar vein of Lord Byron's satire; our "gorge rises at it," and we regret to have been obliged to say so much. And yet Lord Byron is, "with all regard and *respect*, Lord "Holland's sincere and grateful friend!" It reminds us of the *respect* which Lear's daughters shewed their father, and which the poor old king felt to be "worse than murder."

Some of our readers may perhaps observe that, personally, Lord Holland was not so ill-treated as Lord Carlisle; but let it be recollected, that Lord Holland is only an acquaintance, while Lord Carlisle was "guardian and relation,"

and had therefore *peculiar* claims to the ingratitude of a mind like Lord Byron's.

Trust Byron, indeed! "him," as Hamlet says

"*Him*, I would trust as I would *adders* fang'd."

(6) BYRONIANA No. 3 (*The Courier*, February 12, 1814). *Crede Byron*—"Trust Byron."

We have seen Lord Byron's past and present opinions of two Noble Persons whom he has honoured with his satire, and vilified by his dedications; let us now compare the evidence which he has given at different and yet not distant times, on the merits of his third *Dedicatee*, Mr. Thomas Moore. To him Lord Byron has inscribed his last poem as a person "of unshaken *public principle*, and the most undoubted and various talents; as the firmest of Irish "*patriots*, and the first of Irish bards."

Before we proceed to give Lord Byron's own judgment of this "firmest of patriots," and this "best of poets," we must be allowed to say, that though we consider Mr. Moore as a very good writer of songs, we should very much complain of the poetical supremacy assigned to him, if Lord Byron had not qualified it by calling him the first only of *Irish* poets, and, as we suppose his Lordship must mean, of *Irish* poets of the *present* day. The title may be, for aught we know to the contrary, perfectly appropriate; but we cannot conceive how Mr. Moore comes by the high-sounding name of "*patriot;*" what pretence there is for such an appellation; by what effort of intellect or of courage he has placed his name above those idols of Irish worship, Messrs. Scully, Connell, and Dromgoole. Mr. Moore has written words to Irish tunes; so did Burns for *his* national airs; but who ever called Burns the "firmest of patriots" on the score of his contributions to the *Scots Magazine?*

Mr. Moore, we are aware, has been accused of tuning his harpsichord to the key-note of a faction, and of substituting, wherever he could, a party spirit for the spirit of poetry: this, in the opinion of most persons, would derogate even from his *poetical* character, but we hope that Lord Byron stands alone in considering that such a prostitution of the

muse entitles him to the name of patriot. Mr. Moore, it seems, is an Irishman, and, we believe, a Roman Catholic; he appears to be, at least in his poetry, no great friend to the connexion of Ireland with England. One or two of his ditties are quoted in Ireland as *laments* upon certain worthy persons whose lives were terminated by the hand of the law, in some of the unfortunate disturbances which have afflicted that country; and one of his most admired songs begins with a stanza, which we hope the Attorney-General will pardon us for quoting:

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her *faithless sons betrayed her*,
When Malachy wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud Invader;
When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
Ere, the emerald gem of the western world,
Was set in the crown of a Stranger."

This will pretty well satisfy an English reader, that, if it be any ingredient of patriotism to promote the affectionate connexion of the English isles under the constitutional settlement made at the revolution and at the union; and if the foregoing verses speak Mr. Moore's sentiments, he has the same claims to the name of "*patriot*" that Lord Byron has to the title of "trustworthy;" but if these and similar verses do *not* speak Mr. Moore's political sentiments, then undoubtedly he has never written, or at least published any thing relating to public affairs; and Lord Byron has no kind of pretence for talking of the political character and public principles of an humble individual who is only known as the translator of Anacreon, and the writer, composer, and singer of certain songs, which songs do not (*ex-hypothesi*) speak the sentiments even of the writer himself.

But, hold—we had forgot one circumstance: Mr. Moore has been said to be one of the authors of certain verses on the highest characters of the State, which appeared from time to time in the *Morning Chronicle*, and which were afterwards collected into a little volume; this may, probably, be in Lord Byron's opinion, a clear title to the name of *patriot*, in which case, his Lordship has also his claim to the same honour; and, indeed that sagacious and loyal person,

the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, seems to be of this notion; for when some one ventured to express some, we think not unnatural, indignation at Lord Byron's having been the author of some impudent doggrels, of the same vein, which appeared anonymously in that paper reflecting on his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and her Royal Highness his daughter, the Editor before-mentioned exclaimed—"What! and is not a Peer, an hereditary councillor "of the Crown, to be permitted to give his constitutional "advice?!!!"

If writing such vile and anonymous stuff as one sometimes reads in the *Morning Chronicle* be the duty of a good subject, or the privilege of a Peer of Parliament, then indeed we have nothing to object to Mr. Moore's title of Patriot, or Lord Byron's open, honourable, manly, and constitutional method of advising the Crown.

To return, however, to our main object, Lord Byron's *consistency*, *truth*, and trustworthiness.

His Lordship is pleased to call Mr. Moore not only Patriot and Poet, but he acquaints us also, that "he is the "delight alike of his readers and his friends; the poet of "all circles, and the idol of his own."

Let us now turn to Lord Byron's thrice-recorded opinion of "*this Poet of all Circles*." We shall quote from a Poem which was republished, improved, amended, and reconsidered, not more than *three* years ago; since which time Mr. Moore has published no Poem whatsoever; therefore, Lord Byron's former and his present opinions are founded upon the same data, and if they do not agree, it really is no fault of Mr. Moore's, who has published nothing to alter them.

> "Now look around and turn each *trifling* page,
> Survey the *precious* works that please the age,
> While Little's lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves."

Here, by no great length of induction, we find Little's, *i.e.* Mr. Thomas Moore's lyrics, are *trifling*, "*precious* "works," his Lordship ironically adds, that "please times "from which," as his Lordship says, "taste and reason are "passed away!"

Bye and by his Lordship delivers a still more plain opinion on Mr. Moore's fitness to be the "*Poet of* ALL *circles.*"

> "Who in soft guise, surrounded by a quire
> Of virgins *melting*, not to *Vesta's* fire,
> With sparkling eyes, and cheek by *passion* flush'd,
> Strikes his wild lyre, while listening dames are hush'd?
> 'Tis Little, young Catullus of his day,
> As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay;
> Griev'd to condemn, the Muse must yet be just,
> Nor spare melodious *advocates of lust!*"

"*O cœlum et terra!*" as *Lingo* says. What! this purest of Patriots is *immoral?* What! "the Poet of *all* circles" is "the advocate of lust"? Monstrous! But who can doubt Byron? And his Lordship, in a subsequent passage, does not hesitate to speak still more plainly, and to declare, in plain round terms (we shudder while we copy) that Moore, the Poet, the Patriot "Moore, is lewd"!!!

After this, we humbly apprehend that if we were to "trust Byron," Mr. Moore, however he may be the idol of his own circle, would find some little difficulty in obtaining admittance into any other.

Lord Byron having thus disposed, as far as depended upon him, of the moral character of the first of Patriots and Poets, takes an early opportunity of doing justice to the personal honour of this dear "friend;" one, as his Lordship expresses it, of "the magnificent and fiery spirited" sons of Erin.

"In 1806," says Lord Byron, "Messrs. Jeffery and Moore "met at Chalk Farm—the duel was prevented by the inter-"ference of the Magistracy, and on examination, the balls "of the pistols, *like the courage of the combatants*, were "found to have *evaporated!*"

"Magnificent and fiery spirit," with a vengeance!

We are far from thinking of Mr. Moore as Lord Byron either did or does; not so degradingly as his Lordship did in 1810; not so extravagantly as he does in 1813. But we think that Mr. Moore has grave reason of complaint, and almost just cause, to exert "his fiery spirit" against Lord Byron, who has the effrontery to drag him twice before the public, and overwhelm him, one day with odium, and another with ridicule.

We regret that Lord Byron, by obliging us to examine the value of his censures, has forced us to contrast his past with his present judgments, and to bring again before the public the objects of his lampoons and his flatteries. We have, however, much less remorse in quoting his satire than his dedications; for, by this time, we believe, the whole world is inclined to admit that his Lordship can pay no compliment so valuable as his censure, nor offer any insult so intolerable as his praise.

(7) BYRONIANA No. 4 (*The Courier*, February 17, 1814).

"*Don Pedro.* What offence have these men done?
"*Dogberry.* Many, Sir; they have committed false reports; "moreover they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; "sixthly and lastly, they have belied a Lady; thirdly, they have "verified unjust things, and, to conclude, they are lying knaves."—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

We have already seen how scurvily Lord Byron has treated *three* of the four persons to whom he has successively dedicated his Poems; but for the fourth he reserved a species of contumely, which we are confident our readers will think more degrading than all the rest. *He has uniformly praised him! and him alone!!!*— The exalted rank, the gentle manners, the polished taste of his guardian and relation, Lord Carlisle; the considerations due to Lord Holland, from his family, his personal character, and his love of letters; the amiability of Mr. Moore's society, the sweetness of his versification, and the vivacity of his imagination;—all these could not save their possessors from the *brutality* of Lord Byron's personal satire.

It was, then, for a person only, who should have *none* of these titles to his *envy* that his Lordship could be expected to reserve the fullness and steadiness of his friendship; and if we had any respect or regard for that small poet and very disagreeable person, Mr. Sam Rogers, we should heartily pity him for being "*damned*" to such "*fame*" as Lord Byron's uninterrupted praise can give.

But Mr. Sam Rogers has another cause of complaint against Lord Byron, and which he is of a taste to resent more. His Lordship has not deigned to call *him* "the

"firmest of patriots," though we have heard that his claims to that title are not much inferior to Mr. Moore's. Mr. Sam Rogers is reported to have clubb'd with the Irish Anacreon in that scurrilous collection of verses, which we have before mentioned, and which were published under the title of the *Twopenny Post-bag*, and the assumed name of "Thomas "Brown." The rumour may be unfounded; if it be, Messrs. Rogers and Moore will easily forgive us for saying that, much as we are astonished at the effrontery with which Lord Byron has acknowledged his lampoon, we infinitely prefer it to the cowardly prudence of the author or authors of the *Twopenny Post-bag* lurking behind a fictitious name, and "devising impossible slanders," which he or they have not the spirit to avow.

But, to return to the more immediate subject of our lucubrations: It seems almost like a fatality, that Lord Byron has hardly ever praised any thing that he has not at some other period censured, or censured any thing that he has not, by and bye, praised or *practised.*

It does not often happen that booksellers are assailed for their too great liberality to authors; yet, in Lord Byron's satire, while Mr. Scott is abused, his publisher, Mr. Murray, is sneered at, in the following lines:—

> "And think'st thou, Scott, by vain conceit perchance,
> On public taste to foist thy stale romance;
> Though *Murray* with his Miller may combine,
> *To yield thy Muse just* HALF-A-CROWN A LINE?
> No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
> Their bays are sear, their former *laurels fade.*
> Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
> Who *rack* their *brains* for *lucre*, not for fame:
> Low may they sink to *merited contempt*,
> And *scorn* remunerate the *mean* attempt."

Now, is it not almost incredible that this very Murray (the only remaining one of the booksellers whom his Lordship had attacked; Miller has left the trade)—is it not, we say, almost incredible that this very Murray should have been soon after selected, by this very Lord Byron, to be his own publisher? But what will our readers say, when we assure them, that not only was Murray so selected, but that this magnanimous young Lord has actually *sold* his works to

this same Murray? and, what is a yet more singular circumstance, has received and pocketted, for one of his own "stale "romances," a sum amounting, not to "*half-a-crown*," but to *a whole crown, a line ! ! !*

This fact, monstrous as it seems in the author of the foregoing lines, is, we have the fullest reason to believe, accurately true. And the "*faded laurel*," "*the brains rack'd for lucre*," "*the merited contempt*," "*the scorn*," and the "*meanness*," which this impudent young man dared to attribute to Mr. Scott, appear to have been a mere anticipation of his own future proceedings; and thus,

> "—— Even-handed Justice
> Commends the ingredients of his *poison'd* chalice
> To his own lips."

How he now likes the taste of it we do not know; about as much, we suspect, as the "incestuous, murderous, damned "Dane" did, when *Hamlet* obliged him to "*drink off the* "*potion*" which he had treacherously drugged for the destruction of others.

(8) BYRONIANA No. 5 (*The Courier*, February 19, 1814).

"He professes no keeping oaths; in breaking them he is stronger "than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you "would think truth were a fool."—*All's Well that ends Well.*

We have, we should hope, sufficiently exposed the audacious levity and waywardness of Lord Byron's mind, and yet there are a few touches which we think will give a finish to the portrait, and add, if it be at all wanting, to the strength of the resemblance.

It must be amusing to those who know anything of Lord Byron in the circles of London, to find him magnanimously defying in very stout heroics,

> "—— all the din of *Melbourn* House
> And *Lambes'* resentment—— "

and adding that he is "*unscared*" even by "*Holland's* "*spouse.*"

To those who may be in the habit of hearing his Lordship's political descants, the following extract will appear equally curious :—

"Mr. Brougham, in No. 25 of the *Edinburgh Review*, "throughout the article concerning Don Pedro Cevallos, has "displayed more politics than policy ; many of the worthy "burgesses of Edinburgh being so *incensed at the* INFAMOUS "*principles it evinces*, as to have withdrawn their subscrip- "tions ;" and in the text of this poem, to which the foregoing is a note, he advises the Editor of the Review to

> "Beware, lest *blundering Brougham* destroy the sale ;
> Turn beef to bannacks, cauliflower to kail."

Those who have attended to his Lordship's progress as an author, and observed that he has published *four* poems, in little more than two years, will start at the following lines :—

> "—— —— Oh cease thy song !
> A bard may chaunt too often and too long ;
> As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare ;
> A FOURTH, alas, were more than we could bear."

And as the scene of each of these *four* Poems is laid in the Levant, it is curious to recollect, that when his Lordship informed the world that he was about to visit "Afric's coast," and "Calpe's height," and "Stamboul's minarets," and "Beauty's native clime," he enters into a voluntary and solemn engagement with the public,

> "That should he back return, no letter'd rage
> Shall drag *his* common-place book on the stage ;
> Of Dardan tours let Dilettanti tell,
> He'll leave topography to classic Gell,
> And, *quite content*, no more shall interpose,
> To *stun* mankind with *poetry or prose*."

And yet we have already had, growing out of this "Tour," four volumes of *poetry*, enriched with copious notes in *prose*, selected from his "*common-place book*." The whole interspersed every here and there with the most convincing proofs that instead of being "*quite content*," his Lordship has returned, as he went out, the most discontented and peevish thing that breathes.

But the passage of all others which gives us the most delight is that in which his Lordship attacks his critics, and declares that

> "Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
> And feel they *too* are penetrable stuff."

and adds,

> "—— I have ——
> Learn'd to deride the Critic's stern decree,
> And *break him on the wheel he meant for me.*"

We should now, with all humility, ask his Lordship whether *he* yet feels that "he *too* is penetrable stuff;" and we should further wish to know how he likes being "*broken "on the wheel he meant for others?*"

When his Lordship shall have sufficiently pondered on those questions, we may perhaps venture to propound one or two more.

(9) From *The Courier* (March 15, 1814).

The republication of some *Satires*, which the humour of the moment now disposes the writer to recall, was strenuously censured, the other day, in a Morning Paper. It was there said, amongst other things, that such a republication "contributes to exasperate and perpetuate the divisions of "those whom *nature* and friendship have joined!" This is within six weeks after the deliberate *republication* of "Weep, "daughter," etc., etc.; and thus we are informed of the exact moment at which all retort is to cease; at which misrepresentation towards the public and outrage towards the Personages much more than insulted in those lines, is to be no longer remembered. What privileges does this writer claim for his friends! They are to live in all "the swill'd inso-"lence" of attack upon those on whose character, union, and welfare, the public prosperity mainly depends; they are to instruct the DAUGHTER to hold the FATHER disgraced, because he does not surrender the prime Offices of the State to their ambition. And if, after this, public disgust make the author feel, in the midst of the little circle of flatterers that remains to him, what an insight he has given into the

guilt of satire *before* maturity, *before* experience, *before* knowledge; if the original unprovoked intruder upon the peace of others be thus taught a love of privacy and a facility of retraction; if Turnus have found the time,

> "magno cum optaverit emptum
> Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista, diemque
> Oderit;"

if triumphing arrogance be changed into a sentimental humility, O! then *Liberality* is to call out for him in the best of her hacknied tones; the contest is to cease at the instant when his humour changes from mischief to melancholy; *affetuoso* is to be the only word; and he is to be allowed his season of sacred torpidity, till the venom, new formed in the shade, make him glisten again in the sunshine he envies!

II. *MORNING POST.*

(1) VERSES (*Morning Post*, February 5, 1814).

Suggested by reading some lines of Lord Byron's at the end of his newly published work, entitled "*The Corsair*," which begin—

> "*Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line.*"

> "'Far better be the thing that crawls,[1]
> Disgustful on a dungeon's walls;
> Far better be the worm that creeps,
> In icy rings o'er him who sleeps;'

> "Far better be the reptile scorn'd,
> Unseen, unheeded, unadorn'd,
> Than him, to whom indulgent heav'n,
> Has talents and has genius giv'n;
> If stung by envy, warp'd by pride,
> Such gifts, alas! are misapplied;
> Not all by nature's bounty blest
> In beauty's dazzling hues are drest;
> But who shall play the critic's part,
> If for the form atones the heart?
> But if the gloomiest thoughts prevail,
> And Atheist doctrines stain the tale;
> If calumny to pow'r addrest,
> Attempts to wound its Sovereign's breast;

1. *Vide* Lord Byron's works.

If impious it shall try to part,
The Father from the Daughter's heart;
If it shall aim to wield a brand,
To fire our fair and native land;
If hatred for the world and men,
Shall dip in gall the ready pen:

"'Oh then far better 'tis to crawl,
Harmless upon a dungeon's wall;
And better far the worm that creeps,
In icy rings o'er him who sleeps.'"

(2) To Lord Byron (*Morning Post*, February 7, 1814).

"Bard of ungentle wayward mood!
'Tis said of thee, when in the lap,
Thy nurse to tempt thee to thy food,
Would squeeze a *lemon* in thy pap.

"At *vinegar* how danc'd thine eyes,
Before thy tongue a want could utter,
And oft the dame to stop thy cries,
Strew'd *wormwood* on thy bread and butter.

"And when in childhood's frolic hour,
Thou'dst plait a garland for thy hair;
The *nettle* bloom'd a chosen flow'r,
And native thistles flourish'd there.

"For *sugar-plum* thou ne'er did'st pine,
Thy teeth no *sweet-meat* ever hurt——
The *sloe's juice* was thy favourite wine,
And *bitter almonds* thy desert.

"Mustard, how strong so e'er the sort is,
Can draw no moisture from thine eye;
Not vinegar nor aqua-fortis
Could ever set thy face awry.

"Thus train'd a Satirist—thy mind
Soon caught the bitter, sharp, and sour,
And all their various pow'rs combin'd,
Produc'd *Childe Harold*, and the *Giaour*."

(3) Lord Byron (*Morning Post*, February 8, 1814).

We are very much surprized, and we are not the only persons who feel disgust as well as astonishment, at the uncalled for avowal Lord Byron has made of being the

Author of some insolent lines, by inserting them at the end of his new Poem, entitled "*The Corsair.*" The lines we allude to begin "*Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line.*" Nothing can be more repugnant to every good heart, as well as to the moral and religious feelings of a country, which we are proud to say still cherishes every right sentiment, than an attempt to lower a father in the eyes of his child. Lord Byron is a young man, and from the tenor of his writings, has, we fear, adopted principles very contrary to those of Christianity. But as a man of honour and of *feeling*, which latter character he affects *outrageously*, he ought never to have been guilty of so unamiable and so unprovoked an attack. Should so gross an insult to her Royal Father ever meet the eyes of the illustrious young Lady, for whose perusal it was intended, we trust her own good sense and good heart will teach her to consider it with the contempt and abhorrence it so well merits. Will she *weep for the disgrace of a Father* who has saved Europe from bondage, and has accumulated, in the short space of two years, more glory than can be found in any other period of British history? Will she "*weep for a realm's decay*," when that realm is hourly emerging under the Government of her father, from the complicated embarrassments in which he found it involved? But all this is too evident to need being particularised. What seems most surprising is, that Lord Byron should chuse to avow Irish trash at a moment when every thing conspires to give it the lie. It is for the *organ of the Party* alone, or a few insane admirers of Bonaparte and defamers of their own country and its rulers, to applaud him. We know it is now the fashion for our young Gentlemen to become Poets, and a very innocent amusement it is, while they confine themselves to putting their travels into verse, like *Childe Harolde*, and Lord Nugent's *Portugal*. Nor is there any harm in Turkish tales, nor wonderful ditties, of ghosts and hobgoblins. We cannot say so much for all Mr. Moore's productions, admired as he is by Lord Byron. In short, the whole galaxy of minor poets, Lords Nugent and Byron, with Messrs. Rogers, Lewis, and Moore, would do well to keep to rhyme, and not presume to meddle with politics, for which they seem mighty little qualified. We

must repeat, that it is innocent to write tales and travels in verse, but calumny can never be so, whether written by poets in St. James's-street, Albany, or Grub-street.

(4) LINES (*Morning Post*, February 8, 1814).

Written on reading the insolent verses published by Lord Byron at the end of his new poem, "*The Corsair*," beginning—

"*Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line.*"

"Unblest by nature in thy mien,
Pity might still have play'd her part,
For oft compassion has been seen,
To soften into love the heart.

"But when thy gloomy lines we read,
And see display'd without controul,
Th' ungentle thought, the Atheist creed,
And all the rancour of the soul.

"When bold and shameless ev'ry tie,
That GOD has twin'd around the heart,
Thy malice teaches to defy,
And act on earth a Demon's part.

"Oh! then from misanthropic pride
We shrink—but pity too the fate
Of youth and talents misapplied,
Which, *if admired*,[1] we still must hate."

(5) LINES (*Morning Post*, February 11, 1814).

Suggested by perusing Lord Byron's small Poem, a the end of his "*Corsair*," addressed to a Lady weeping, beginning—

"*Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line.*"

"TO LORD BYRON.

"Were he the man thy verse would paint,
'*A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;*'

1. We say, *if admired*, as there is a great variety of opinions respecting Lord Byron's Poems. Some certainly extol them much, but most of the best judges place his Lordship rather low in the list of our minor Poets.

Art thou the meek, the pious saint,
That prates of *feeling* night and day?

"Stern as the Pirate's[1] heart is thine,
Without one ray to cheer its gloom;
And shall that Daughter once repine,
Because thy rude, unhallow'd line,
Would on her virtuous cause presume?

"Hide, BYRON! in the shades of night—
Hide in thy own congenial cell
The mind that would a fiend affright,
And shock the dunnest realms of hell!

"No; she will never weep the tears
Which thou would'st Virtue's deign to call;
Nor will they, in remoter years,
Molest her Father's heart at all.

"Dark-vision'd man! thy moody vein
Tends only to thy mental pain,
And cloud the talents Heav'n had meant
To prove the source of true content;
Much better were it for thy soul,
Both here and in the realms of bliss,
To check the glooms that now controul
Those talents, which might still repay
The wrongs of many a luckless day,
In such a *cheerless*[2] clime as this.

"But never strive to lure the heart
From *one* to which 'tis ever nearest,
Lest from its duty it depart,
And shun the Pow'r which should be dearest;
For heav'n may sting thy heart in turn,
And rob thee of thy sweetest treasure
But, BYRON! thou hast yet to learn,
That Virtue is the source of pleasure!"

TYRTÆUS.

G——n-street, Feb. 9, 1814.

1. *The Corsair.*
2. In allusion to the general melancholy character of his Lordship's poetical doctrines.

(6) TO LORD BYRON (*Morning Post*, February 15, 1814).

Occasioned by reading his Poem, at the end of *The Corsair*, beginning—

"*Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line.*"

"Shame on the verse that dares intrude
On Virtue's uncorrupted way—
That smiles upon Ingratitude,
And charms us only to betray!

"For this does BYRON's muse employ
The calm unbroken hours of night?
And wou'd she basely thus destroy
The source of all that's just—upright?

"Traitor to every moral law!
Think what thy own cold heart wou'd feel,
If some insidious mind should draw
Thy daughter[1] from her filial zeal.

"And dost thou bid the offspring shun
Its father's fond, incessant care?
Why, every sister, sire, and son,
Must loathe thee as the poison'd air!

"BYRON! thy dark, unhallow'd mind,
Stor'd as it is with Atheist writ,
Will surely, never, never find,
One convert to admire its wit!

"Thou art a planet boding woe,
Attractive for thy novel mien—
A calm, but yet a deadly foe,
Most baneful when thou'rt most serene!

"Tho' fortune on thy course may shine,
Strive not to lead the mind astray,
Nor let one impious verse of thine,
The unsuspecting heart betray!

"But rather let thy talents aim
To lead incautious youth aright;
Thus shall thy works acquire that fame,
Which ought to be thy chief delight.

1. Supposing LORD BYRON to have a daughter.

"The verse, however smooth it flow,
Must be abhorr'd, abjur'd, despis'd,
When Virtue feels a secret blow,
And order finds her course surpris'd."

HORATIO.

Fitzroy-square, Feb. 13.

(7) TO LORD BYRON (*Morning Post*, February 16, 1814).

"Bard of the pallid front, and curling hair,
To London taste, and northern critics dear,
Friend of the dog, companion of the bear,
APOLLO drest in trimmest Turkish gear.

"'Tis thine to eulogize the fell Corsair,
Scorning all laws that God or man can frame;
And yet so form'd to please the gentle fair,
That reading misses wish their Loves the same.

"Thou prov'st that laws are made to aid the strong,
That murderers and thieves alone are brave,
That all religion is an idle song,
Which troubles life, and leaves us at the grave.

"That men and dogs have equal claims on Heav'n,
Though dogs but bark, and men more wisely prate,
That to thyself one friend alone was giv'n,
That Friend a Dog, now snatch'd away by Fate.

"And last can tell how daughters best may shew
Their love and duty to their fathers dear,
By reckoning up what stream of filial woe
Will give to every crime a cleansing tear.

"Long may'st thou please this wonder-seeking age,
By MURRAY purchas'd, and by MOORE admir'd;
May fashion never quit thy classic page,
Nor e'er be with thy Turkomania tir'd."

UNUS MULTORUM.

(8) VERSES ADDRESSED TO LORD BYRON (*Morning Post*, February 16, 1814).

"Lord *Byron!* Lord *Byron!*
Your heart's made of iron,
As hard and unfeeling as cold.
Half human, half bird,
From *Virgil* we've heard,
Were form'd the fam'd harpies of old.

"Like those monsters you chatter,
Friends and foes you bespatter,
And dirty, like them, what you eat:
The *Hollands*, your muse
Does most grossly abuse,
Tho' you feed on their wine and their meat.

"Your friend, little *Moore*,
You have dirtied before,
But you know that in safety you write:
You've declared in your lines,
That revenge he declines,
For the poor little man will not fight.

"At *Carlisle* you sneer,
That worthy old Peer,
Though united by every tie;
But you act as you preach,
And do what you teach,
And your *God* and your duty defy.

"As long as your aim
Was alone to defame,
The nearest relation you own;
At your malice he smil'd,
But he won't see defil'd,
By your harpy bespatt'rings, the Throne."

(9) PATRONAGE EXTRAORDINARY (*Morning Post*, February 17, 1814).

"Procul este profani—— !"

"A friendship subsisted, no friendship was closer,
'Twixt the heir of a Peer and the son of a Grocer;
'Tis *true*, though so wide was their difference of station,
For, we *always* find *truth* in a *long dedication*.
Atheistical doctrines in verse we are told,
The former sold *wholesale*, was daring and bold;
While the latter (whatever *he* offer'd for sale)
Like papa, he disposed of—of course by *retail!*
First—*scraps* of *indecency*, next *disaffection*,
Disguised by the knave from his fear of detection;
To court *party favour*, then, sonnets he wrote;
Set political squibs to the harpsichord's note.
One, as *patron* was chosen by his brother Poet,
The Peer, to be sure, from his rank we may know it;
Not the low and indecent composer of jigs—
Yes! yes! 'twas the son of the seller of Figs!!

Did the Peer then possess *no respectable friend*
To add weight to his name, and his works recommend? !
Atheistical writings we well may believe,
None of *worth* from the Author would deign to receive;
So—to cover the faults of his friend he essays,
By *daubing* him *thickly all over with praise.*
But, *parents*, attend! if your *daughters* you *love*,
The works of *these serpents* take care to remove:
Their *infernal attacks* from your *mansions* repel,
Where *filial affection* and *modesty* dwell."

VERAX.

(10) LORD BYRON (*Morning Post*, February 18, 1814).

If it was the object of Lord BYRON to stamp his character, and to bring his name forward by a single act of his life into general notoriety, it must be confessed that he has completely succeeded. We do not recollect any former instance in which a Peer has stood forth as the libeller of his Sovereign. If he disapproves the measures of his Ministers, the House of Parliament, in which he has an hereditary right to sit, is the place where his opinions may with propriety be uttered. If he thinks he can avert any danger to his country by a personal conference with his Sovereign, he has a right to demand it. The Peers are the natural advisers of the Crown, but the Constitution which has granted them such extraordinary privileges, makes it doubly criminal in them to attack the authority from which it is derived, and to insult the power which it is their peculiar province to uphold and protect. What then must we think of the foolish vanity, or the bad taste of a titled Poet, who is the first to proclaim himself the Author of a Libel, because he is fearful it will not be sufficiently read without his avowal. We perfectly remember having read the verses in question a year ago; but we could not then suppose them the offspring of patrician bile, nor should we now believe it without the Author's special authority. It seems by some late quotations from his Lordship's works, which have been rescued from that oblivion to which they were hastening with a rapid step, by one of our co-equals, that this peerless Peer has already gone through a complete course of private ingratitude. The inimitable Hogarth has traced the gradual

workings of an unfeeling heart in his progress of cruelty. He has shewn, that malevolence is progressive in its operation, and that a man who begins life by impaling flies, will find a delight in torturing his fellow creatures before he closes it. We have heard that even at school these poetical propensities were strongly manifested in Lord BYRON, and that he began his satirical career against those persons to whom the formation of his mind was entrusted. From his schoolmaster he turned the œstrum of his opening genius to his guardian and uncle, the Earl of CARLISLE. We cannot believe that the Noble Person's conduct has in this instance been a perfect contrast to the general tenor of his life. We have heard, that during his guardianship he tripled the amount of his nephew's fortune. If the Earl of CARLISLE was satisfied with his own *conscia mens recti*, if he wanted no thanks, he must at least have been much surprised to find such attentions and services rewarded with a libel, in which not only his literary accomplishments, but his bodily infirmities, were made the subject of public ridicule. The Noble Earl was certainly at liberty to treat such personal attacks with the contempt which they deserve, but since his Sovereign is become the object of a vile and unprovoked libel, he will no doubt draw the attention of his Peers to a new case of outrage to good order and government, which has been unfortunately furnished by his own nephew.

III. *THE SUN.*

(1) LORD BYRON AND THE *MORNING CHRONICLE* (*The Sun*, February 4, 1814).

That poetical Peer, Lord BYRON, knowing full well that anything insulting to his Prince or injurious to his country would be most thankfully received and published by the *Morning Chronicle*, did in March, 1812, send the following loyal and patriotic lines to that loyal and patriotic Paper, in which of course they appeared:—

"To a Lady Weeping.

"Weep, daughter of a Royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay:
Ah! happy! if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's *fault* away!

"Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles:
And be each drop, in future years,
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!"

These lines the *Morning Chronicle*, in the following paragraph of yesterday, informs us were aimed at the PRINCE REGENT, and addressed to the Princess CHARLOTTE:—

"*The Courier* is indignant at the discovery now made by Lord BYRON, that he was the author of 'the Verses to a Young Lady weeping,' which were inserted about a twelvemonth ago in *the Morning Chronicle.* The Editor thinks it audacious in a hereditary Counsellor of the King to admonish the *Heir Apparent.* It may not be *courtly*, but it is certainly *British*, and we wish the kingdom had more such honest advisers."

No wonder the *Courier*, and every loyal man, should be indignant at the discovery (made by the republication of these worthless lines, in the Noble Lord's new Volume) that this gross insult came from the pen of "a hereditary "Counsellor of the KING!" No wonder every good subject should execrate this novel and disagreeable mode of "*ad-*"*monishing* the Heir Apparent," which is further from being British than it is from being Courtly; for, from Courtier baseness may be expected, but from a Briton no such infamous dereliction of his duty as is involved in a malignant, *anonymous* attack by a Peer of the Realm upon the person exercising the Sovereign Authority of his Country. But the assertions of Lord BYRON are as false as they are audacious. What was the "Sire's Disgrace" to be thus bewept? He preferred the independence of the Crown to the arrogant dictation of a haughty Aristocracy, who desired to hold him in Leading-strings. It was then, amid a "Realm's (fancied) "decay," because this Faction were not admitted to supreme power, that his Royal Highness's early friends drunk his health in contemptuous silence, while their more vulgar partizans "at the lower end of the Hall" hissed and hooted

the royal name. But mark the reverse since March, 1812, a reverse which it might have been thought would have induced the Noble Lord, from prudent motives, to have withheld this ill-timed publication! How is his Royal Highness's health toasted *now?* With universal shouts and acclamations. Treason itself dare not interpose a single discordant sound save in its own private orgies! Where is *now* the realm's decay? oh short-sighted prognosticators of the prophecies! look around, and dread the fate of the speakers of falsehood among the Jews of old, who were stoned to death by the people! The wide world furnishes the answer to your selfish croakings, and tells Lord BYRON that he is destitute of at least one of the qualities of an inspired Bard.

Perhaps we might add another, viz. honesty in acknowledging his plagiarisms, one of which (as we have already said more than his silly verse above quoted deserves, except from the rank of its author) we shall take the liberty of stating to the Public.

The *Bride of Abydos* begins, something in the stile of an old ballad, thus—

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle—
Now melt into sorrow—now madden to crime?—
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye."

The whole of which passage we take to be a paraphrase, and a bad paraphrase too, of a song of the German of Göthe, of which the following translation was published at Berlin in 1798:—

"Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale,
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles spring and prouder laurels rise?

"Know'st thou the pile, the colonnade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, 'What ails thee, hapless maid?' to say?

"Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day;
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?"

(2) EPIGRAM (*The Sun*, February 8, 1814).

On the Detection of Lord BYRON'S Plagiarism, in *The Sun* of Friday last.

"That BYRON *borrows verses* is well known,
But his *misanthropy* is all his own."

(3) LORD BYRON (*The Sun*, February 11, 1814).

We are informed from very good authority, that as soon as the House of Lords meets again, a Peer of very independent principles and character intends to give notice of a motion, occasioned by the late spontaneous avowal of a copy of verses by Lord BYRON, addressed to the Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES, in which he has taken the most unwarrantable liberties with her august Father's character and conduct; this motion being of a personal nature, it will be necessary to give the Noble Satirist some days notice, that he may prepare himself for his defence against a charge of so aggravated a nature, which may perhaps not be a fit subject for a criminal prosecution, as the laws of the country, not forseeing the probability of such a case ever occurring, under all the present circumstances, have not made a provision against it; but we know that each House of Parliament has a controul over its own members, and that there are instances on the Journals of Parliament, where an individual Peer has been suspended from all the privileges of the high situation to which his birth entitled him, when by any flagrant offence against good order and government, he has rendered himself unworthy of exercising so important a trust.—*Morning Post.*

(4) PARODY (*The Sun*, February 16, 1814).

"'WEEP, DAUGHTER OF A ROYAL LINE!'

"MOURN, dabbler in dull party rhyme,
Thy mind's disease, thy name's disgrace,
Ah, lucky! if the hand of Time
Should all thy Muse's crimes efface!

"MOURN—for thy lays are Rancour's lays—
Disgraceful to a Briton born;
And hence each theme of factious praise
Consigns thee to thy Country's scorn."

END OF VOL. II.

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